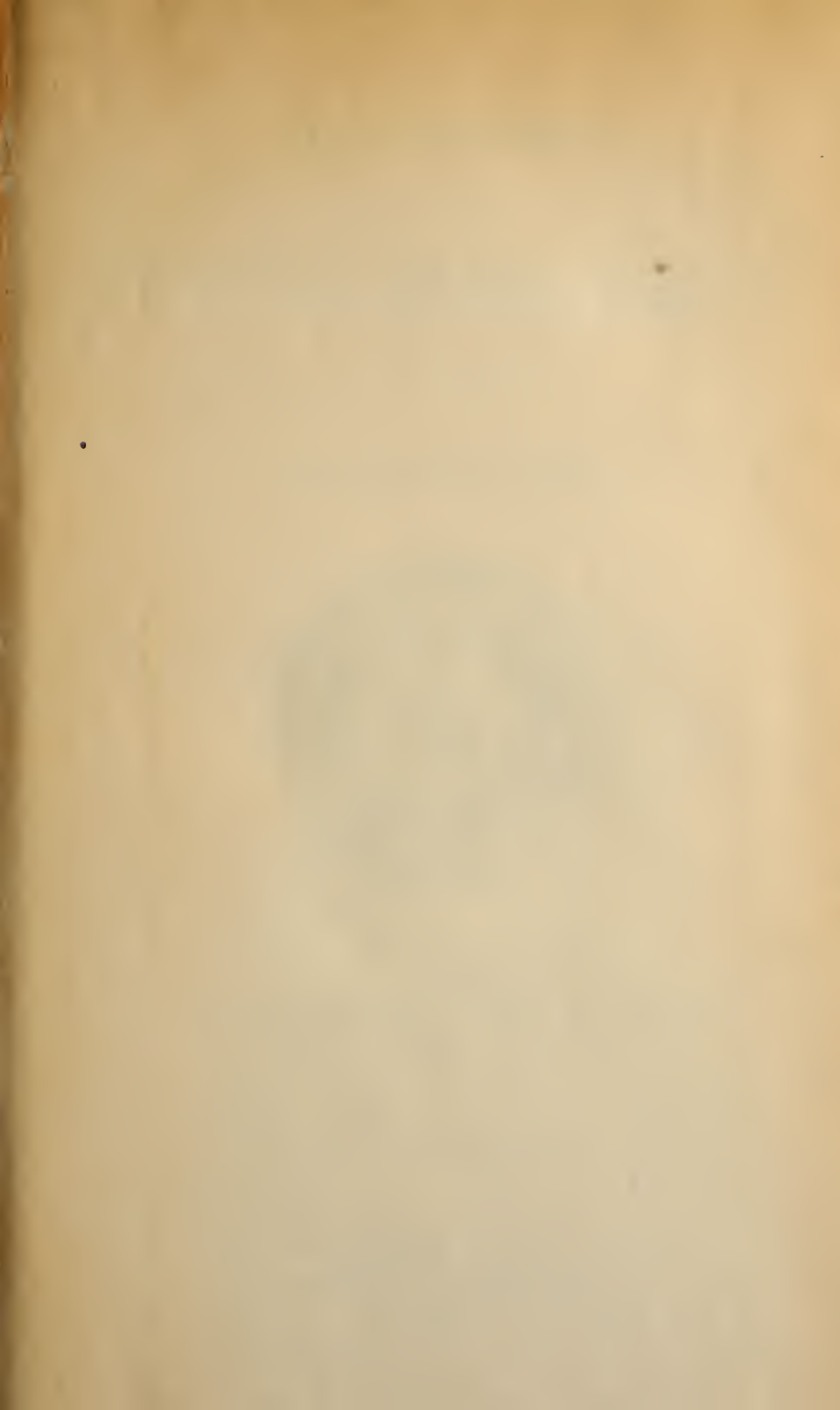

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VOLUME XIX.



EDITED BY
R. A. BROCK,
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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THE VIRGINIA, OR MERRIMAC:

HER REAL PROJECTOR.

In the Richmond *Dispatch* of March 29th appeared an article, written by Mr J. W. H. Porter, under the supervision of Constructor John L. Porter, purporting to be a "correct version of the converting of the *Merrimac* into an iron-clad." Mr Porter says :

"In your issue of Sunday last, in the communication of Mr. Virginius Newton, headed 'The *Merrimac's* Men', there appears the following :

"'Upon this hulk, according to plans furnished by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the Confederate States Navy (though the merit of the design is also claimed for Naval Constructor John L. Porter), was built a house or shield,' &c.

"This does a grave injustice to a gallant old Confederate and Virginian, who sacrificed his all upon the altar of his country; and had Mr. Newton known fully the facts it is believed that he would have published his article with the names above reversed."

The following dispassionate statement of Colonel Brooke of the facts connected with the conversion of the *Merrimac* is conclusive:

In October, 1887, I was requested by the editor of the *Century* to prepare a note stating what my relations were to the construction of the *Merrimac*. This note, containing the only public reference to Mr. Porter or his claim that I have ever made, will be found in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. I, p. 715; and on the following page a similar note by Constructor John L. Porter as to his relations. To these notes the attention of the reader is invited. But as the

book is not always accessible, and such versions of occurrences of the war as this of Mr. Porter sometimes find their way into crude histories of the day, I deem it proper to present the subject from another point of view, with evidence.

Early in June, 1861, Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, asked me to design an iron-clad.

The first idea presenting itself was a shield of timber two feet thick, plated with three inches of iron, inclined to the horizontal plane at the least angle that would permit working the guns. This shield to be supported by a hull of equal length. But it was apparent, on inspection, that to support the massive shield the ends of the vessel would be so full and bluff as to prevent the attainment of speed. It then occurred to me that fineness of line, buoyancy, and protection of hull could be obtained by extending the ends of the vessel under water beyond the shield. To prevent the banking up of water on these submerged ends I erected upon them a superstructure of ship-iron, corresponding in form with the hull below, but not higher than would permit the free use of bow and stern guns; these superstructures to be decked.

Of this design I submitted outline drawings—body, sheer, and deck-plans—to Mr. Mallory, who approved and adopted them. I then asked that Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter should be sent for from the Norfolk navy-yard to put the plan in execution. This the Secretary declined doing, but ordered a practical mechanic to be sent up from the Norfolk yard. The mechanic came, aided in the statement of timber, etc., but was unable to make the working drawings, and was permitted to return to the yard. Constructor Porter and Chief Engineer Williamson were then ordered to report. They came, and we met in consultation with the Secretary. Mr. Porter brought and presented for consideration a model of an iron-clad of the same form as that which I had rejected for reasons above stated.

When we had examined the model, the Secretary said he wished to show Messrs. Porter and Williamson a plan proposed by Lieutenant Brooke. The plan was then placed before them, and the reasons for extending the ends of the hull beyond the shield and under water were stated, and they approved the plan. It had been, as stated above, previously adopted by the Department.

Mr. Mallory then directed Messrs. Williamson and Porter to ascertain if suitable engines and boilers could be had. To me he said: "Make a clean drawing in ink of your plan, to be filed in the department." As I placed the paper on the table and was about to begin,

Mr. Porter said to me: "You had better let me do that. I am more familiar than you are with that sort of work." Accepting his offer I went with Williamson to the Tredegar Works, where we learned that no suitable engines could be had. Williamson then said that the engines of the *Merrimac* could, he thought, be put in working condition, but that the vessel would necessarily have as great a draught as the *Merrimac*, and that it would be useless to build a new hull, as the lower part of the old one had not been destroyed, and the plan could be applied to her. In view of these facts, Constructor Porter, who also knew what the condition of the vessel was, agreed with us that the plan could be carried out on her. We all thought the draught too great, but we could not do better. We reported verbally to the Secretary; the subject was discussed, and his opinion coincided with ours. He then, in order that a record might be preserved, directed us to make a written report in accordance with the results of the discussion.

As the plan proposed by me had been adopted, I thought it but proper that I should leave the wording of the report to Messrs. Williamson and Porter. I noticed that in designating the plan to be adopted the expression used was "the plan submitted for the approval of the Department." *Which* plan was not stated.

I now pass to a later period. The action in Hampton Roads had been fought. Among the gallant officers of the *Virginia*, whose names are now historic, was Lieutenant Robt. D. Minor—a very pink of honor. He had been associated with me in ordnance work, and was fully informed as to the facts in this matter. From him I received the following letter. It has never been published and will, I think, be read with interest:

"NAVAL HOSPITAL, NORFOLK, VA., *March 11, 1862.*

"Many thanks, my dear Brooke, for your very kind letter, which reached me by to day's mail.

"You richly deserve the gratitude and thanks of the Confederacy for the plan of the now celebrated *Virginia*, and I only wish that you could have been with us to have witnessed the successful operations of this new engine of naval warfare, fostered by your care and watched over by your inventive mind.

"It was a great victory, though the odds were nearly seven to one against us in guns and in numbers. But the IRON and the HEAVY GUNS did the work, handled by such a man as glorious old Buchanan,

and with such officers and men as we had. The crash into the *Cumberland* was terrible in its effect, though hardly felt by us, and in thirty minutes after the first gun was fired by us she was at the bottom, with the top-sail yards just clear of the water.

"The *Congress* gave us her guns as we passed, but though the shot fell like hailstones on our roof, we passed on, and settled the *Cumberland* in short style. By this time our dear old beauty was in shoal water with her head up stream, and 'twas fully twenty minutes before we could turn her to fire well and rapidly on the *Congress*—meanwhile receiving the fire of the battery on the Point, though I cannot vouch for this exactly, for in such a row 'twas hard to say where in thunder all the licks came from.

"Very soon the *Congress* ran ashore—purposely, I suppose, to save herself from such a fate as the *Cumberland*—and we had not given her many shots before she hauled down the Stars and Stripes and soon afterwards hoisted the *white flag* at her peak.

"Parker and Alexander, in the *Beaufort* and *Raleigh*, were ordered to go to her, send her men on shore, bring the officers on board, and burn the ship; but on going alongside, Pendergrast (Austin) surrendered the ship to Parker, and told him that he had too many wounded to burn the ship. Billy told him to have the wounded removed at once; and while the *Raleigh* and *Beaufort* were at this *humane* work the Yankees on shore opened fire on them, killing some of their own men, among them a lieutenant.

"Parker and Alexander then left her with some twenty or thirty prisoners, the fire from shore being too hot; and as Alexander backed out in the *Raleigh* he was fired at from the ports of the *Congress*, though she had surrendered to us. A dastardly, cowardly act! Buchanan not getting Parker's report, and the frigate not being burnt, he accepted my volunteered services to burn her; and, taking eight men and our only remaining boat, I pulled for her, with Webb in the gallant little *Teazer* steaming up soon afterwards to cover me. In the meantime the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, and *Teazer* had come splendidly into action just about the time or a little before the *Congress* struck, and when I left the old beauty they were doing grand work with their guns on the *Minnesota* and shore batteries.

"I did not think the Yankees on shore would fire at me on my errand to the *Congress*, but when in about two hundred and fifty yards of her they opened on me from the shore with muskets and artillery;

and the way the balls danced around my little boat and crew was lively beyond all measure. Soon two of my men were knocked over, and, while cheering them on I got a clip through the side which keeled me up for a second or two; but I was soon on board the *Teazer*, Webb having very bravely come to my protection. Old Buch., seeing what the scoundrels were doing, made our recall, and deliberately backing the *Virginia* up stream poured gun after gun, hot shot and incendiary shells into her stern and quarter, setting her on fire; but while doing this he was knocked over by a minnie ball through his left thigh, and the medicos laid us together in the cabin, while brave, cool, determined old Jones fought the action out in his quiet way, giving them thunder all the time.

"As you supposed, the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* came to the assistance of the two sailing frigates, but the former got aground, and the latter *ran*—actually turned tail, and, as the sailors say, 'pulled foot' for Old Point. The *St. Lawrence* got a dose and cleared out, leaving the *Minnesota* alone in her sad plight, hard and fast aground, with some tugs trying to lighten her, and taking the fire from our squadron, to which she replied as well as she could, generally from her forward pivot gun. She being aground, and night coming on, of course Jones could not carry on the fight, and after a hard night of it the Commodore and I were landed early on Sunday morning at Seawell's Point, and Jones took the ship into action that day, fighting her like a bold seaman, as he is. He must tell you of his tussle with the *Eric*, a very devil of an iron battery, for he has just come in and said he had a letter from you. God bless old Buchanan for a true-hearted patriot and bold, dashing sailor, as brave as brave can be; but he exposed himself entirely too much, and was struck by a musket or minnie ball while on the upper deck, I believe, for I was under the doctor's hands then, and could not be with him at the time. I am writing in bed, and by 'fits and starts,' so excuse all inaccuracies and want of details, of which I will tell you when we meet.

"Mrs. Minor is with me, and I am decidedly more comfortable, though my wound is a severe but not dangerous one. The ball struck a rib and glanced, coming out over the heart. It knocked me down for a second or so, but I got up and cheered my men, some of whom were panic-stricken by the shower of balls, though they rallied when I got them to the *Teazer*.

"Send the signal book! When I can be moved the doctors will

send me to Richmond, where a 'spell' of a few weeks will put me on my pins again. Make my kind regards to Mrs. Brooke; and with the hope that you are in better health,

"I am ever your friend,

"R. D. MINOR.

"Remember me to Volcke, to McCorkle, and Upshur. The Commodore had the signal '*Sink before Surrender*' arranged before the action. Tell this to Mallory, for I hardly think that old Buch. will ever do so.

"N. B.—There will doubtless be an attempt made to transfer the great credit of *planning* the *Virginia* to other hands than your own. So look out for them, for to you it belongs, and the Secretary should say so in communicating his report of the victory to Congress.

"By no means must any captain or commodore or even flag-officer be put over Jones. In old Buch.'s sickness from his wound Jones must command the ship."

In justice to Constructor Porter, and in order that his claim and the grounds upon which it is based may be fully set forth, his published letters, with their true dates of publication, are now presented, with such other matter, arranged in order of sequence, as may be necessary to the preservation of historical accuracy and the development of the process by which he arrived at the conclusion that he was "not only the *constructor* but the originator of the plan of the *Virginia*."

In the Charleston *Mercury* of March 19, 1862, the following extract from a private letter written by Constructor Porter was published:

"I received but little encouragement from any one while the *Virginia* was progressing. Hundreds, I may say thousands, asserted she would never float. Some said she would turn bottom side up; others said the crew would suffocate; and the most wise said the concussion and report from the guns would deafen the men. Some said she would not steer; and public opinion generally about here said she would never come out of the dock. You have no idea what I have suffered in mind since I commenced her, but I knew what I was about, and I persevered. Some of her inboard arrangements are of the most intricate character, and have caused me many sleepless nights in making them, but all have turned out right, and thanks

are due to a kind Providence whose blessings on my efforts I have many times invoked. I must say I was astonished at the success of the *Virginia*. She destroyed the *Cumberland* in fifteen minutes, and in thirty more the *Congress* was captured. The *Minnesota* would have shared the same fate, but she got aground, and the *Virginia* could not get at her."

In the *Whig* of March 22, appeared the following letter:

"THE VIRGINIA.

"RICHMOND, *March 18, 1862.*

"*To the Editor of the Whig:*

"As the brilliant success of the *Virginia* has attracted the attention of all the country, and is destined to cast much glory on our infant navy, it may be of general interest to publish some account of the origin of this magnificent ship.

"On the 23d of June a board consisting of W. P. Williamson, chief engineer; John M. Brooke, lieutenant; and John L. Porter, naval constructor; met in Richmond by order of the Secretary of the Navy to determine a plan for the construction of an iron-clad vessel. The Secretary of the Navy was himself present at the meeting of the board. After full consultation a plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke was adopted, and received the full approval of the Secretary of the Navy.

"The plan contemplated the construction of a light-draft vessel, but the means at our command being limited, many reasons induced them to take the *Merrimac* and alter her according to the plan adopted. Her boilers were good, and her engines only partially destroyed, and could be repaired in less time than would be required to construct an engine for a new vessel of light draft. It was found that the plan of Lieutenant Brooke could easily be applied to the *Merrimac*, and, in fact, no other plan could have made the *Merrimac* an effective ship. Her guns now command every point of the horizon.

"A report was made up by the above-named officers to the Secretary of the Navy on the 25th of June, in accordance with these facts, and the Secretary ordered the work to commence forthwith.

"Experiments to determine the mode of applying the armor and to fix the dimensions of its parts were conducted by Lieutenant Brooke.

"From the moment that the plan was adopted the Secretary of the

Navy urged the work forward with all the means at the command of the government and without regard to expense; and from this day to the day of the *Virginia's* egress from the dock there were from one thousand to fifteen hundred men employed on her.

"The four rifled cannon used so effectively on the *Virginia* were of a plan entirely new, designed by Lieutenant Brooke.

"Most of the foregoing facts came to my knowledge long before the completion of the ship; others I have obtained recently from reliable sources.

"I am a private citizen, wholly unconnected with the Confederate or State government, but think that the public ought to know all these particulars, which reflect so much credit on the Secretary of the Navy and his officers. "JUSTICE."

"*Justice*" was in error in using the word "board." As will be seen, in the Secretary's report to the House of Representatives of the Confederate States, "The Department ordered Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter from the navy yard at Norfolk to Richmond for consultation on the same subject generally [Lieutenant Brooke's design, approved by the Department], and to aid in the work."

The Secretary himself took part in the consultations, and directed us to put in writing the conclusions arrived at. Had we constituted a board it would so have appeared on the face of the report. Constructor Porter adopted the word "board" in his reply to "*Justice*," and thereafter used it as the best suited to his purpose.

A reply elicited by this article appeared in the *Examiner* of April 3d:

"THE VIRGINIA.

"GOSPORT NAVY-YARD, *March 29, 1862.*

"*To the Editor of the Examiner:*

"Having seen an article in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and one also in the *Whig*, claiming the plan of the iron-clad ship *Virginia* for Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the navy, thereby doing myself and Engineer Williamson the greatest injustice, I feel called upon to make a statement of facts in the case, for the further information of the reading public, in the history of this ship.

"In June last Lieutenant Brooke made an attempt to get up a floating battery at the Navy Department. The Secretary sent to

this yard for the master ship-carpenter to come up and assist him. After trying for a week he failed to produce anything, and the master-carpenter returned to his duties at the yard. Secretary Mallory then sent for me to come to Richmond, at which time I carried up the model of an iron-clad floating battery, with the shield of the present *Virginia* on it, and before I ever saw Lieutenant Brooke. This model may now be seen at the Navy Department.

"The Secretary then ordered a board, composed of Engineer Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and myself, to examine and report upon some plan for a floating iron-clad battery [consult Secretary's Report]. 'Justice,' in his communication to the *Whig*, says: 'After full consultation a plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke was adopted, and received the approval of the Secretary of the Navy; that it was found the plan of Lieutenant Brooke could easily be applied to the *Merrimac*, and, in fact, no other plan could have made the *Merrimac* an effective ship, and that a report was made to the Secretary of the Navy in accordance with these facts.'

"Now, I would only ask a careful reading of this report, and see how far it agrees with the statement of 'Justice.'

"Now, I would ask what becomes of the statement of 'Justice'? And I would also ask any one at all acquainted with the circumstances how Lieutenant Brooke could have had anything to do with this report further than signing his name to it. What did he know about the condition of the *Merrimac* or her engines, or whether there was enough of her left to make a floating battery out of or not; or anything about what it would cost, or anything else about her? For he had not even seen her, and knew nothing of her condition really.

""NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Richmond, June 25, 1861.*

""SIR:

""In obedience to your order, we have carefully examined and considered the various plans and propositions for constructing a shot-proof steam battery, and respectfully report that, in our opinion, the steam frigate *Merrimac*, which is in such condition from the effects of fire as to be useless for any other purpose without incurring a very heavy expense in her rebuilding, can be made an efficient vessel of that character, mounting ten heavy guns—two pivot and eight side guns of her original battery; and, from the further consideration that we cannot procure a suitable engine and boilers for any other vessel without building them, which would occupy too much time, it

would appear that this is our only chance to get a suitable vessel in a short time.

“ ‘The bottom of the hull, boilers, and heavy and costly parts of the engine being but little injured, reduce the cost of construction to about one-third of the amount which would be required to construct such a vessel anew.

“ ‘We cannot, without further examination, make an accurate estimate of the cost of the proposed work, but think it will be about one hundred and ten thousand dollars, the most of which will be for labor, the materials being nearly all on hand in the yard, except the iron plating to cover the shield.

“ ‘The plan to be adopted in the arrangement of the shield for glancing shot, mounting guns, arranging the hull and plating to be in accordance with the plan submitted for the approval of the Department.

“ ‘We are, with much respect,

“ ‘Your obedient servants,

“ ‘WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON, *Chief Engineer*,

“ ‘JOHN M. BROOKE, *Lieutenant*,

“ ‘JOHN L. PORTER, *Naval Constructor*.’

“ ‘The concluding part of the report states that the whole arrangements were to be made in accordance with the plan submitted.

“ ‘The facts are that no plan was submitted with this report. After the report was made, I returned immediately to the Norfolk navy yard, and made the plans of the *Virginia* myself, and, unaided by any one, placed the very same shield on her which was on the model I carried up with me before this board met. On the 11th day of July I returned to Richmond with this drawing, and presented it to Secretary Mallory, who immediately wrote the following order for the work with his own hand and gave it to me:

[Copy.]

“ ‘NAVY DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, *July 11, 1862.*

“ ‘*Flag-officer* F. FORREST:

“ ‘*Sir*: You will proceed with all practicable dispatch to make the changes in the form of the *Merrimac*, and to build, equip and fit her in all respects according to the design and plans of the constructor

and engineer, Messrs. Porter and Williamson. As time is of the first importance in the matter, you will see that the work progresses without delay to completion [*italics* Porter's].

“‘S. R. MALLORY,
“‘*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*’

“Lieutenant Brooke is not even hinted at in this letter. After the ship had been in progress for six weeks the Secretary wrote the following letter to Flag-officer Forrest on the subject:

[Copy.]

“‘CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
“‘RICHMOND, *August 19, 1861.*

“‘*Flag-officer* FRENCH FORREST,
“‘*Commanding Navy Yard, Gosport, Va.*

“‘SIR: The great importance of the service expected from the *Merrimac*, and the urgent necessity of her speedy completion, induce me to call upon you to push forward the work with the utmost dispatch. Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, severally in charge of the two branches of this great work and for which they will be held specially responsible, will receive, therefore, every possible facility at the expense and delay of every other work on hand, if necessary.

“‘(Signed) S. R. MALLORY,
“‘*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*’

“Of the great and skillful calculations of the displacements and weights of timber and iron involved in the planning and construction of this great piece of naval architecture, and of her present weights with everything on board, no other man than myself has, or ever had, any knowledge. If he has let him show it; for, while public opinion said she would never float, none, save myself, knew to the contrary, or what she was capable of bearing.

“After the *Merrimac* was in progress for some time Lieutenant Brooke was constantly proposing alterations in her to the Secretary of the Navy, and as constantly and firmly opposed by myself, which the Secretary knows. To Engineer Williamson, who had the exclusive control of the machinery, great credit is due for having so improved the propeller and engines as to improve the speed of the ship three knots per hour.

“ I never thought for a moment that, after the many difficulties I had to encounter in making these new and intricate arrangements for the working of this novel kind of ship that any one would attempt to rob me of my just merits; for, if there was any other man than myself who had any responsibility about her success or failure I never knew it, only so far as the working of the machinery was concerned, for which Engineer Williamson was alone responsible.

“ I hope these plain statements of facts will satisfy the people of this government as to who is entitled to the plan of the *Virginia*.

“ JOHN L. PORTER,
“ *C. S. N. Constructor.*”

On the 3d of April, I wrote a private letter to Mr. Porter which, so far as I know, has never been published.

[Copy.]

“ RICHMOND, *April 3, 1862.*

“ DEAR SIR :

“ I have observed, with surprise and regret, certain articles in the newspapers relating to the *Virginia* and the origin of the plan upon which she is constructed. I shall leave to those qualified to judge the question of whose plan was adopted; for the facts are accessible. But meanwhile I beg leave to call your attention to one remark of your published letter, which is rather obscure. You say:

“ ‘After the *Merrimac* was in progress some time, Lieutenant Brooke was constantly proposing alterations in her to the Secretary of the Navy, and as constantly and firmly opposed by myself, which the Secretary knows.’

“ This paragraph conveys the impression that I proposed alterations which were opposed and rejected. As the alterations alluded to affect very materially the efficiency of the ship, I propose to mention them now.

“ The first alteration proposed by me was the substitution of one plate of two-inch iron for two of one-inch; the removal of the ceiling or inner planking of the shield, and the application of four inches of oak outside under the iron, leaving the wood of the shield of the same aggregate thickness; and this alteration was made. I subsequently recommended the substitution of two-inch plates.

“ The third proposition made by me was to pierce the shield for bow and quarter ports, for you had omitted them, leaving four points of

approach without fire. An accident to the engine, propeller or rudder would have placed the ship at the mercy of an antagonist; and this alteration was made.

"The fourth alteration was the removal of the wheel-ropes—chains—from beneath the plates outside, where they were liable to be jammed by a shot. Mr. Robert Archer was present when I called your attention to this liability. The alteration was not made, however, until Lieutenant Jones called your attention to it a second time.

"The fifth alteration was the making of two additional hatches—your plan of detail providing for only two.

"The sixth suggestion was that arrangements should be made to permit the use of small-arms. You were left to your discretion, but a plan was given, if you could not think of a better one. You replied at length; the arguments were not considered good, and the alteration would have been made but for the delay which would have attended it. The ship is now deficient in that respect.

"The sixth proposition was to put six inches of iron on bow and stern. Approved by the Secretary but omitted, from your statement that the ship would not carry it.

"JOHN M. BROOKE,
"Lieutenant, C. S. Navy."

The faulty arrangement of the wheel-ropes was brought to my notice by Lieutenant Jones. A similar arrangement was the immediate cause of the loss of the iron-clad *Tennessee*.

On the 4th of April Secretary Mallory's report to the House of Representatives appeared in the *Examiner*:

"CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,

"RICHMOND, *March 29, 1862.*

"Hon. THOMAS S. BOCK,

"Speaker of the House of Representatives:

"SIR: In compliance with the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives on the 18th instant, 'That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to make a report to this House of the plan and construction of the *Virginia*, so far as the same can be properly communicated, of the reasons for applying the plan to the *Merrimac*, and also what persons have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship,' I have the honor to reply that on the 10th day of June, 1861, Lieutenant John M. Brooke, Confederates States Navy,

was directed to aid the Department in designing an iron clad war vessel and framing the necessary specifications. He entered upon this duty at once, and a few days thereafter submitted to the Department, as the result of his investigations, rough drawings of a casemated vessel, with submerged ends and inclined iron-plated sides. The ends of the vessel, and the eaves of the casemate, according to his plan, were to be submerged two feet; and a light bulwark, or false bow, was designed to divide the water and prevent it from banking up on the forward part of the shield with the vessel in motion, and also to serve as a tank to regulate the ship's draft. His *design* was approved by the department, and a practical mechanic was brought from Norfolk to aid in preparing the drawings and specifications. This mechanic aided in the statement of details of timber, etc., but was unable to make the drawings, and the Department then ordered Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, from the navy yard at Norfolk, to Richmond, about the 23d of June, for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work. Constructor Porter brought and submitted the model of a flat-bottomed, light-draft propeller casemated battery, with inclined iron-covered sides and ends, which is deposited in the Department. *Mr. Porter and Lieutenant Brooke have adopted for their casemate a thickness of wood and iron, and an angle of inclination nearly identical.* Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter approved of the plan of having submerged ends *to obtain the requisite flotation and invulnerability, and the Department adopted the design, and a clean drawing was prepared by Mr. Porter of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department.* The steam frigate *Merrimac* had been burned and sunk, and her engine greatly damaged by the enemy, and the Department directed Mr. Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and Mr. Porter to consider and report upon the best mode of making her useful. The result of their investigations was *their recommendation of the submerged ends and the inclined casemates for this vessel*, which was adopted by the Department.

“The following is the report upon the *Merrimac* :

““In obedience to your orders we have carefully examined and considered the *various plans* and propositions for constructing a shot-proof steam battery, and respectfully report that, in our opinion, the steam frigate *Merrimac*, which is in such condition from the effects of fire as to be useless for any other purpose without incurring a very heavy expense in rebuilding, etc., can be made an efficient vessel of

that character, mounting * * * * heavy guns; and from the further consideration that we cannot procure a suitable engine and boiler for any other vessel without building them, which would occupy too much time, it would appear that this is our only chance to get a suitable vessel in a short time. The bottom of the hull, boilers and heavy and costly parts of the engine being but little injured, reduce the cost of construction to about one-third of the amount which would be required to construct such a vessel anew. We cannot, without further examination, make an accurate estimate of the cost of the proposed work, but think it will be about ———, the most of which will be for labor, the materials being nearly all in the navy-yard, except the iron plating to cover the shield. The plan to be adopted in the arrangement of the shield for glancing shot, mounting guns, arranging the hull, etc., and plating, to be in accordance with the plan submitted for the approval of the Department.

“ ‘We are, with much respect, your obedient servants,

“ ‘WILLIAM P. WILLIAMSON,

“ ‘*Chief Engineer Confederate States Navy,*

“ ‘JOHN M. BROOKE,

“ ‘*Lieutenant, Confederate States Navy,*

“ ‘JOHN L. PORTER,

“ ‘*Naval Constructor.*’

“ Immediately upon the adoption of the plan Porter was directed to proceed with the constructor’s duties. Mr. Williamson was charged with the engineer’s department, and to Mr. Brooke were assigned the duties of attending to and preparing the iron and forwarding it from the Tredegar Works, the experiments necessary to test the plates and determine their thickness, and devising heavy rifled ordnance for the ship, with the details pertaining to ordnance. Mr. Porter *cut the ship down, submerged her ends*, performed all the duties of constructor, and *originated all the interior arrangements by which space has been economized*; and he has exhibited energy, ability and *ingenuity*. Mr. Williamson thoroughly overhauled her engines, supplied deficiencies and repaired defects, and improved greatly the motive power of the vessel. Mr. Brooke attended daily to the iron, constructed targets, ascertained by actual tests the resistance offered by inclined planes of iron to heavy ordnance, and determined interesting and important facts in connection therewith, and which were of great importance in the construction of the ship; devised and prepared the models and drawings of the ship’s heavy ordnance, being

guns of a class never before made and of extraordinary power and strength.

"It is deemed inexpedient to state the angle of inclination, the character of the plates upon the ship, the manner of preparing them, or the number, calibre and weights of the guns; and many novel and interesting features of her construction, which were experimentally determined, are necessarily omitted.

"The *novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate*, however, is the *peculiar and distinctive feature of the Virginia*. It was never before adopted. The resistance of iron plates to heavy ordnance, whether presented in vertical planes or at low angles of inclination, had been investigated in England before the *Virginia* was commenced, and Major Barnard, U. S. A., had referred to the subject in his *Sea-Coast Defences*. We were without accurate data, however, and we were compelled to determine the inclination of the plates and their thickness and form by actual experiment.

"The Department has freely consulted the three excellent officers referred to throughout the labors on the *Virginia*, and they have all exhibited signal energy and zeal.

"I have the honor to be,

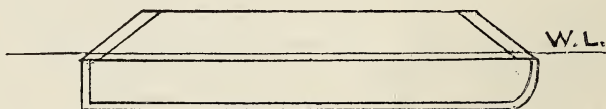
"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. R. MALLORY,

"*Secretary of the Navy.*"

[*Italic's mine.*]



On the 11th of April the *Examiner* published Mr. Porter's reply to the Secretary's report.

"WHO PLANNED THE VIRGINIA?"

"NAVY YARD, GOSPORT, April 8, 1862.

"To the Editor of the *Examiner* :

"Under this caption I find in the *Examiner* of the 4th instant a report of the Secretary of the Navy to Congress, giving a detailed statement of the origin of the iron-clad *Virginia*.

"I feel sorry to have to reply to this report, inasmuch as it is published over the signature of the Secretary; and my friends will not fail to see the embarrassing position it places me in, in consequence of my relations with the Navy Department, and furthermore my intercourse with the Secretary since I have held my present position in the Southern Confederacy has been of the most friendly kind; but justice to myself requires that I should reply to it.

"The report commences by stating that on the 10th of June Lieutenant Brooke was directed to aid the Department in designing an iron-clad war vessel and framing the necessary specifications, and in a few days submitted to the Department rough drawings of a case-mated vessel with submerged ends and inclined iron-plated sides, the ends of the vessel and the eaves of the casemates to be submerged two feet. I do not doubt the statements of the Secretary, but no such plans were submitted to the board; and from the fact that the master-carpenter had returned to this yard without completing any plan as the vessel shows, and myself being sent for immediately, and from the further fact that the Secretary presented us no plans from this source, I stated in my last communication that Lieutenant Brooke failed to produce anything after a week's trial; and I am still of that opinion, so far as anything tangible is concerned.

"The report states that the practical mechanic who was brought up from Norfolk was unable to make the drawings for Lieutenant Brooke, and the Department then ordered Chief-Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter from the navy-yard at Norfolk to Richmond, about the 23d of June, for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work. I do not understand this part of the report exactly; but if it is intended to convey the idea that we were to examine any plan of Lieutenant Brooke's, I never so understood it, neither did we act in accordance with any such idea, as our report will show.

"The report next refers to my model, which I carried up with me, the shield and plan of which is carried out on the *Virginia*; but the report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—precisely like the present *Virginia*.

"The ship was cut down on a straight line fore and aft, to suit this arrangement, and the shield was extended over her just as far as the space inside to work the guns would admit of. Where the shield stopped, a strong deck was put in to finish out the ends and plated

over with iron, and a rough breakwater built on it to throw off the water forward. The report next states that Mr. Porter approved of the plan of submerged ends, and made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department. How could I disapprove of my own model, which had submerged ends two feet? And the only drawing I ever made of the *Virginia* was made in my office at this navy-yard, and which I presented to the Department on the 11th day of July, just sixteen days after this board adjourned, having been ordered to Richmond on other business. This drawing and plan I considered my own, and not Lieutenant Brooke's. So soon as I presented this plan the Secretary wrote the following order, when everything was fresh in his mind concerning this whole matter:

“‘NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Richmond, July 11, 1862.*

“‘*Flag-Officer* F. FORREST:

“‘SIR: You will proceed with all practicable despatch to make the changes in the form of the *Merrimac*, and to build, equip and fit her in all respects according to the design and plans of the constructor and engineer, Messrs. Porter and Williamson.

“‘S. R. MALLORY,
“‘*Secretary Confederate States Navy.*’

“What, I would ask, could be more explicit than this letter, or what words could have established my claims any stronger if I had dictated them. The concluding part of this report says: ‘The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate, however, is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia.*’ This may be all true, but it is just what my model calls for; and if Lieutenant Brooke presented rough drawings to the Department carrying out the same views, it may be called a singular coincidence. And here I would remark that my model was not calculated to have much speed, but was intended for harbor defence only, and was of light draft, the eaves extending over the entire length of the model, and submerged all around two feet—sides and ends—and the line on which I cut the ship down was just in accordance with this; but if Lieutenant Brooke's ideas, which were submitted to the Secretary in his *rough drawings*, had have been carried out, to cut her

ends down low enough to build tanks on to regulate the draft of the vessel, she would have been cut much lower than my plan required; for all the water which now covers her ends would not alter her draft over three inches if confined in tanks. All the calculations of the weights and displacements, and the line to cut the ship down, were determined by myself, as well as her whole arrangements.

"That Lieutenant Brooke may have been of great assistance to the Department in trying the necessary experiments to determine the thickness of the iron, getting up the battery, and attending to the shipment of the iron, etc., I do not doubt; but to claim for him the credit of designing the ship is a matter of too much interest to me to give up.

"Engineer Williamson discharged his duties with great success; the engines performed beyond his most sanguine expectations, and these, with the improvements of the propeller, has increased her speed three miles an hour.

"The Confederacy is under many obligations to Secretary Mallory for having approved the report of this board in making the *Merrimac* a bomb proof ship. Her performance has changed the whole system of naval defences, so far as wooden ships are concerned.

"Europe, as well as America, will have to begin anew; and that nation which can produce iron-clad ships with the greatest rapidity will be the mistress of the seas.

"In this communication I disclaim any disrespect to the Secretary of the Navy whatever; he has not only been my friend, in this Government, but was a true and serviceable one under the United States Government, and has rendered me many acts of kindness, for which I have always esteemed him; but the present unpleasant controversy involves a matter of so much importance to me that I shall be excused for defending my claim not only as the *constructor* but the originator of the plan of the *Virginia*.

"JOHN L. PORTER,
"*Confederate States Navy Constructor.*"

"No such plans were submitted to the board."

"The Secretary presented us no plans from this source."

Mr. Porter may have supposed that the direction of the Secretary to consider and report upon the best mode of making the *Merrimac* useful was equivalent to appointing us members of a board, and as the plan had already been submitted, he could say that it had not

been presented to the *board*. Yet Mr. Porter signed the report, stating that we had carefully considered *various* plans. There were but two plans presented—mine, illustrated by outline drawings; and Mr. Porter's, illustrated by his model.

"I stated in my last communication that Lieutenant Brooke failed to produce anything after a week's trial; and I am still of that opinion, so far as anything tangible is concerned."

Constructor Porter was at the Norfolk navy-yard, and could have no personal knowledge of what occurred in Richmond. His expressed opinion is based upon the fact that the master-carpenter had returned to the yard without completing any plan, "as the vessel shows, and himself being sent for immediately." The expression "as the vessel shows," meaning, *like the Virginia*, implies that the master-carpenter had in mind some plan not embracing her novel and characteristic feature. He was fully informed as to this feature and had been strictly enjoined not to divulge it.

Constructor Porter seems to have discovered, in this connection, the ambiguity of the unqualified phrase, "submerged ends of the vessel and eaves of the shield" when he presented his model; for he subsequently wrote: "How could I disapprove of my own model, which had submerged ends two feet?" And again: "The report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—*precisely like the present Virginia*."

"If it is intended to convey the idea that we were to examine any plan of Lieutenant Brooke's, I never so understood it; neither did we act in accordance with any such idea, as our report will show."

Neither Mr. Porter nor Mr. Williamson was sent for to examine Lieutenant Brooke's plan.

It had been approved by the Department, but the Secretary preferred to send for some other person than Constructor Porter to put it in execution. The one who came from the Norfolk navy-yard was a subordinate in the Department of which Constructor Porter was the head.

"The report next refers to my model, which I carried up with me, the shield and plan of which is carried out on the *Virginia*; but the report seems to have lost sight of the fact that the eaves and ends of my model were submerged two feet—*precisely like the present Virginia*."

The plan of Mr. Porter's model could not have been carried out on the *Merrimac*, except by extending the shield to cover her ends.

"The report next states that Mr. Porter approved of the plan of submerged ends, and made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which that officer then filed with the Department." Note the reply. "How could I disapprove of my own model which had submerged ends two feet." Here Mr. Porter does not deny that he made a clean drawing of Lieutenant Brooke's plan. He virtually admits that he made the drawing, and that it had submerged ends. In what sense were the ends of his *model* submerged when compared with the *extended* submerged ends of Lieutenant Brooke's plan?

"And the only drawing I ever made of the *Virginia* was made in my office in this navy-yard, and which I presented to the Department on the 11th day of July. * * * This drawing and plan I considered my own, and not Lieutenant Brooke's plan. So soon as I presented this plan the Secretary wrote the following order, when everything was fresh in his mind concerning the whole matter."

The "drawing" or "plan" presented by Mr. Porter was simply a working plan, giving, from actual measurement in feet and inches, the relative dimensions of the various parts of the structure, in conformity with the design adopted by the Department. The order has no reference to the *origin* of the design. Chief Engineer Williamson's plans are embraced in the order. As well might he have claimed by this order to be the originator of the design of the engines.

The Secretary says: "Mr. Porter cut the ship down, submerged her ends, performed all the duties of constructor, and *originated* all the *interior* arrangements by which space has been economized."

The Secretary has nowhere said that Mr. Porter originated the design or plan applied to the *Merrimac*.

The concluding part of this report says:

" 'The novel plan of submerging the ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate, however, is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia*.' This may be all true, but it is just what my model calls for. ' "

The submerged ends of the ship, the Secretary refers to as novel, were ends extending beyond the shield under water to obtain speed, buoyancy and protection by submergence.

"And if Lieutenant Brooke presented rough drawings to the Department carrying out the same views, it may be called a singular coincidence."

This singular coincidence becomes significant, but less singular, when considered in connection with the return of the ship-carpenter to the yard, *prior to the construction of Mr. Porter's model.*

Mr. Porter then describes his model correctly: "Submerged all 'round two feet—sides and ends"—and then proceeds to say, "and the line on which I cut the ship down was just in accordance with this."

But *this* was the characteristic or novel feature of Lieutenant Brooke's plan, which the constructor had been ordered to put in execution. Mr. Porter ignores the existence of the original plan, and overlooks the fact that the extension of the submerged ends in that plan was not made to suit the shield, but to obtain buoyancy, speed and protection. It was not necessary to *submerge* the ends of the vessel in order to submerge the eaves of the shield.

"But if Lieutenant Brooke's ideas, which were submitted to the Secretary in his rough drawings, had been carried out, low enough to build tanks on to regulate the draft of the vessel, she would have been cut much lower than my plan."

Constructor Porter knew that the depth of submergence was two feet, and that to use the superstructures as tanks to regulate the draft was merely incidental; they were to be filled with water at fighting draft and emptied, if necessary, to diminish it.

Extracts from these three letters of Mr. Porter will be found in J. Thomas Scharf's *History of the Confederate States Navy*, published in 1887, pp. 146-151.

The last in order is the extract from a private letter, given above, which, Mr. Scharf says, was published in the Charleston *Mercury* of April 8th, 1862.

Knowing that this extract, the first publication connecting Mr. Porter's name with the *Merrimac*, had appeared at an earlier date, I wrote to Colonel Joseph Yates, whom I had known as one of the

gallant defenders of Charleston, and an accomplished artillerist, requesting him to ascertain the date of publication. He replied as follows:

“TEN-MILE MILL, S. C., *August 10, 1887.*

“I find that all the files of the Charleston *Mercury* are in the Charleston library, and not one paper missing. There is a great deal said about the ‘*Virginia*’ and her fights, and I find the letter you refer to was published in the *Mercury* dated March 19th, 1862, no date given to the writing of the same. You have an exact copy, as quoted to me in your letter of August 3d. * * *

“Yours truly,

“JOSEPH A. YATES.”

The order of date of publication of the three extracts from Mr. Porter’s letters is reversed in Scharf’s history. My note-book, kept at that time, contains, under date of March 20th, 1862, this remark:

“Several papers have published articles from the Norfolk *Day-Book*, giving the credit of the plan of the *Merrimac* to John L. Porter.”

The extraordinary character of this extract fixed it in my memory as the *first* in which Mr. Porter was brought before the public. It attracted attention, and the statement of “Justice” appeared.

Mr. J. W. H. Porter’s “Correct Version of the Converting of the *Merrimac* into an Iron clad” is, in the main, a repetition of what was published in 1862, with some variations and additions. Mr. J. W. H. Porter says:

“Lieutenant John M. Brooke, of the navy, was considering the question of an iron-clad. He was in a position where he could command the ear of Secretary Mallory, of the Confederate Navy, and at his request Mr. Joseph Pierce, then master ship-carpenter at the navy-yard here and a skilled mechanic, was sent to the Capital to assist him, but nothing came of the conference, and he reported that Lieutenant Brooke had no matured plan; that he had no practical ideas, and did not know what he wanted. Seeing the failure of Lieutenant Brooke’s scheme, Constructor Porter *then* had another model made like the one he made at Pittsburg in 1847.” [Italics mine.]

Mr. Porter is mistaken as to the ship-carpenter. Mr. Joseph Pearce (Mr. Porter spells it Pierce) was a constructor competent to perform the work, but whose services were not available at that time. Mr. J. W. H. Porter's loquacious ship-carpenter had been warned not to give information to any one as to the plan which had been adopted. On reporting to Constructor Porter he probably thought that he fulfilled his instructions in using the language attributed to him by Mr. Porter. He gave no information as to the extension of the submerged ends of the ship beyond the shield to obtain speed, buoyancy and invulnerability, the only novel feature of the plan—the peculiar and distinctive feature of the *Virginia*.

His position was a trying one, and fully accounts for the extraordinary statements he is said to have made. Naturally, Constructor Porter was much surprised when, on presenting his model, the approved plan was laid before him.

I have every reason to believe the statement, now made for the first time, that "seeing," as he thought, "the failure of Lieutenant Brooke's scheme, Constructor John L. Porter *then* had a model made, took it to Richmond personally, and submitted it to Secretary Mallory."

As to its being like the one he made at Pittsburg in 1847, I can but say that the only reference to that model I have seen is in Constructor Porter's note of his relations to the conversion of the *Merrimac* into an iron-clad, in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*.

Mr. Porter says :

"After she had fought her fight and proved her metal, then for the first time, to the knowledge of anybody, Lieutenant Brooke put in an appearance as a claimant for the credit of having projected her, and a communication appeared in the Richmond *Examiner* claiming it for him."

I made no claim, nor did I ask any one to make it for me. No notice was taken of Mr. Porter's publications by the Secretary or myself. I may here recall the fact before mentioned, that in Scharf's *History of the Confederate States Navy*, the true order of date of these publications has been reversed. Of the three the last is put first, and the first last.

Mr. J. W. H. Porter continues:

"And later still, when the real facts of the matter had faded

from his memory, Secretary Mallory was, we believe, persuaded to give credence to his claim."

The absurdity of this suggestion must be apparent to any man who thinks. Mr. Mallory, who was for many years chairman of the Naval Committee of the United States Senate, was in his prime. His knowledge of naval matters, including construction, was broad and accurate. He was deeply interested; was responsible for the adoption of the plan, and would be the last to forget its origin.

Mr. Porter further says :

"Mr. Brooke, I believe, took out a patent for an iron-clad with slanting roof and *submerged* ends like the *Merrimac*.

As neither the Secretary nor myself had noticed Constructor Porter's published claims, I thought it advisable to bring the subject before the examiners of the Patent Office while it was before the public. I therefore applied for a patent, and in order that there should be no ground for dispute as to the correspondence of my specific claim with the original plan, I presented tracings of the identical drawing which Constructor Porter made of my plan, as stated by the Secretary in his report to the House of Representatives of the Confederate States. They were filed May 2, 1862, in the Patent Office.

The drawings accompanying this article are from the patent, reduced to one-fifth of the original scale.

"No. 100.

"THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"*To all to whom these letters patent shall come :*

"Whereas John M. Brooke, of Richmond, Virginia, has alleged that he has invented a new and useful improvement in ships of war, which he states has not been known or used before his application; has made oath that he is a citizen of the Confederate States; that he does verily believe that he is the original and first inventor or discoverer of the said improvement, and that the same hath not, to the best of his knowledge and belief, been previously known or used; has paid into the treasury of the Confederate States the sum of forty dollars, and presented a petition to the Commissioner of Patents,

signifying a desire of obtaining an exclusive property in the said improvement, and praying that a patent may be granted for that purpose:

"These are, therefore, to grant according to law to the said John M. Brooke, his heirs, administrators or assigns, for the term of fourteen years from the 29th day of July, 1862, the full and exclusive right and liberty of making, constructing, using, and vending to others to be used, the said improvement, a description whereof is given in the words of the said Brooke in the schedule hereunto annexed, and is made a part of these presents.

"In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the Patent Office has been hereunto affixed.

<p>"Seal of the Patent Office, (Our First President.) "Confederate States of America.</p>	<p>Given under my hand at the city of Richmond, this 29th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1862.</p>
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"(Signed) T. H. WATTS,
"Attorney-General.

"Countersigned and sealed with the seal of the Patent Office.

"RUFUS H. RHODES,
"Commissioner of Patents."

Specifications annexed to Patent No. 100, granted to John M. Brooke, July 29, 1862:

"*To all whom it may concern:*

"Be it known that I, John M. Brooke, a lieutenant in the Navy of the Confederate States, have invented a new and improved form of vessel, to be iron-clad, and if desired (armed) with cannon; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full and exact description thereof, reference being had to the annexed drawings making a part of this specification in which Figure I is a deck plan; Figure II a sheer plan, and Figure III a body plan.

"The nature of my invention consists in so constructing the hull of the vessel that her bow and stern *A* and *B*, Figures I and II, shall each extend beyond the forward and after ends of the shield *C*, which protects crew and guns, sufficiently to give the sharpness necessary to the attainment of high speed, and the buoyancy to support the weight of iron covering the shield and sides of the vessel

without increase of draft. Being submerged, all that part of the hull not covered by the shield is protected by the water from the projectiles of an enemy. The shield proposed for such improved form of vessel is of wood, covered on the exterior with iron, the surface inclined at such an angle as will permit the guns to be worked in the usual manner and yet deflect projectiles impinging upon it. This angle will be between 40° and 50° . The eaves of the shield may be about two feet under water. To divide and prevent the water over the submerged part of the vessel from banking up at the forward or after ends of the shield in going ahead or astern, thereby retarding her progress and perhaps preventing the use of the bow or stern gun, a false bow and stern or tanks are constructed upon the submerged portion of the vessel corresponding more or less in form with the hull below. The false bow and stern may be decked, in which case they should not be so high above water as to interfere with firing of the bow and stern guns. These tanks may be used as reservoirs of water by which the draft of the vessel may be regulated at will. The stem, being submerged, may be fitted as a ram to strike the wooden bottoms of iron-clad vessels. This plan of construction is applicable in plating effectually ships built in the usual manner; it being simply necessary to remove the upper works and to cut them down forward and abaft the shield sufficiently to submerge the ends when down to the load-line, as illustrated in the case of the Confederate States steamer *Virginia*, which vessel was constructed in accordance with the plan herein set forth, furnished by me on the 23rd day of June, 1861, to the Honorable S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, to William P. Williamson, Chief-Engineer Confederate States Navy, and John L. Porter, Constructor Confederate States Navy, the two latter having been directed by the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, in conjunction with myself, to devise an iron-clad vessel. And this plan was applied to the *Merrimac* in preference to constructing a new vessel of eight or ten feet draft, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring in time boilers and engines suitable to the purpose. The boilers of the *Merrimac* were good, and as the chief-engineer was of opinion that the engines could be speedily repaired, it was considered expedient to apply the plan to her.

“CLAIM.

“What I claim as my invention, and desire to secure by letters patent, consists in so constructing the hull of a vessel that her bow

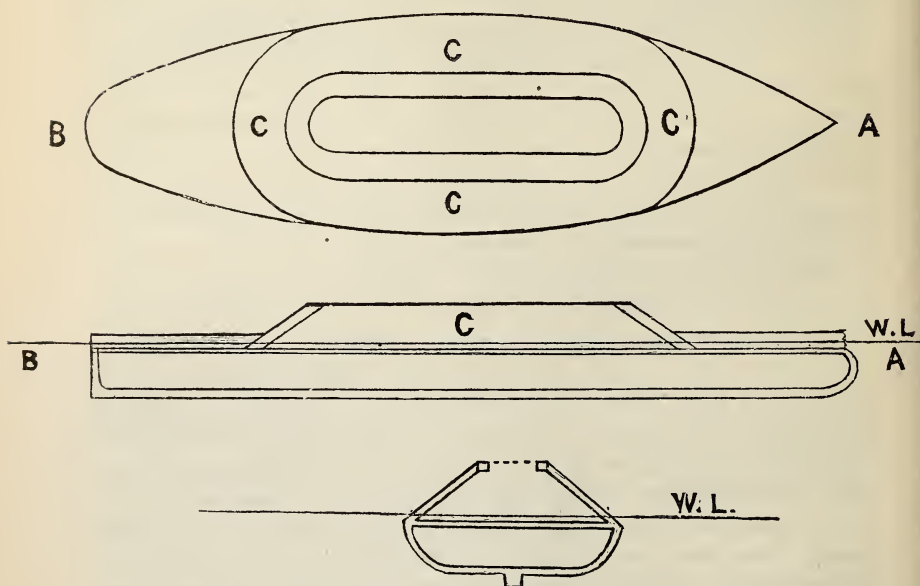
and stern shall each extend under water beyond the forward and after ends of the shield *C*, which protects the crew and guns, sufficiently to give the sharpness necessary to the attainment of high speed and the buoyancy to support the weight of iron applied without an inconvenient increase of draft.

"JOHN M. BROOKE,
"Lieutenant C. S. Navy.

"Witness:

"GEORGE MINOR,
"Commander, C. S. N.

"CHARLES J. OST."



Mr. Porter continues:

"But his patent was not contested by the builder of the *Merrimac*, because no one would have thought of building such a vessel with submerged ends except as a matter of necessity, for it left the crew no space to exercise."

One might suppose that Constructor Porter, as deeply concerned as he was in maintaining his claim, would have welcomed the opportunity to establish it.

"And no other vessel was built that way by the Confederate States. Subsequent vessels were made after the model which Constructor Porter made at Pittsburg in 1847, with the ends above the water and protected like the roof."

But the model made after the return of the ship-carpenter to the yard, like the one he made at Pittsburg, had its ends under the roof and submerged "just two feet," and no vessels were ever built after *that* model in the Confederate States.

When the *Merrimac*, after conversion, was floated, it was found that in consequence of an error in her computed displacement her ends and eaves could not be submerged to the depth proposed. This was a serious matter, as the additional weights required to bring her down involved an otherwise unnecessary increase of draft.

Constructor Porter says in his *Century* note:

"Her deck ends were two feet below water and not awash, and the ship was as strong and well protected at the centre line as anywhere else, as her knuckle was two feet below her water-line, and was then clamped."

The following letters state the facts:

[EXTRACT.]

" 'VIRGINIA,' NORFOLK YARD, *March 5, '62.*

"DEAR BROOKE:

"* * * I hope we will get off on Thursday night. The ship will be too light, or, I should say, she is not sufficiently protected below the water. Our draft will be a foot less than was first intended, yet I was this morning ordered not to put any more ballast in—fear of the bottom. The eaves of the roof will not be more than six inches immersed, which in smooth water would not be enough; a slight ripple would leave it bare except the one-inch iron that extends some feet below. We are least protected where we most need it, and may receive a shot that would sink us; a thirty-two-pounder would do it. The constructor should have put on six inches where we now have one.

"We have taken on board a large quantity of ballast.

"CATESBY AP. R. JONES."

[EXTRACT.]

"CONFEDERATE STATES STEAMER VIRGINIA,

"NORFOLK, March 7, 1862.

"MY DEAR BROOKE:

"* * * The edges of our plates are only five inches below
the water. * * *

"R. D. MINOR."

As the vessel lightened, this submergence diminished. Five inches is little more than awash, and it was evident after the action that the guns of the enemy, having no command, could not penetrate the horizontal deck plating of the ends. It was, therefore, not necessary to submerge the ends, provided the sides were properly protected by plating. But as the weight of guns and shields increased, the efficiency of the principle of submerged ends became apparent.

The means at command in the Confederacy were not adequate to the complete development of the principle in sea-going ships. Plates of sufficient thickness to afford protection when placed vertically could not be made; but in 1874 it was applied in England.

The following description of the *Inflexible* is from Chief-Engineer J. W. King's *War Ships and Navies of the World*.

"The *Inflexible*, which was commenced at Portsmouth dock-yard in February, 1874, and launched April, 1876, is a twin-screw, double-turret ship, with a central armored citadel. She was designed by Mr. Barnaby, the Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty, and at a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects in London, he describes the vessel in the following language:

"Imagine a floating castle 110 feet long and 75 feet wide, rising 10 feet out of water, and having above that again two round turrets planted diagonally at its opposite corners. Imagine this castle and its turrets to be heavily plated with armor, and that each turret has two guns of about eighty tons each. Conceive these guns to be capable of firing, all four together, at an enemy ahead, astern, or on either beam, and in pairs toward every point of the compass. Attached to this rectangular armored castle, but *completely submerged*—every part being 6 to 7 feet under water—there is a hull of ordinary form *with a powerful ram bow*, with twin-screws and a submerged rudder and helm. This compound structure is the fighting part of the ship. Seaworthiness, speed, and shapeliness would be wanting in

such a structure if it had no addition to it; there is, therefore, an unarmored structure lying above the submerged ship and connected with it, both before and after the armored castle, and as this structure rises 20 feet out of water, from stem to stern, without depriving the guns of that command of the horizon already described, and as it moreover renders a flying deck unnecessary, it gets over the objections which have been raised against the low free board and other features in the *Devastation*, *Thunderer* and *Dreadnaught*. These structures furnish also most luxurious accommodations for officers and seamen. *The step* in advance has therefore been from 14 inches of armor to 24 inches, from 35 ton guns to 80 tons, from two guns ahead to four guns ahead, and from a height of 10 feet for working the anchors to 20 feet. And this is done without an increase in cost, and with a reduction of nearly 3 feet in draught of water. My belief is that in the *Inflexible* we have reached the extreme limit in thickness of armor for sea-going vessels.

"The length of the vessel between perpendiculars is 320 feet, and she has the extraordinary breadth of 75 feet at the water-line; depth of hold, 23 feet 3½ inches; freeboard, 10 feet; mean draught of water, 24 feet 5 inches (23 feet 5 inches forward and 25 feet 5 inches aft); area of midship section, 1,658 square feet; and displacement, when all the weights are on board, 11,407 tons, being the largest man-of-war hitherto constructed. She is, as before described, a rectangular armoured castle. The whole of the other parts of the vessel which are unprotected by armour have been given their great dimensions for the simple purpose of floating and moving this invulnerable citadel and the turrets by which it is surmounted.

"Her immense bulk, unprecedented armament, powerful machinery and the provision for ramming and for resisting the impact of rams as well as of shot and shell, have made it necessary that strength and solidity should enter into every part of the structure.

"The *Inflexible* having been accepted as one of the types of the British future line-of-battle ships, two others have been put in process of construction—the *Ajax*, which was laid down at the Pembroke dock-yard in 1876; and the *Agamemnon*, commenced at the Chatham in the same year, and launched in 1879. After so full an account of the *Inflexible*, any detailed description of these two sister ships would be a mere repetition."

"The *Colossus* and the *Majestic* * * * two steel sister ships,

are of the same type as the vessels just described, and of dimensions between the *Inflexible* and the *Ajax*."

In Constructor Porter's reply to "Justice," he says:

"Of the great and skillful calculations of the displacements and weights of timber and iron involved in the planning and construction of this great piece of naval architecture, and of her present weights with everything on board, no other man than myself has, or ever had, any knowledge. If he has let him show it; for while public opinion said she would never float, no one save myself knew to the contrary or what she was capable of bearing."

The time came when this knowledge would have been of service to the Confederacy.

Norfolk had fallen, and the brave Tattnall sought to save the *Virginia* by taking her up the James—success depending upon her stability when lightened to a draft of eighteen feet. He applied to Constructor Porter for information.

In Flag-officer Tattnall's triumphant defence will be found this statement [see *Scharf's Confederate States Navy*, p. 235]:

"To the constructor, Mr. Porter, I applied through Paymaster Semple, for information on the subject, who swears positively that he obtained the constructor's written report that the ship could be lightened to even seventeen feet, and would have stability to that draft in the James river. Now, whether Mr. Semple misunderstood Mr. Porter or not, there can be no doubt of the nature of the reply communicated to me through a reliable source, upon which, in the nature of things, having no knowledge of my own, I was obliged to rely. Nor will the positive and reliable testimony thus given be much shaken by Mr. Porter's flippant answer to the question why he did not give full information, "that I never spent a thought on the subject; I was busy; I supposed the officers all knew what they were about, and I gave all the information that was asked of me." It will be recollected he was apprised of the meditated disposition of the ship, and had been asked for written official information on the subject.

I regret that the persistency of Constructor Porter and the indiscretion of his friends have rendered it necessary to make this exposition.

JOHN M. BROOKE.

[New Orleans *Picayune*, Oct. 4, 1891.]

PRISON PASTIMES.

How Our Soldier Boys at Fort Delaware Amused Themselves While in
Confinement as Prisoners of War—The Publication
of the "Prison Times."

1192351

From the very many publications of experiences of prison life in the North and South, during the war of 1861-'65, there should be but few persons who are not familiar with the narratives, both true and false, of the suffering and utter wretchedness that prevailed among the thousands of captives from both armies, held for an exchange, that was unfortunately delayed by the action of the Federal authorities in violating the cartel then existing between the contending parties.

From that mass of sorrowful narrative it is a pleasure to discover a small bit of the silvery lining which at times shows its glory behind the blackest clouds.

Among the archives of the Louisiana Historical Association is a newspaper published (hand-written) at Fort Delaware, in April, 1865, by Confederate prisoners. Within the limits of Fort Delaware, in a space of barely five acres, sixteen hundred Confederate officers were confined; and they, after the manner of Mark Tapley, not willing to be depressed by untoward circumstances surrounding them, perfected organizations for the entertainment and comfort of all the great company. Musical and Christian associations were formed, and finally they issued the *Prison Times*.

The *Times* illustrates so plainly the cheerful and hopeful spirit of these gallant officers, and gives such insight behind the scenes of prison life, that it deserves to be preserved among the annals of the great war.

The original paper was presented to the Historical Association by Major E. D. Willett, who received it from the wife of Lieutenant A. T. Turner, Fifteenth Louisiana regiment, who was Chief of Division 25, in the barracks of Fort Delaware.

It is so worn and torn that it is almost illegible, and can only be deciphered by using a strong reading-glass.

As it is impossible to present it in *fac simile*, it is given below in cold type, and it may prove of interest to the survivors of the life at Fort Delaware or to their descendants, should they be no longer with us.

Here it is :

“PRISON TIMES.”

Et temps et lieu.

VOL. I.

FORT DELAWARE, APRIL, '65.

NO. I.

OUR PAPER.

In presenting to the public our first edition of the *Prison Times* we are aware that there will be many criticisms. As public journalists we intend to steer clear of all personalities, unless of a pleasant nature. Nothing political will be indulged in.

We will on all points of public interest speak candidly, as the interest of the public is our own.

Public improvements, the fine arts, advancement of literature, thorough school system—we are advocates of all these, and will do all we can to promote the interests of each.

We have secured the services of able gentlemen as correspondents. We feel assured their contributions will be perused with pleasure. In our miscellaneous columns we will have extracts from authors which will be interesting and edifying. In our poetical column will be found gems from celebrated authors, male and female, whose reputation is becoming known ; so far as we can we will publish selections that have not appeared in print.

We intend to make the *Times* a good advertising medium. We ask the support of a liberal community.

Our terms are moderate. Manufacturers will find it to their interest to give us a trial.

“We are literally immersed in business,” as the fellow said when he was giving a swimming lesson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Ancient Toast.—It was a grand day in the old chivalric time, the wine circling around the board in a noble hall, and the sculptured walls rang with sentiment and song. The lady of each knightly

heart was pledged by name, and many a syllable significant of love-
liness had been uttered, until it came to St. Leon's turn, when, lifting
the sparkling cup on high—

“I drink to one,” he said,
“Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead.
“To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis, and true,
To one whose love has longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt
Than any pledged to you.”

Each guest upstarted on the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And sternly said, “We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high.”

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another.
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, “My mother.”

“The fortitude that neither calumny nor calamity can crush never
fails to command respect. Such fortitude is only attainable when
one is calm in the rectitude of the cause in which he suffers, and feels
that no false testimony can mislead the universal and eternal Judge.
Then, indeed, is the sufferer happy, and despite of adversity feels
that the clouds around him are not the frowns of heaven.”—*Bulwer*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Division 22.—M. L. White, Lieutenant Thirty-third N. C. T., is
prepared to execute all kinds of engravings on metals with neatness
and dispatch.

B. F. Cartwright & Co.—*Division 24*—Manufacture plain and
gutta-percha rings, chains and breastpins, etc. Call and see speci-
mens of our work.

Tailoring Establishment.—*Division 22*—Griggs & Church, successors to Beval, Bowman & Church, are prepared to execute all kinds of fashionable tailoring at reasonable rates, at their shop, S. E. corner, upper tier of bunks. Call soon, as a stitch in time saves nine.

Division 32.—Washing and ironing done with care and promptness by Davenport & Boswell. S. G. Davenport, Captain Ga. B. I.; I. C. Boswell, Captain 23d Ga. R. I.

Barber Shop.—*Division 24*—Shaving, shampooing, hair-cutting, dyeing and hair-dressing done up in the latest style. Choice selection of perfumes on hand. Broughton & Walker.

Dental Card.—Lieutenant R. F. Taylor can be found at all hours. Division 28.

Music.—Instructions given on the guitar by T. Gordon Bland, Lieutenant 10th La. Cavalry. Call at Division 26, S. E. corner, first tier.

"PRISON TIMES."

PUBLISHED IN DIVISION 27 BY I. W. HIBBS, CAPTAIN THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Proprietors and Editors:

George S. Thomas, Captain 64th Ga., Div. 24; W. H. Bennett,
Captain and A. C. S., Div. 24; A. Harris, Lieutenant
3d Fla., Div. 28.

Saturday, April 8, 1865.

SALUTATORY.

There are more than sixteen hundred officers in our barracks within an enclosure containing scarce five acres of ground.

One would suppose that the fact of so many men being thus crowded together would tend to create the greatest amount of sociability and afford unrivaled facilities for forming and cementing extreme personal friendships.

But there seems to be as much isolation of individuals and as many little cliques and communities as in large cities of the world outside.

This is a phenomenon of prison social life to which we can only call the attention of our readers, and leave for a longer experience or more profound and skillful annotations to explain.

As our knowledge of the great world outside is fast becoming traditional, or, at best, confined to "fresh fish stories," our news will be necessarily of a purely local character. Though it cannot be denied that the operators on our great Grapevine Telegraph sometimes manage to get up some wonderful and startling dispatches.

In our humble efforts to portray the prison times at this place we shall labor to keep our readers posted upon all incidents occurring in our midst worthy of record, and afford them every facility of letting them know who is here and what is being done.

Trusting that the difficulties of conducting an enterprise of this kind, under the circumstances, are duly appreciated by an intelligent public, we send forth this our first number, hoping that ere we have time to publish many numbers our *Prison Times* will be discontinued forever and our patrons and ourselves be far away in our loved sunny South.

OUR PRISON WORLD.

A glance at our advertising columns will prove that to call our barracks a miniature world is not so much of a misnomer as it might appear at first to the uninitiated.

True it is that we have not the genial presence of charming women, and the very few babies we have with us are too old and too large to awaken that interest and sympathy we might have taken at an earlier stage of their existence. But, excepting the want of these grand essentials—women and little babies—to a perfect world, our little prison world is quite a good abridgment of the great world outside.

We have in our midst "men about town," "gentlemen of elegant leisure," many of whom play the games of chess, draughts, etc., with great proficiency and skill.

There are also several accomplished musicians, vocal and instrumental, who occasionally enliven and charm our little community with the concord of sweet sounds. The Prisoners' Benevolent Musical Association have lately earned and received the gratitude of our community by their generous efforts in behalf of the sick and destitute of our number, as will be seen from the statement we give in another column of the receipts of the concerts given in the Mess Hall for this purpose.

Owing to the difficulty of procuring the necessary materials the rest of the fine arts are not so extensively cultivated. But we have, nevertheless, a few artists who exhibit considerable skill in the art of drawing and sketching.

The learned professions—theology, law and medicine—are not without their representatives, and, though “Othello’s occupation is gone,” as far as the practice of law and medicine are concerned (our law and physic being imported ready made at present), there are students to be found poring over the musty tomes of Blackstone and Esculapius.

There are also debating clubs in Divisions “22” and “32.” Every Thursday night these clubs hold meetings, open to the public, and some questions of interest are discussed.

Then we have a Christian Association for the relief of prisoners. We have time and space at present only to call attention of our readers to the directory of this most excellent institution, which will be found in another column. The list of standing committees there given will give some idea of the noble objects and plan of operations of this association.

We have also in our midst, busy at work, shoemakers, tailors, barbers, engravers, jewelers, machinists, washers and ironers, and ring, chain, and breastpin makers, many specimens of whose work we have seen, and must say that they reflect credit upon the patience, ingenuity and skill of the workmen.

Thus much for some of our public institutions. We have others that we expect to notice “*et temps et lieu.*”

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Variety Works.—*Division 24*—Whitten and Neighbors.—Having completed our machinery, we are prepared to execute all kinds of sawing, turning and drilling with neatness and dispatch. W. M. Whitten, Lieutenant 23d Bn. Va. Inf’y. W. H. Neighbors, Adjutant 51st Va. Inf’y.

Barber Saloon.—*Division 31*—Hair cutting, shaving and shampooing done in the best manner. Terms: Cutting hair, 10 cents; shaving, 5 cents; shampooing, 15 cents. L. R. Skinner, Lieutenant 17th Va. Cav.

Boots and shoes made to order. Repairing well done. Always ready for work. Give us a call. We can be found at our shop in

Division 24. Atkins and Beal. W. P. Atkins, Lieutenant 5th Ark.; P. S. Beal, Lieutenant 52d N. C.

LOCAL—SALLE PORT.

Here are every day posted the latest bulletins; occasionally a startling "grape"* is seen on the board. Perhaps no city furnishes a public place where those in search of the very latest can get it as readily as at the Salle Port of the officers' barracks at Fort Delaware. The advertisements posted are gotten up—some of them—in good taste. The various tobacconists set forth their claim for public patronage; they offer at what they consider reasonable rates the finest James river to its most inferior quality. Such large quantities so suddenly thrown on the market has created a decline, and holders are not disposed to part with their best brands.

THE MARKETS.

Everything except tobacco is still held at extravagantly high rates. It is to be expected, as navigation is no longer blockaded by ice, there will be a perceptible change in prices.

The milkmen have not occupied their stalls in the market places; will do so soon, as the grass furnishes good nipping.

Poultry dealers are holding back for higher prices.

Butter may be considered healthy. Small lots, several days ago, changed hands at fair prices; other lots too strong to take well.

"Fresh fish"† of recent importation can be found in every division. It is to be hoped that consignors will not forward any more for the present, as we have a superabundance of "Fresh fish" already on hand, and storage room is becoming very scarce.

A butcher informed us that his orders thus far had been confined principally to rats. A change in favor of this kind of meat was so great, his orders were very large.

Our friends at a distance, in the upper and middle districts, must bear with us a short while, until we can procure the services of a first-class commercial reporter; we will then keep them advised as to the state of the markets.

* Grapevine telegram.

† New prisoners.

A GOOD WORK.

At a meeting called by a few officers in these barracks it was suggested by Lieutenant J. O. Murray, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, to organize a musical association to raise funds for the sick and destitute in our midst.

A communication was addressed by the secretary of the meeting, Lieutenant T. G. Bland, Tenth Louisiana cavalry, to the commandant of the prison, and permission was obtained for concerts to be given. Lieutenant W. Hays, Second Kentucky cavalry, the prisoners' friend, and ever ready to alleviate their condition, was selected as manager, and Lieutenant T. G. Bland musical director for the first concert, which was well attended, and the performance was highly creditable to all concerned.

We regret very much our inability to attend the second concert.

We have with pleasure seen the committee on distribution from day to day going from division to division distributing to those most needy vegetables, fruits and other anti-scorbutics.

The good effects of this benevolent association are being already developed through their energetic and worthy committee.

Below is the statement of receipts and disbursements of concerts of the 21st and 28th of March.

Statement of receipts of concerts March 21 and 28, 1865, given for the benefit of sick and destitute officers:

<i>Receipts.</i>		<i>Expenses.</i>	
By cash.....	\$187 55	Total expenses.....	\$ 92 30
178 pounds tobacco, 50c	89 00	Balance.....	184 25
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	\$276 55		\$276 55
Cash receipts.....	\$187 55		
Less expenses.....	92 30		
	<hr/>		
Amount of cash.....	\$ 95 25		

Amount of tobacco for distribution, 178 pounds.

R. W. Carter, Colonel First Virginia Cavalry; C. E. Chambers, Captain Thirteenth Alabama; W. Hays, Lieutenant Second Kentucky Cavalry, committee.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY.

President—I. Hardeman, Lieutenant-Colonel Twelfth Georgia, Division 22.

First Vice-President—T. A. Boyle, Adjutant Thirty-second North Carolina, Division 25.

Second Vice-President—J. T. Kincannon, Captain Twenty-third Virginia, Division 33.

Third Vice-President—T. W. Harris, Captain Twelfth Georgia, Division 34.

Recording Secretary—John Law, Adjutant Thirty-eighth Georgia, Division 22.

Corresponding Secretary—J. F. Fuller, Adjutant Thirty-first Tennessee, Division 30.

Treasurer—G. F. Lyle, Lieutenant Virginia Artillery, Division 22.

Librarian—J. C. Wright, Lieutenant Twelfth Tennessee, Division 31.

Chaplain—Alexander M. Sanford, Captain Fourteenth Texas, Division 29.

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES.

On State of the Church—W. J. Clark, Colonel Twenty-fourth North Carolina, Division 28.

Introduction—J. E. Roberts, Captain Fourth Virginia, Division 22.

Education—T. W. Hooper, Colonel Twenty-first Georgia, Division 22.

Finance—J. L. Cantwell, Captain Third North Carolina, Division 35.

Religious Reading—J. L. Connor, Adjutant Sixty-first Georgia, Division 22.

Devotional Exercises—J. G. Knox, Captain Seventh North Carolina, Division 35.

Sick and Destitute—W. C. Shane, A. D. C., Division 22.

Order and Arrangements—W. R. Stephenson, Captain Thirty-third North Carolina, Division 22.

Music—C. C. Turner, Lieutenant Fifth South Carolina, Division 22.
Regular meeting of the association every Friday night.

DEBATING CLUBS.

The debating club of Division 22 meets every Friday night.

President—J. J. Riverd, Major Sixth Louisiana (?)

Secretary and Treasurer—J. E. Roberts, Captain Fourth Virginia.

The debating club of Division 32 meets every Thursday evening.

President—C. J. Palmer, Captain Third Virginia Cavalry.

Secretary—W. A. Darden, Captain Sixty-first North Carolina.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOW, SOFT MUSIC OF THE PINES.

Oh there's music in the glad gurgling waters
 As they bound over rocks and through dells,
 A music that lends an enchantment
 To deep forest's moss-festooned cells.

There's music in the low heaving billows
 As they break on the far distant lea,
 When the sea nymphs and dolphins are sporting,
 But there's music far sweeter for me.

There's music in the soft-sighing zephyr,
 Where lovers oft linger to list,
 And hear in its harmonious measures
 A song of long-promised bliss.

All nature's a grand choral organ
 That swells with melodious chimes,
 But the sweetest of all nature's music
 Are the tones of the murmuring pines.

There's music for stern, reckless manhood,
 Where the storm king rides on the wave,
 When the bark of the tempest-tossed sailor
 Madly drives to a watery grave.

When the winds lash the waves into fury,
 And the thunders and wild winds combine,
 But more fearfully grand is the music,
 When the hurricane plays with the pine.

Then tell me not of the music
 That is held in the reveling hall,
 When the feet of the light-hearted dancers
 Glide gaily at Terpsichore's call.

There's music around the home of my childhood,
 Where clamber the ivy and vine,
 And I long to sit neath the shadows
 Of the low, soft, musical pine.

A. H.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

The fire burned briskly in the grate,
The morn was dark aud dreary,
A captive in his cell sat lone,
Thoughtful, watchful, weary.

He thought of home, of kindred ties,
Long broke but not yet severed ;
He thought of dear ones in the skies,
That had left the earth forever.

Without the wall of his prison cell
Discordant music met his ear.
What was it in the morn's dull cloak ?
He'd nothing but his God to fear.

As the morning light began to dawn,
The sleepers awoke one another ;
They knew not the thoughts of the one at the fire.
He'd been thinking all night of his mother.

L. G. B., LA.

Fort Lafayette, N. Y. Harbor, January 22, 1865.

BARRACKS DIRECTORY.

Division 22—Chief, Captain J. E. Roberts, Fourth Virginia ; adjutant, Adjutant John Law, Thirty-eighth Georgia ; postmasters, Captain E. J. Dean, Twenty-second South Carolina, Captain N. C. Shane, A. D. C.

Division 23—Chief, Major D. Hammond, First Maryland Regiment ; adjutant, D. F. Grimes, Virginia ; postmasters, Lieutenant C. J. Bluit, Twenty-fifth Virginia, Lieutenant J. D. Irwin, Twentieth North Carolina.

Division 24—Chief, Captain E. T. Bridges, Thirty-seventh Virginia ; adjutant, Captain T. J. Pritchett, Sixty-fourth Georgia ; postmasters, Captain O. W. Spriggs, Forty-second Virginia ; Lieutenant N. B. Riger, Twenty-fifth Virginia.

Division 25—Chief, Lieutenant A. P. Turner, Fifteenth Louisiana ; postmasters, Captain H. S. Hoffman, Tenth Virginia, J. Maynadiey, First Virginia.

Division 26—Chief, Captain R. A. Cox, A. C. S., C. S. A. ; postmasters, Lieutenant L. Stripling, Sixty-first Georgia, Adjutant M. S. Smallman, Eighth Tennessee.

Division 27—Chief, Lieutenant W. Hays, Second Kentucky; postmasters, Lieutenant James Hewitt, Tenth Kentucky, Adjutant A. S. Webb, Forty-fourth North Carolina.

Division 28—Colonel W. J. Clarke, Twenty-fourth North Carolina; adjutant, Lieutenant G. P. Waldman, Forty-fourth Virginia.

Division 29—Chief, Colonel W. L. Butler, Twenty-eighth Alabama; adjutant, Lieutenant R. Neil, Second Arkansas; postmasters, W. H. Hall, Fourteenth Texas, Lieutenant T. W. Mitchell, Forty-ninth Virginia.

Division 30—Chief, Adjutant W. L. Platt, Seventh Georgia; adjutant, Lieutenant D. McCoy, Twenty-second Virginia; postmaster, Adjutant J. F. Fuller, Thirty-first Tennessee.

Division 31—Chief, Lieutenant W. F. Ratcliffe, Virginia Reserves.

Division 32—Chief, Captain C. S. Jenkins, Sixty-fourth Georgia.

Division 33—Chief, Captain B. G. Patterson, Twenty-third Virginia Cavalry.

Division 34—Chief, Captain A. M. Cumming, First Louisiana; adjutant, Lieutenant L. Garric, Tenth Louisiana; postmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Kesler, Forty-sixth Virginia Cavalry.

Division 35—Chief, Major D. A. Jones, C. S. A.

Division 36—Chief, Colonel V. H. Manning, Third Arkansas; adjutant, Lieutenant W. E. Hart, Carter's Virginia Battery.

Division 37—Chief, Captain W. A. Kendall, Third Kentucky Cavalry.

Musical Association—President, R. W. Carter, Colonel First Virginia Cavalry; secretary, William Hays, Lieutenant Second Kentucky Cavalry; manager, P. B. Akers, Lieutenant Eleventh Virginia Infantry; musical director, T. G. Bland, Lieutenant Tenth Louisiana Cavalry.

DEBATING CLUBS.

Lee Club—President, H. L. Hover, Lieutenant Twenty-fifth Virginia; secretary, J. L. Cantrel, Captain Third North Carolina Infantry.

Stonewall Club—President, W. H. Rowan, Captain Third Kentucky Battalion; secretary, T. L. Pritchett, Captain Sixty-fourth Georgia.

The allusion in the columns of the *Times* to the "Grapevine" and "Fresh Fish" will be recognized by old soldiers, the former being applied to the rumors of events occurring outside the prison that were supposed to be communicated through the "grapevine," or "underground telegraph" line.

"Fresh Fish" was the term applied to new arrivals, captured on recent battle-fields. Upon their entrance to the fort they were greeted with the cry of "Fresh Fish" by all the old residents, and immediately interviewed to learn the latest from the outside world, and if "Lee had whipped 'em again."

The *Times* is dated April 8th—the day before Lee surrendered the remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox—and it is presumed that no later number of the *Times* was issued, but that the occupants of the different "divisions" were soon released and wended their way to their homes in Dixie land.

WILLIAM MILLER OWEN.

[Springfield *Republican*.]

PRISONERS NORTH AND SOUTH.

Interesting Statistics as to Mortality Among Prisoners During the War.

To the Editor of The Republican :

The tone of fairness which is evident in your editorial of September 4th on "Rebel Prisoners at Camp Morton" emboldens me to write you concerning the treatment of prisoners during our late unhappy war. I should deeply regret the result of a discussion of this subject should it arouse animosities or rekindle feelings of bitterness. After more than a quarter of a century has elapsed the survivors or the partisans of both sides in that terrible conflict should be able—unblinded by passions natural to and engendered in the tumult of war, and unbiased by prejudice—calmly to discuss the merits and demerits of either side of this question.

That which we term civilized warfare is really only semi-civilized. On either side the lot of the soldier was hard at best, and the lot of

the prisoner was still harder. This is the history of all wars in all countries, and ours was no exception. The treatment of prisoners by both North and South during our war was characterized either by indifference or neglect on the part of those responsible for the welfare of the helpless beings placed under their care, amounting in many instances to criminality. A careful study of the subject by any reasonable and fair-minded being can lead but to this conclusion.

It so happens that the Southern side of the prison question has never been made known to the Northern people. Though a good deal has been written, it appeared in Southern magazines or other periodicals of limited circulation, never finding its way to the masses of the North. On the other hand, the narratives of Union prisoners have been widely diffused through the daily papers, made the texts of passionate oratory by the statesmen of a day, elaborated by the illustrated journals, and emphasized by the immense circulation and influence of the Northern magazines. Until the article on "Johnson's Island," by Lieutenant Carpenter, and "Camp Morton," appeared in the *Century*, only one side of the sufferings of prisoners was known north of the Mason and Dixon line. Little wonder, then, that these articles attracted attention, created surprise, aroused indignation; and still less wonder that those to whom this indignation would direct itself rushed into the daily papers and the magazines with columns of denials of the accuracy of my statements, with explanations of this and that; long lists of rations, attested by the commissary, supplies furnished by the quartermaster, all certified to as correct; comfortable quarters, warm fires, plenty of blankets and bedding, &c.; and yet the men died in large numbers.

Facts are cold and unanswerable, and dead men do tell tales. The death rate at Camp Morton was within seventh-tenths of one per cent. of that among all Union prisoners confined in the Confederacy; and Camp Morton was by no means the worst prison. At Elmira, N. Y., out of a total of twelve thousand one hundred and forty-seven prisoners, two thousand nine hundred and eighty died; that is two hundred and forty-five in every one thousand. These figures are from the United States War Records Office. I have the report of the chief surgeon of the prison hospital at Andersonville, Ga., showing officially the number of prisoners that died at Andersonville, the causes of death, and a classified list of all that died in stockade and hospital. The total number of prisoners received during its occupation was forty-five thousand six hundred and thirteen; deaths, twelve thousand nine hundred and eleven; ratio of mortality, two

hundred and eighty-three in one thousand. The United States War Records Office, however, have revised these Andersonville figures, giving the total confined as forty thousand six hundred and twenty-eight—and the deaths as fourteen thousand four hundred and eight, or three hundred and fifty-four per one thousand. Accepting the revised statistics, the difference in the mortality at Andersonville and Elmira is one hundred and nine in each one thousand. The civilized world has heard much of the horrors of Andersonville; how little it knows of Elmira and Camp Morton! The death rate on either side cannot be explained away. These prison pens of North and South must stand as blots on even the darkest page of our history. May they help to make war impossible!

Now, in all fairness and candor, what excuse can there be for so frightful a death rate at Elmira? The North was rich in all that should have contributed to the protection of its prisoners. That they died by wholesale is proof, I hold, that they did not receive this humane treatment. As to Andersonville, there is something of palliation. I believe the spirit of fairness in the Northern people will appreciate and admit it when the facts are known. The South was greatly in need of food, clothing and medical supplies. In 1864 its armies were subsisting almost wholly on corn and corn-meal. The supply of meat was almost exhausted. On October 18, 1864, S. B. French, major and commissary on subsistence, reports: "We have on hand in the Confederate States rations of meat to subsist three hundred thousand men for twenty-five days." On August 2, 1864, Dr. White, the medical officer in charge at Andersonville, reports: "The supplies of medicine have been entirely exhausted. The ration issued to the prisoners is the same as that issued to the Confederate soldier in the field. The meal is unbolted, and when baked is coarse and unwholesome." Even sieves or means for bolting could not be had on account of the strict blockade.

Judge Robert Ould, Confederate commissioner of exchange, in his statement published in the *National Intelligencer* in August, 1868, says: "In the summer of 1864, in consequence of certain information communicated to me by the Surgeon General of the Confederate States as to the deficiency of medicines, I offered to make purchases of medicines from the United States authorities, to be used exclusively for the relief of Federal prisoners. I offered to pay in gold, cotton or tobacco, and agreed that such medicines might be brought into the Confederate lines by United States surgeons and dispensed by them. To this offer I never received any reply."

It is a matter of history that the Confederates at this time were desirous of an exchange of prisoners and that the United States authorities would not consent to exchange. The *New York Tribune*, editorially referring to the occurrences of 1864, says: "In August the rebels offered to renew the exchange, man for man. General Grant then telegraphed the following important order: "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken we will have to fight on till the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men.'"

With no hope of exchange and without supplies, and the death rate increasing, in the summer of 1864 Commissioner Ould further reports: "I did offer to deliver from ten to fifteen thousand of the sick and wounded prisoners on the north of the Savannah river without requiring any equivalent. Although this offer was made in the summer of 1864, transportation was not sent to Savannah river until about the middle or last of November, and then I delivered as many as could be transported—about thirteen thousand. About three thousand sick and wounded (Confederates) were delivered to me. The original rolls showed that some thirty-five hundred had started from Northern prisons, and that death had reduced the number to about three thousand."

Now as to the difference of one hundred and nine per one thousand in the ratio of mortality at Andersonville and Elmira. It is an admitted fact that the residents of colder zones, passing into and residing in warmer localities, are more liable to contract diseases peculiar to warm or hot climates, such as diarrhœa, dysentery and the malarial diseases, than are residents of warmer climates migrating to colder latitudes. In the carefully classified list of the twelve thousand and nine hundred and twelve deaths among the prisoners recorded at Andersonville, one thousand three hundred and eighty-four died from dysentery, four thousand eight hundred and seventeen from diarrhœa, and one hundred and seventy-seven from remittent fever. In other words, six thousand three hundred and seventy-eight, or one-half of all deaths there, were due to diseases which would naturally result from the exposure to the climate of Georgia during July, August, September and October, especially when they were subsisting chiefly on coarse corn-meal, a diet to which the prisoners were not accustomed and which tended to produce gastric and intestinal irritation.

Considering these facts, was there not as much culpability on one side as the other? Let us do away with the Pharisaism which affects all the virtues, according to our neighbor the vices. The truth is, there were virtues and vices on both sides. We have a right to be proud of the heroism the war developed, yet when it comes to the question of the treatment of prisoners, both North and South may well say *Peccavi!*

JOHN A. WYETH.

New York, September 9, 1891.

[From the *Richmond Times*, September 27, 1891.]

A REMARKABLE VICTORY.

Wilson's Defeat at the Staunton River Bridge in 1864.

A Battle Which Saved Lee's Army—Two Hundred and Fifty Hastily
Organized Confederates Whip Twenty-five Hundred
Federals—Valuable Contributions.

Wilson's defeat at the Staunton-river bridge, June 24, 1864, was the most remarkable result of the fervent patriotism which pervaded all classes and ages and sexes of Virginians during our long and severe trials that the history of that war gives us.

This most interesting narrative of it was given me ten years or more ago by that able and excellent Virginia gentleman, Colonel Tom Flournoy, then residing in Danville. Several times he told me he would write it for record in the Southern Historical Society. Unfortunately for history, he, in the struggle for maintenance which had then fallen upon us all, died before he could execute his purpose.

WILSON'S ADVANCE.

His story was that about the 21st or 22d of June, 1864, he was at his home in Halifax county, Va., when about midnight he was aroused by the barking of his dogs and by one of his negro men, who told him a strange man had come to the "quarters" asking for a fresh horse to enable him to carry an important dispatch. The

Colonel saw the courier and learned that a heavy column of Federal cavalry under command of General Wilson was moving along the Richmond and Danville railroad, breaking it up ; that they would soon reach the Staunton bridge, then guarded by a company of Confederate infantry under command of Captain Farinholt, who was sending out couriers to invoke the aid of all men capable of bearing arms. Colonel Flournoy went at once to the county town and sent out couriers with orders signed by General Lee, for all men and boys and Confederate soldiers on furlough to repair at once to the defence of this important point. Prompt response was made by all whom the summons reached, and by June 24th near five hundred men, armed with shot-guns and "pea" rifles were on the spot.

A MOTLEY ARRAY.

Some were aged men, too old for field service, some were boys, too young, and a few were Confederate veterans on furlough because of wounds or sickness.

Of this last class were Colonel Flournoy and Colonel Eaton Coleman.

Colonel Flournoy got together a small party of horsemen and pushed forward to reconnoitre the enemy and report his progress. Colonel Coleman assumed the command of the forces at the bridge and prepared its defences. He was a clever engineer and a veteran of several years' active service.

He moved two hundred and fifty men across to the end of the bridge nearest the enemy. The river bank was steep and high. This he cut down to about four feet, throwing all the earth as removed down the bank, and showing no fresh earth in front. His command were ordered to crouch down carefully concealed until the enemy should arrive at point blank. Then at the word they would rise, take good aim and fire.

The rest of the command was held in reserve, under Colonel Flournoy, on the right bank of the river, where field-works had long ago been constructed upon the bluff some twenty feet above the bridge. This work was armed with four six-pounders, which were worked upon the advancing enemy under command of Captain Marshall.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY AGAINST TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED.

During the morning of the 24th Wilson arrived upon the ridge, about one mile from the bridge. He fixed his headquarters in the

lawn of Mr. McPhail's house, whence he could view the field of battle and all its approaches, and convinced that he would encounter stout resistance he made his preparations accordingly.

About 4 P. M. he moved two thousand five hundred dismounted riflemen under a brigade commander to make the attack. The line advanced over this plain, which sweeps from the base of the ridge to the river bank. No shot was fired, except from the cannon, as it approached in fine array, until within about fifty yards of the bridge, and every eye of the assailants was fixed upon the field-works and men beyond the river, when at Coleman's command the force under the bank arose, and as one man poured in their unexpected fire. The centre of the Federal line was torn out—scarce a man of it escaped wounds or death—and the whole force soon fell back to the hills to reorganize its attack, and again advanced to be repulsed as before. By this time night was falling and General Wilson was convinced that he had to encounter greater resistance than he could overcome without great loss of time and men. This conviction was strengthened by Mrs. McPhail, who told him that the force before him had been greatly increased since his approach had become known; that she had heard frequent arrivals of the trains from Danville and the cheers when they reached the bridge with reinforcements from Danville and Charlotte, and that he would probably find ten thousand men to beat in the morning.

A SIGNAL VICTORY.

The first light of the 25th showed Wilson's trains and army retreating from the field in retreat upon Grant's lines, but he was intercepted by General Rooney Lee, who captured all of his wagon train and two thousand prisoners, Wilson, with his remaining force, barely escaping into his own lines.

He left upon the field in his fight at the bridge over sixty dead, who were buried where they fell; and his wounded must have been many more than the usual proportion to the dead, for most of them were from buckshot from double-barrelled guns, every discharge of which wounded and disabled many men.

The Confederate loss was two killed and six or seven wounded. The killed were the Rev. Mr. Burke, of the Episcopal Church, and Dr. Sutphin, a prominent physician of Halifax county. Colonel Coleman was severely wounded.

A REMARKABLE VICTORY.

Never in the history of modern war has such a force achieved such a victory—a victory remarkable for the disparity in numbers, armament and *personnel* as for the magnitude of its result and the skill with which it was guided.

Two hundred and fifty men, too old, and boys too young for war, accomplished it, under the command of a wounded officer, who discarded all precedents of bridge defence in placing his force with the bridge behind it, and in using the bank of the river as his parapet.

The result was undoubtedly the salvation of the Army of Northern Virginia.

General Wilson led six thousand veterans, thoroughly armed and equipped, and was one of the ablest and most daring of the Federal commanders.

His object in this movement was to cut off Lee's supplies and compel him to retreat.

It was Wilson who next year led the last invasion up Alabama and broke up the effective resistance of the field forces in that State.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT.

The following letter gives another account of this remarkable battle:

RANDOLPH, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, Va., *Aug. 24, 1891.*

General D. H. MAURY:

My Dear General: * * * My brother, then under eighteen years of age was engaged in the battle. He assures me that there were in the fort not more than between four and five hundred men and boys—men over forty-five from the surrounding counties, and a few army men and officers on furlough; that of this number not more than two hundred and and fifty, under command of Coleman, were engaged in the fight in repelling the Federal assault upon the bridge; that only two Confederates were killed, viz.: The Rev. Mr. Burke, an Episcopal minister in the neighborhood, and Dr. Sutphin, a prominent

physician of Halifax county—and only several severely wounded. I have not heard their dead estimated at less than sixty. Many, if not all of their dead, were buried where they fell upon the river flats. Subsequent freshets have exhumed and scattered their bones over the land.

* * * * *

AN INCIDENT.

I will close my letter with an incident just related to me by my brother, which may throw some light upon the matter. In the spring or summer of 1865, while General Benham with his engineer corps was engaged in rebuilding Staunton-river bridge, he had a visit from a Colonel Fitzhugh, who commanded the assaulting force, the object of his visit being an inspection of the scene of battle. My brother being on courteous relations with the General was sent for to be questioned by Colonel Fitzhugh in regard to the strength of the Confederate garrison. When he replied that the force engaged in repelling the attack amounted to not more than two hundred and fifty men, Colonel Fitzhugh sprang up and vehemently exclaimed, "It is false." As my brother moved to leave the tent, the General exacted of Colonel Fitzhugh an apology for the affront offered to his invited guest—which was accorded. My brother then assured Colonel Fitzhugh that a personal inspection of the works on the Charlotte side of the river would satisfy him that they were insufficient to accommodate many more than two hundred and fifty men. Upon reaching the works and inspecting them for a minute Colonel Fitzhugh exclaimed, "By God," and turned back in unconcealed disgust. He had stated to General Benham in my brother's presence that the attacking force, commanded by himself, numbered two thousand five hundred men. I believe it is conceded that General Wilson's whole force amounted to six thousand men. The battle was fought on my father's plantation, General Wilson and his staff occupying the front yard of his house, a mile distant from the bridge. My father and brother had enlisted for military service. My mother, alone, remained in charge of the house, and is credited with having exerted more important influence on the fortunes of the battle than any other single individual. She sincerely believed the garrison at the fort was ten thousand strong and being rapidly increased by reinforcements. She was closely plied with questions, and her answers severely tested by General Wilson.

By the intelligence and evident sincerity of her statements she succeeded in imparting her convictions to the General, which

found ample confirmation in the repulse he had met and the frequent rattling of an empty train of cars which she had referred to as bringing in reinforcements.

* * * * *

Regretting my inability, &c., &c., I am, yours very truly,

(Signed)

JOHN B. MCPHAIL,
Late a Major Confederate Army.

Major Robert L. Ragland, East Boston; Captain John Lewis, Milton, N. C.; Captain William B. Bruce, Staunton, Va.; and Captain John H. Powell, commanded a company of boys in the battle.

[*Times*, October 11, 1891]

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN J. W. LEWIS.

My attention has been called to the account of that glorious battle of 24th June, 1864, at Staunton bridge. I am glad that General D. H. Maury and Major John B. McPhail have given so interesting an account of it. But you will see that both accounts only refer to the fight on the lower or eastern side of the bridge. We had six pieces of artillery, four on the lower side of the bridge, commanded by Captain Marshall and Lieutenant Bob Ragland. The two on the upper or western side of the bridge Major Farinholt, who commanded the guard stationed there, gave to me, I being captain of artillery. The two guns were stationed one hundred yards above the bridge. When I took command of these guns and examined the ammunition I found that we had only solid shot and canister.

THE UPPER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

We at once covered the works with green bushes. General Wilson threw his troops on both sides of the railroad. The description of the fight given by both General Maury and Major McPhail was that on the lower side of the bridge. The troops on the upper side were permitted to march within one hundred and fifty yards of the bridge. When we opened on them with canister they were thrown into great confusion at once, and in twenty minutes we had them all in the ditch about one hundred yards from the bridge. We never permitted them to form again. Every time they attempted it we gave them a canister. In that ditch we kept them until darkness enabled them to retreat. They left their dead on the field, which

were buried on the bank of the river in a long trench. Their wounded they carried off. Some died in the depot and were burned in that building the next morning when they left in a hurry, as General W. H. F. Lee was only six hours behind them. Not one shot was fired by infantry at these troops on the western or upper side of Staunton-river bridge. Alexander Bruce and the other boys who were with me on that glorious day will bear me out as to the truth of what I have written.

A PRETTY FIGHT.

It was the prettiest fight I ever saw. We did not have one man hurt, though several of us had holes through our clothing. At the bridge, beside Mr. Burke and Dr. Sutphin, Jack Carter, who was a farmer and lived near Mount Carmel, was killed by a shell. I have written my account of this fight as I saw it. All that has been said about that gallant old friend, Colonel T. S. Flournoy, I heartily indorse, as well as the gallantry of Colonel Henry E. Coleman and those with him on the lower side of the bridge.

THE HALIFAX BOYS.

But I do think that the Halifax boys are entitled to the credit of whipping a regiment of General Wilson's best troops with two guns. I may at some future time give my recollections of this battle if it is thought it will help some future historian to give a true account of this splendid fight which saved General Lee's army from immediate retreat, as the burning of this bridge would have cut off his supplies.

Captain J. W. LEWIS,
Late Captain Artillery, C. S. A.

[Copy.]

THE RICHMOND "HOME GUARD" OF 1861.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VIRGINIA,
August 15, 1891.

Colonel JOSEPH DARE,
War Department, War Records Office,
Washington, D. C. :

COLONEL : Your letter to the postmaster at Richmond, dated the 1st instant, with his reply of the 12th, and a note from Mr.

Brock, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, enclosed to me at my residence in Washington and forwarded thence, has reached me at this place, where I am spending a short season of recreation. I take pleasure in giving the information you request touching the "Home Guard" of Richmond, though I must do so entirely from memory, as I have no papers here; indeed, those that I had, relating to this matter, have been lost or stolen.

The "Home Guard" was an organization intended for local defence at Richmond, and was commanded by myself under a commission from the State of Virginia. At the beginning of the war I was President of the James River and Kanawha Company—an office which I had held for more than seven-and-a-half years. Having, previously, for several years commanded a volunteer company of artillery, called the "Richmond Fayette Artillery," and being at the outbreak of the war colonel of the Fourth regiment of artillery, composed of volunteer companies in Richmond, Petersburg, Suffolk, Portsmouth, Norfolk, and several of the counties embraced within the bounds of the regiment as a part of the Virginia militia, but having been, by the Governor of the Commonwealth, detailed to act as President of the Canal Company, after the adoption of the Ordinance of Secession in April, 1861, I proposed to raise a force for the defence of the city of Richmond, to be composed of those who, like myself, were either exempt under the law for military service, or had been detailed for special duty at home. Upon communications from myself, giving reasons therefor and explaining my views, the city council made an appropriation of eleven thousand dollars, to be expended in the purchase of horses for our use; the Governor consented to issue to us, from the State armory, twelve guns, and harness for the horses; and the Confederate authorities agreed to give us forage and stabling for the horses. I enlisted three companies of nearly one hundred men each, which were commanded respectively by Captains Robert M. Nimmo, Michael Bowen and George Bargamin. The men evinced a very fine spirit, attending the drills, which I personally directed, at least twice a week at night, without arms, and sometimes each company having a separate drill under its own captain. At first, our drill-room was a large upper room of the Mechanic's Institute, situated on Ninth street, between Main and Franklin streets, which building was afterwards occupied by the Confederate government for its War Department; subsequently, our drills were in Military Hall over the Old Market, at the corner of

Main and Seventeenth streets. After the men had attained something like proficiency in squad and company movement, we several times marched, in the afternoons, through the principal streets of the city, with a good band of fifes and drums.

Sometime after the battle of First Manassas, on the 21st July, 1861, and about the time that our guns were nearly ready for us—a considerable delay having taken place in the delivery of them to us, by reason of the urgent demand for similar equipment in the army—Colonel William N. Pendleton, who had then, I think, been appointed Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, came down from Manassas with a message to the Governor from General Joseph E. Johnston, saying that General Johnston had received secret information that General McClellan was preparing very largely to increase the artillery arm of his army for the ensuing campaign, and that it was necessary that the Confederates should meet that by a corresponding force as far as practicable. He therefore desired the Governor, first, to see if he could not send him the "Home Guard," of which he had heard, as a body; or, secondly, failing in that, to send him the guns, horses, and all the equipment that had been provided or was being provided for the "Guard."

Colonel Pendleton, accompanied by General William H. Richardson, Adjutant-General of the State, came to see me on the subject; and I promised to call my men together and submit the question to them—reminding him, however, of the peculiar character of the organization, and of the distinct understanding with which the men had enlisted—namely, that they were not to go into the field for general service. The "Home Guard" was accordingly called together; the proposition of going into the field was submitted to them, and discussed at more than one meeting; if I mistake not, Colonel Pendleton was himself present at one of the meetings; and finally it was decided by a large majority that the reasons which had originally influenced them to join this organization would prevent their volunteering to leave Richmond, or its vicinity, and go with the Army of Northern Virginia.

I had several interviews with Governor Letcher, and a correspondence with him on the subject, his replies to my letters being written, presumably under his direction, by Colonel S. Bassett French, one of his military aids; and there was quite a discussion of the affair in the newspapers, particularly in the *Richmond Whig*,

Mr. John Græme, one of the associate editors of the *Whig*, being a member of the organization.

The result of it all was that with my consent (though I had throughout favored Colonel Pendleton's proposition) the "Home Guard" was disbanded, and its guns, horses, harness and entire equipment, completed or in preparation, was turned over to the Governor to be placed at General Johnston's disposal.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

THOMAS H. ELLIS.

MAGRUDER'S PENINSULA CAMPAIGN IN 1862.

The Peninsula campaign, conducted on the Confederate side by General John Bankhead Magruder, though unduly subordinated in the already-written history of the war, conspicuously comprised a rapidly-recurring series of some of the most brilliant achievements of the soldiery of the South.

The Peninsula, between York river on one side and James river on the other, with Hampton Roads, or the southern extremity of Chesapeake Bay, making its seaboard boundary, is, in some of its associations, as historic ground, perhaps, as any similar-sized district of country within the limits of the United States. The sad site of Jamestown, in its almost vestigeless ruins, is in itself a poem of pathos, carrying us back to the first successful attempt to establish an English colony in the New World, with all the perils and privations, all the heroic and romantic reminiscences of the contests between the white man and the red man, interwoven with that eventful epoch. It need not be forgotten, either, that into this same James river, washing the southern shore of this same Peninsula, the first cargo of negro slaves was brought into this country by a Dutch ship that ought to have sunk to the bottom of the sea with the pandora-box she was bringing here. And here we see in the subtle touch of things—wide apart in time—the weird weaving of that web of fate that makes romance of history and almost justifies superstition in intelligent minds; for where is the human intellect that is capable of tracing in continuity the connecting line of logic in events and institutions dating back to the slave-ship, panoplied in the laws, sailing

up James river in 1620,* and culminating in the scenes of nearly two and a half centuries subsequent, when an invading army and a blockading navy were pressing upon the Peninsula, seeking to capture the capital of the South, in a great war "between the States looking and leading to the forcible emancipation of all the slaves in the country?" And there is Yorktown, where, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered, the curtain was rung down on the last scene in the last act of the great American revolution, the event of events, that then and there gave a new trend forever to the politics of the world.

That historic and histrionic Peninsula was a fitting theatre for John Bankhead Magruder. The field was full of heroic associations; and the man himself was an impersonation of all the high qualities to make up the full figure of a veritable knight of "the lost cause" at its auroral opening, when the whole South was on the tiptoe of undoubting expectation of an early consummation in complete success.

When Magruder took command of the troops in the Peninsula he found a force meagre in numbers for the work to be done, but of as good quality as even the exceptional spirit and endurance of the South could supply. Promptly reconnoitering in every direction; calling around him brave and trusty men to the manner born who knew their native heath as well as they loved it; with the quick and accurate apprehension of the intuitive soldier, he was in a few days as familiar with the field in which he had been ordered to operate as if he had spent his boyhood there. Proceeding to fortify against assault, whether by land or water, or both combined, his works very soon showed that the eye of an intelligent engineer had carefully looked through the topographical surroundings and characteristics of the situation in all its length and breadth. He made his headquarters camp at Yorktown as strong, on both land and water front, as the best engineering skill with the means he had at hand would permit. But "Prince John," as he had been called in the "old army," was too high in spirit, too restless in energy, too dashing in his passionate fondness for enterprise and emprise to wait long for the enemy to come. Halfway down the Peninsula he soon showed himself, "giving the dare" to any and every Federal commander

* August, 1619.—Ed.

whose aspirations after early laurels might move him to move upon the advanced camp of the Confederates at Big Bethel. Confidently taking the gauntlet up, General Benjamin F. Butler marched out from Fortress Monroe with a fine array of well-appointed artillery and infantry, and made a spirited attack upon Magruder's audacious little army on the morning of the 10th of June, 1862. When those serried columns of Federal troops, a dense mass of men, came crowding up the road and, halting in front of Big Bethel, opened the battle with a cannon-shot that came hurtling over the little encampment still staying there, as if courting annihilation, it was not only a perilous moment for Magruder and his men, but it was a pivotal moment for the city of Richmond, too; for with the capture of the Confederate force on the Peninsula it would have been but a holiday march to the Southern capital for the invading army. But Magruder, brave as Ney, meteoric as Murat on the field, and steady and stern as Soult when there was need for the nerve to stand, was more than equal to the hazard of the unequal battle. The odds against him were enough to discompose almost any man; but instead of being unnerved Magruder seemed to find both pride and pleasure in straining all his resources as a great soldier to meet the emergency and master it. The first piece of his artillery fired was said to have been sighted by his own accurate eye, and to have told with havoc in the enemy's ranks. The battle was brisk and brief, closing with brilliant success on the Confederate side, a rapid retreat of the invading army to its impregnable stronghold at Fortress Monroe, and the loss of but a single man of Magruder's force, with dead and wounded enough on the Federal side to tell a tale of woe as the troops that had proudly tramped through the streets of Hampton in the early morning, to break up and brush away the nest of "rebels" at Big Bethel, returned in the evening gloaming dispirited, disordered, and whipped into a new estimation of the prowess of the men of the South fighting for their firesides and in the faith of their fathers, who were as tall as the tallest among the framers of the Constitution and the founders of the Union. The battle of Big Bethel demonstrated the great qualities of soldiership in Magruder, and the unsurpassed courage, constancy and devotion of the rank and file of the Confederate armies, as illustrated in the sample shown that day of the then unrenowned soldiery of the South.

But it was further on, between that time and the advance upon Richmond by General McClellan through the Peninsula, when Magruder's broad, brilliant, and versatile capacities as a strategist were most signally shown. Exposed every hour of every day and night to attack, either from James river, but seven miles away on the south of him, or from York river, washing against the very feet of his camp at Yorktown, on the north of him, or, as it might have been, from both sides simultaneously; with an army inadequate in numbers to the defence of his position from one-fifth of the force finally sent against it; with good reason to be expecting another formidable assault at any moment straight in his front from the gathering thousands and tens of thousands of well-appointed troops ever rendezvousing at Fortress Monroe, only twenty-seven miles off—it truly required a man “not in the common roll of men” to suit the situation. Magruder proved himself to be such a man. Anon McClellan came with his mighty host, a splendid army of more than a hundred thousand men, as well appointed, perhaps, as any army the world had ever seen. And George B. McClellan himself, intellectually gifted, with the best of scientific training and observation, and experienced in war, was a chieftain to inspire any opponent with an anxious sense of the necessity for all possible energy and ingenuity to thwart him. Magruder now rose to the full height of his highest individuality, both as a man and a soldier. Painfully aware of the utter inadequacy of his own force and of the hourly frowning fact right in the face of him, that by the mere momentum of the enemy's stupendous strength the little Confederate army of not more than ten thousand men at Yorktown and around it could be borne away like thistle by the wind, General Magruder knew that he had nothing to rely upon except strategy and *finesse* to hold the opposing army at bay until relief in reinforcement could come to bar the route to Richmond and save the Confederate capital from easy capture. And strategy and *finesse* were never more brilliantly and successfully applied. It was absolutely necessary for McClellan to be outwitted—for him not to be allowed to know that the paucity of Magruder's numbers, in comparison with his own, really constituted little more than a cobweb in his way. It was necessary to delude and confound him. And all the arts and ingenuity, all the craft and activity, all the misleading demonstrations, all the false signals, all the marches

and countermarches, that could possibly be brought into play to make up a magnifying maze of movements and motives, were required to deceive and bewilder him. With Magruder it was not a question of strength in arms, but of strength in skill, in audacity, in military diplomacy. He was equal to it all. Here, there, everywhere, by night and by day, he showed himself to the enemy in a magnifying glass, not only exaggerating the numerical proportions of his army, but in making illusive and confusing dispositions of his troops, in carefully concealed changes, and in transformations as deceptive as a juggler's tricks. General McClellan was a man of exceptional mental capacities ; he was familiar with the arts and with the science of warfare ; he had courage of the finest temper and character of the highest type ; he was doubtless as eager to move upon Richmond as the authorities at Washington were impatient in expecting him to do it. But the strategic genius of Magruder threw a spell over him and made him see a mountain that was but a mole-hill in a mirage. And so the Peninsula was held by ten thousand men against more than ten times ten until the Army of Northern Virginia, with General Joseph E. Johnston (the Von Moltke of the Confederacy), came upon the scene. And then there was a great gray lion, "sure enough"—as they say in lower Virginia—to look the big blue lion defiantly in the face.

John Bankhead Magruder was a very remarkable man. His was what might be literally called "a picturesque personality." He had a fondness for tinsel and tassels. With an irrepressible spirit of restless energy, instinctively susceptible of the charm of danger, full of health and physical force, it was evident that nature had made him for a soldier. Of courtly address, a sparkling, flowing, delightful talker, a terse, correct and inspiring writer, he could not but be a striking figure in social and civil life, of course. But it was in the field, in full military array, well mounted, as he always was, with the fire of patriotic ambition and personal pride in his eye, that he was seen at his best. He was unsurpassed in horsemanship, and he sat in his saddle as if his ease and grace and steadiness of seat belonged to him by instinct rather than from training. There were few such fine-looking men as he was in either army. As a man he had his faults, of course, or he would not have been human. He was impulsive; capricious on occasion; sometimes too quick, perhaps, in the

harshness of his suspicions, as well as in the fullness of his confidences. Such, however, are generally the concomitants of those ennobling qualities to be found in the fine-tempered organisms of the rare men we meet in life like John Bankhead Magruder.

BAKER P. LEE.

THE ARTILLERY DEFENDERS OF FORT GREGG.

NEW ORLEANS, *August 20, 1891.*

MR. R. A. BROCK,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society,
Richmond, Va.:*

DEAR SIR: I observe in the last volume of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* (XVIII) sent me several communications from General James H. Lane in reference to the actions of his brigade on different fields and on occasions, that the old question as to the defenders of Fort Gregg is again revived. The old question as to who the real defenders were "will not down" Mississippians, North Carolinians or Georgians; and again the credit of the artillery is given to "Chew's Maryland battery."

General Lane in a letter to you dated September 17, 1890, writes (*Southern Historical Magazine*, Volume XVIII, page 80): "The true defenders at Fort Gregg were a part of Lane's North Carolina brigade, *Walker's supernumerary* artillerists of A. P. Hill's corps, armed as infantry, and a part of 'Chew's Maryland battery.'

"Harris' brigade and a few pieces of artillery occupied Fort Alexander (Whitworth), which was to the rear of Fort Gregg and higher up the Appomattox; and that fort was evacuated, the infantry and artillery retiring to the inner line of works before Fort Gregg was attacked in force. I have letters from Lieutenants Snow, Craige, Howard and Rigler, who were in Gregg when it fell, and these officers estimate the number of Harris' brigade in that fort at not more than twenty, including a Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan and his adjutant, while they estimate the numbers from my brigade to have been at least three-fourths the entire force."

It is not my desire to enter into any lengthy discussion regarding the gallant infantry defenders of Fort Gregg—one of the crowning acts of the war—but I will speak for the artillery, for, of its actors, it so happens that I am tolerably familiar, and will be as brief as possible.

On the 31st of July, 1864, while serving in the trenches before Petersburg, Va., with the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, I received an order from General Pendleton, the chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, detaching me from that command and placing me in command of Gibbes' battalion of three batteries, then in position just to the right of the crater caused by the explosion of the mine on the previous day—Major Gibbes having been severely wounded and rendered unfit for duty.

Here we remained until November 6th, when we were relieved by Lieutenant-Colonel Moseley's battalion, and were ordered to a position on the Boydton plankroad, between the city and Hatcher's Run. We were assigned to do the light artillery work of A. P. Hill's corps; and several times during the winter we were moved out in snow and sleet to counteract Grant's flanking movements around our right.

After Early's misfortunes in the Valley, and the return to the main army at Petersburg of the remnant of his troops under Gordon, two of my batteries were broken up, and the guns taken to equip those of Gordon, who had left theirs at Fisher's Hill. I was then promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of artillery, and assigned, March 25, 1865, to a battalion commanded by Colonel McIntosh, as second field-officer, and placed in command of the lines in the vicinity of Fort Gregg, making my headquarters in what was known as the Gregg House, within a hundred yards or so of the fort.

Between Fort Gregg and the lines immediately around the city was a deep ravine with a small creek flowing through it. To utilize this ravine and water a large dam was built, which caused, by an accumulation of water in front of the line of works, an additional obstruction to the advance of an enemy.

But this dam broke, and the waters went with a roar and a rush, carrying houses and bridges before it to the Appomattox river. This necessitated the strengthening of the line of works in front of Gregg, and I received an order from General Lee, in person, after dark on

the night of the 25th March, to "construct pits for two pieces of artillery, and to be in position before daylight."

Obtaining negroes from the engineer corps, we worked all night, and at sunrise, when General Lee rode up from his headquarters, the pits were finished and occupied by two guns of the Washington Artillery under Lieutenant Harry Battles. We were much gratified at the kind commendations of General Lee, that our work had been promptly accomplished. Not so fortunate, however, were our neighbors—the infantry on our left—for the works they had thrown up under the direction of the engineers were too far "down the slope," and General Lee, with some evidence of dissatisfaction at the error, and in the absence of engineer officers, proceeded to lay out a new line, planting the stakes and driving some of them with his own hands. The enemy had made a feeble advance the evening before, learning, it was presumed, the fact of the breaking of the dam.

Fort Gregg was a detached work in rear of the main line, and at right angles with it. To its right, and within musket-shot, was another work, called Fort Whitworth (not Alexander, as erroneously called by General Lane). These two forts—or, as they really were, simple earthworks—were to have been connected by rifle-pits, but this was never done, and the neglect was keenly felt later on, which I will mention in regular sequence.

During the winter there had been a garrison in Fort Gregg of dismounted and supernumerary artillerists from the different batteries on the lines around Petersburg—the Washington Artillery, the Donaldsonville (Louisiana) Artillery, and others I do not now recall.*

These men were armed with muskets and commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy, third company, Washington Artillery.

The day after the completion of the gun-pits in front of Gregg, General Lee ordered a larger work to be constructed upon the site of the pits, and when completed by the engineers with a large force of men, was occupied by Lieutenant Battles and his two guns.

Extract from my diary :

"*March 25th.*—Fighting all day all along the lines. Am in command at Fort Gregg. Enemy take our picket line. Attack ex-

* October 12—"One-half of our artillery drivers, armed with muskets, put on duty at Fort Gregg."—*My Diary.*

pected at the ravine between Battery Gregg and Battery 45. Lines retaken.

"*March 26-28th.*—Working on new fort in front of Gregg.

"*March 29th.*—Enemy moving on our right. Heavy firing in front of Petersburg—10 P. M."

Pardon the egotism if I refer to the fact that the artillerymen did me the honor to call the new fort—the last one built on the lines of Petersburg—"Fort Owen." I try not to give way to the vanity of using the personal pronoun in recalling events of the war, but for my present purpose I cannot well avoid it sometimes.

This was the situation at daybreak on the 2d April, 1865, when Lieutenant Battles and I emerged from the Gregg house, where we had tried to get a night's rest, but had been kept awake by the terrible noise of the cannonading in front of the city, to say nothing of our anxiety in regard to the right of the army, that we had heard had been overwhelmed at Five Forks the evening before.

McElroy was in Gregg with his dismounted artillerists; Battles was in "Owen" with his two guns and their cannoneers, and to the right and left, along the entrenchments, were infantry of Lane's and Thomas's commands, I believe, stationed several yards apart.

As we walked towards the front line we heard what appeared to be a scattering skirmish firing off to our right; presently infantrymen began crossing the field to the rear hurriedly, our cannoneers laughing and saying, "They are chasing rabbits." Presently a cannon-shot was fired from the direction in which we had heard the musketry, and a solid shot plowed up the ground in front of our guns. We then knew our lines had been broken, and the sun would rise upon an eventful day. Cautioning Battles to keep a sharp lookout, I went over to "Gregg" to see that McElroy was all right, and thence to the Gregg House for my horse. It was not long before a thin skirmish line of the enemy passed over our now depleted front, capturing the whole of Battles' detachment, and possessing themselves of his two guns. But McElroy opened upon them with his little force, and they retired, leaving the guns behind, but taking with them their prisoners. I saw one gallant fellow of McElroy's run, all alone, from "Gregg" to "Owen," and load and fire one round at the retiring enemy. I wish I knew his name. McElroy immediately took possession of Battles' guns, and prepared to act

as artillery. It was found that some of the linch-pins of the limbers had been carried off, but these were replaced from the caissons.

While this was being done a staff officer rode up, and in a mandatory tone wished to know "Why the devil these guns had not gone down the road with Harris' Mississippi brigade," which had been pushed forward to delay the now advancing enemy, who could be seen making toward the Appomattox river in immense force.

McElroy replied sharply that "The enemy had had possession of the guns, and he was repairing damages, and would go to the front as soon as possible."

The horses having been brought up, McElroy, by my orders, moved down the road towards the enemy and took position in rear of the left of Harris' brigade; but observing that his firing was doing the enemy no harm, I ordered him back to Fort Gregg to put his guns in position in the fort. This he did; and there meeting General Wilcox I heard him (Wilcox) order his aid, Captain Frank Ward (now of Baltimore) to go to General Harris and order him to withdraw his command and place it in the two forts—Gregg and Whitworth. I directed McElroy to pile up all the canister that was in the limber-chests upon the platform, so as to have it handy, and to leave his limbers and horses outside the fort. What finally became of them I never heard.

Seeing McElroy and his men all ready, and Harris on his way to occupy the forts, I rode to report the state of affairs to General Lindsey Walker, chief of artillery, at Battery 45, across the ravine before alluded to, and where I had heard he was at that time, to ask for a battery to operate in the open field around the fort with any infantry that might have remained in the works near the old dam.

I should here mention that there was a battery of four pieces of artillery in Whitworth—whose, I do not know.

When I saw General Walker, and made my report and suggestions, he said that "all of his batteries were engaged and that none could be spared, and that the guns in Gregg and Whitworth would be lost if they remained there, and that they *must be withdrawn*."

He then ordered me to go and withdraw McElroy from Gregg, and Lieutenant Richard Walke, of his staff (now of Norfolk), to withdraw the guns from Whitworth. Walke and I started across the ravine to carry out our orders, and there separated.

Upon reaching the Gregg house I met General Wilcox, and told him what my orders were from General Walker. He said, with much emphasis: "The guns *must* remain; the forts *must* be held to the last extremity. Even if we wished to withdraw the guns, the enemy has a battery exploding shells at the entrance to the fort, and it is impossible to get in or out."

Meanwhile, Harris had placed his men in the forts, himself going into Whitworth, and Colonel Duncan with the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiments entering Gregg.

Lieutenant Walke was more fortunate (or unfortunate) at Whitworth than I was at Gregg, and withdrew the guns, as ordered by General Walker.

The enemy were now advancing to the attack, and Gregg, being surrounded, was finally taken, and Harris, deprived of his artillery, saved the remnant of his command by withdrawing from Whitworth, in compliance with orders from General Wilcox.

The defence of Gregg has been often described. I witnessed the three assaults from Battery 45, where I posted myself with my battalion commander, Colonel McIntosh. We saw distinctly the rushes of the enemy, the discharge of McElroy's guns when the enemy was almost up to their muzzles. An incident is related by an artilleryman (John S. Mioton) who was in the fort, that just as a young man (a member of the third company, Washington Artillery—one Berry) was about to pull the lanyard of one of the guns, the Federals appeared above him on the parapet and shouted loudly to him: "Don't fire that gun; drop the lanyard, or we'll shoot!" "Shoot and be damned!" retorted Berry, and discharged the gun, loaded with double canister, into the masses of the enemy. As he did so, he fell, pierced with numerous balls, a corpse. We tried to help by firing solid shot from the English Whitworth gun in Forty-five, but with little effect.

The fatal error in not finishing the rifle pits between Gregg and Whitworth contributed largely to aid the assailants. The unfinished trench gave them a foothold to climb the parapet, and we saw six regimental flags in quick succession gain that position. The firing being continued, we thought then that the garrison was being put to the sword. It has been estimated that there were two hundred men in Fort Gregg—maybe more; sixty-seven were reported killed,

and General Gibbon stated to General Wilcox at Appomattox that he lost eight hundred men in the assault. How many of the two hundred men were Mississippians, and how many North Carolinians, I cannot tell. I think I am safe in saying, however, that the men of Harris's brigade were the only *organized* body of infantry in the fort; the others had been rallied there by officers of different commands when falling back from the lines.

I remember that Colonel Chew, and probably a few of his men, were bivouacking somewhere near the Gregg House, his command having been, so he gave me to understand, disbanded. Being from Maryland, and their time having expired, they were awaiting an opportunity to go home.

Colonel Chew was in Gregg when the assaults were made, but took no part in the defence. What he did do a statement would come better from himself than from any one else. For many years—a quarter of a century—it has been claimed by Pollard and General Lane that Chew's battery participated in the defence of Gregg. It is full time that this should be set right.

The guns in the fort were guns of the first company Washington Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Frank McElroy of the third company of the Washington Artillery, and manned by cannoneers of that command.

I have never seen any statement from Colonel Chew claiming the credit of the action of the artillery at Gregg, or that it was his battery that was entitled to the credit of the gallantry shown; but as by his silence he has accepted the verdict due a brother officer, will he not give us *his* account of the defence of Fort Gregg?

In *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Volume XVIII, page 283, under heading of Chew's battery," we read as follows :

"The 16th of January (1865) Shoemaker's and our (Thompson-Chew's) batteries disbanded, to be called in by general orders at any time. Called in through the papers April 1, 1865; ordered to report to Captain Carter at Lynchburg. *I saw the order on the 2d.*"

This extract would go to show that Chew's (Thompson's) battery was disbanded in January, 1865, and that on the day the lines were broken and Gregg fell Colonel Chew had no command at Petersburg.

WILLIAM MILLER OWEN,
Late Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, A. N. V.

[From the *Winchester Times*, November 26, 1890.]

Capture of the C. S. Ram *Tennessee* in Mobile Bay, August, 1864.

BY DR. DANIEL B. CONRAD, FLEET SURGEON, C. S. NAVY.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *November, 1890.*

We had been lying idly in Mobile bay for many months, on board the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, whose fighting deck differed materially from that of the Federal monitors.

It resembled the inside of the hip-roof of a house, rather than the "cheese-box" of Ericsson's *Monitor*. On the 1st of August, 1864, we saw a decided increase in the Federal fleet, which was then listlessly at anchor outside of Fort Morgan, in the Gulf of Mexico, consisting of eight or ten wooden frigates, all stripped to a "girt line" and clean for action; their topmasts sent down on deck and devoid of everything that seemed like extra rigging. They appeared like "prize fighters" ready for the "ring." Then we knew that trouble was ahead, and wondered to ourselves why they did not enter the bay any day. On the 3d of August we noticed another accretion to the already formidable fleet; this was four strange-looking, long, black monsters—the new ironclads—and they were what the Federals had been so anxiously waiting for. At the distance of four miles their lengthy dark lines could only be distinguished from the sea on which they sat motionless, by the continuous volume of thick smoke issuing from their low smokestacks, which appeared to come out of the ocean itself. These curious-looking crafts made their advent on the evening of the 4th of August, and then we knew that the "guage of battle" was offered.

We had been very uncomfortable for many weeks in our berths on board the *Tennessee*, in consequence of the prevailing heavy rains wetting the decks, and the terrible moist, hot atmosphere, simulating that oppressiveness which precedes a tornado. It was, therefore, impossible to sleep inside; besides, from the want of properly-cooked food, and the continuous wetting of the decks at night, the officers and the men were rendered desperate. We knew that the impending action would soon be determined one way or the other, and every one looked forward to it with a positive feeling of relief.

I had been sleeping on the deck of the admiral's cabin for two or three nights, when at daybreak, on the 5th of August, the old "quartermaster" came down the ladder, rousing us up with his gruff voice, saying: "Admiral, the officer of the deck bids me report that the enemy's fleet is under way." Jumping up, still half asleep, we came on deck, and sure enough, there was the enemy heading for the "passage" past the fort. The grand old admiral, of sixty years, with his countenance rigid and stern, showing a determination for battle in every line, then gave his only order: "Get under way, Captain Johnson; head for the leading vessel of the enemy, and fight each one as they pass us."

The fort and fleet, by this time, had opened fire, and the *Tennessee* replied, standing close in, and meeting the foremost as they came up. We could see two long lines of men-of-war; the innermost was composed of the four monitors, and the outer of the ten wooden frigates, all engaging the fort and fleet. Just at that moment we expected the monitors to open fire upon us, there was a halt in the progress of the enemy's fleet. We observed that one of the monitors was apparently at a standstill; she "laid to" for a moment, seemed to reel, then slowly disappear into the gulf. Immediately immense bubbles of steam, as large as cauldrons, rose to the surface of the water, and only eight human beings could be seen in the turmoil. Boats were sent to their rescue, both from the fort and fleet, and they were saved. Thus the monitor *Tecumseh*, at the commencement of the fight, struck by a torpedo, went to her fate at the bottom of the gulf, where she still lies. Sunk with her was her chivalric commander T. A. M. Craven; the pilot, an engineer, and two seamen were the only survivors picked up by the Federal boats, and they were on duty in the turret. The pilot, whom I sometime afterward conversed with at Pensacola, on the subject, told me that when the vessel careened, so that water began to run into the mouth of the turret, he and Captain Craven were on the ladder together, the captain on the top step, with the way open for his easy and honorable escape; the pilot said: "Go ahead, captain!" "No, sir," replied Craven; "after you, pilot! I leave my ship last!" Upon this the pilot sprang up, and the gallant Craven went down, sucked under in the vortex, thus sacrificing himself through a chivalric sense of duty.

There was a dead silence on board the *Tennessee*; the men peered through the port holes at the awful catastrophe, and spoke to each other only in low whispers; for they knew that the same fate was, probably, awaiting us, for we were then directly over the torpedo

bed, and, shut up tightly as we were in our iron capsule, in another moment it might prove our coffin.

At this juncture the enemy's leading vessel "backed water" and steered on one side, which arrested the progress of the whole squadron. But at this supreme moment the second vessel, Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, forged ahead, and Farragut, showing the nerve and determination of the officer and the man, gave the order: "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" And away he went, crushing through their bed to victory and renown. Some of the officers told me afterwards that they could hear the torpedoes snapping under the bottoms of their ships, and that they expected every moment to be blown into high air.

The slightest delay at that time on the part of Farragut, subjected as he was to the terrible fire of the fort and the fleet, would have been disaster, defeat, and the probable loss of his entire squadron, but he proved to be the man for the emergency.

We, in the *Tennessee*, advancing slowly, at the rate of about two miles an hour, met the leading vessels of the enemy as they passed, and fought them face to face; but their fire was so destructive, continuous and severe that after we emerged from it there was nothing left standing as large as your little finger. Everything had been shot away, smokestacks, staunchions, boat davits, and in fact, fore and aft, our deck had been swept absolutely clean. A few of our men were slightly wounded, and when the last vessel had passed us and been fought in turn, we had been in action more than an hour and a half; and then the enemy's fleet, somewhat disabled, of course, kept on up the bay, and anchored about four miles away—so ended the first part of the fight. Farragut had already won half the battle; he had passed the fort and fleet, and had ten wooden vessels and three monitors left in good fighting trim.

Neither the officers or men of either fleet had as yet been to breakfast, and the order was given, "Go to breakfast!" For us on the *Tennessee* to eat below was simply impossible, on account of the heat and humidity. The heat below was terrific; intense thirst universally prevailed. The men rushed to the scuttle-butts, or water-tanks, and drank greedily. Soon "hard tack" and coffee were furnished, the men all eating standing, creeping out of the ports on the after deck to get a little fresh air, the officers going to the upper deck.

Admiral Buchanan, grim, silent and rigid with prospective fighting, was "stumping" up and down the deck, lame from a wound received

in his first engagement in the *Merrimac*, and in about fifteen minutes we observed that instead of heading for the safe lee of the fort, our iron prow was pointed for the enemy's fleet. Suppressed exclamations were beginning to be heard from the officers and crew: "The old admiral has not had his fight out yet; he is heading for that big fleet; he will get his fill of it up there!"

Slowly and gradually this fact became apparent to us, and I, being on his staff and in close association with him, ventured to ask him: "Are you going into that fleet, admiral?" "I am, sir!" was his reply. Without intending to be heard by him I said to an officer standing near me: "Well, we'll never come out of there whole!" But Buchanan had heard my remark, and turning around said sharply: "That's my lookout, sir!" And now began the second part of the fight.

I may as well explain here why he did this much-criticised and desperate deed of daring. He told me his reasons long afterwards as follows: He had only had six hours' coal on board, and he intended to expend that in fighting. He did not mean to be trapped like a rat in a hole, and made to surrender without a struggle! Then he meant to go to the lee of the fort and assist General Payne in the defense of the place. This calculation was unluckily prevented by the shooting away of the rudder chains of the *Tennessee* in this second engagement.

As we approached the enemy's fleet one after another of Farragut's ten wooden frigates swept out in a wide circle, and by the time we reached the point where the monitors were, a huge leading frigate was coming at the rate of ten miles an hour, a column of white foam formed of the dead water piled in front of its bows many feet high. Heavy cannonading from the monitors was going on at this time, when the leading wooden vessel came rapidly bearing down on us, bent on the destruction of the formidable ram, which we on board of the *Tennessee* fully realized as the supreme moment of the test of our strength. We had escaped from the torpedo bed safe and on top, and were now to take our chances of being run under by the heavy wooden frigates that were fast nearing us. Each vessel had her bows heavily ironed for the purpose of cutting down and sinking the *Tennessee*, as such were the orders of Admiral Farragut.

Captain Johnson, in the pilot-house, gave the word to officers and men: "Steady yourselves when she strikes. Stand by and be ready!" Not a word was heard on the deck, under its shelving roof, where the officers and men, standing by their guns, silent and

rigid, awaited their fate. Captain Johnson then shouted out : " We are all right ! They can never run us under now ! As he spoke the leading vessel had struck against our " overhang " with tremendous impact ; had shivered its iron prow in the clash, but only succeeded in whirling the *Tennessee* around, as if it were swung on a pivot.

I was sitting on the combing of the hatch, having nothing to do as yet, a close observer, as each vessel in turn struck us. At the moment of impact they slid alongside of us, and our black wales came in contact. At a distance of ten feet they poured their broadsides of twenty eleven-inch guns into us. This continued for more than an hour, and as each vessel " rammed " the *Tennessee* and slid alongside, they followed, discharging their broadsides fast and furious, so that the noise was one continuous, deafening roar. You could only hear voices when spoken close to the ear, and the reverberation was so great that bleeding at the nose was not infrequent.

Soon the wounded began to pour down to me. Stripped to their waists, the white skins of men exhibited curious dark-blue elevations and hard spots. Cutting down to these, I found that unburnt cubes of cannon powder, that had poured into the ports, had perforated the flesh and made these great blue ridges under the skin. Their sufferings were very severe, for it was as if they had been shot with red-hot bullets ; but no serious effects followed.

Now all the wooden vessels, disabled and their prows broken off, anchored in succession some half a mile away. Then Admiral Faragut signaled to the monitors : " Destroy the ram ! " Soon these three grim monsters, at thirty yards distance, took their position on each quarter of the *Tennessee*, as she had laid nearly motionless, her rudder having been shot away with grape in the fight. We knew that we were hopelessly disabled, and that victory was impossible, as all we could do was to move around very slowly in a circle, and the only chance left to us was to crawl under the shelter of Fort Morgan.

For an hour and a half the monitors pounded us with solid shot, fired with a charge of sixty pounds of powder from their eleven-inch guns, determined to crush in the shield of the *Tennessee*, as thirty pounds of powder was the regulation amount. In the midst of this continuous pounding, the port-shutter of one of our guns was jammed by a shot, so that it could neither open nor shut, making it impossible to work the piece. The admiral then sent for some of the firemen from below, to drive the bolt outward. Four men came up, and two of them holding the bolt back, the others struck it with sledge-hammers. While they were thus standing there, suddenly

there was a dull sounding impact, and at the same instant the men whose backs were against the shield were split in pieces. I saw their limbs and chests, severed and mangled, scattered about the deck, their hearts lying near their bodies. All of the gun's crew and the admiral were covered from head to foot with blood, flesh and viscera. I thought at first that the admiral was mortally wounded. The fragments and members of the dead men were shoveled up, put in buckets and hammocks, and struck below.

Engineer Rogers, of the wounded, had a pistol ball through his shoulder. "How in the world did you manage to get this?" I asked him. He replied: "Why, I was off watch and had nothing to do, so while the *Hartford* was lying alongside of us a Yankee cursed me through the port-hole and I jabbed him with my bayonet in the body, and his comrade shot me with his revolver." Cutting the ball out, I proposed to give him morphine, as he was suffering terribly, but he said: "None of that for me, doctor. When we go down I want to be up and take my chances of getting out of some port-hole." Another man was wounded in the ear when fighting in the same manner as the engineer, but he always declared he got even by the use of his bayonet. I merely mention these facts to show how close the fighting was, when men could kill or wound each other through the port-holes of their respective vessels.

While attending the engineer, an aide came down the ladder in great haste and said: "Doctor, the admiral is wounded!" "Well, bring him below," I replied. "I can't do it," he answered; "I haven't time. I am carrying orders for Captain Johnson." So up I went; asked some officer whom I saw: "Where is the admiral?" "Don't know," he replied. "We are all at work loading and firing. Got too much to do to think of anything else." Then I looked for the gallant commander myself, and, lying curled up under the sharp angle of the roof, I discovered the old white-haired man. He was grim, silent, and uttered no sound in his great pain. I went up to him and asked: "Admiral, are you badly hurt?" "Don't know," he replied; but I saw one of his legs crushed up under his body, and, as I could get no help, raised him up with great caution and, clasping his arms around my neck, carried him on my back down the ladder to the cock-pit, his broken leg slapping against me as I moved slowly along. After I had applied a temporary bandage he sat up on the deck and received reports from Captain Johnson regarding the progress of the fight. Captain Johnson soon came down in person, and the admiral

greeted him with: "Well, Johnson, they have got me again. You'll have to look out for her now; it is your fight." "All right," answered the captain; "I'll do the best I know how."

In the course of half an hour Captain Johnson again made his appearance below and reported to the admiral that all the frigates had "hauled off," but that the three monitors had taken position on our quarters. He added that we could not bring a gun to bear, and that the enemy's solid shot were gradually smashing in the shield, and that not having been able to fire for thirty minutes, the men were fast becoming demoralized from sheer inactivity, and that from the smashing of the shield, they were seeking shelter, which showed their condition mentally. "Well, Johnson," said the admiral at this precarious juncture, "Fight to the last! Then to save these brave men, when there is no longer any hope, surrender."

In twenty minutes more the firing ceased, Captain Johnson having bravely gone up alone on the exposed roof with a handkerchief on a boarding dike, and the surrender was effected. Then we immediately carried all our wounded upon the roof into the fresh air, which they so much needed.

From that elevated place I witness the rush of the petty officers and men of the monitor, which was nearest to us, to board the captured ship to procure relics and newspaper renown. Two creatures dressed in blue shirts, begrimed and black with powder, rushed up to the wounded admiral and demanded his sword! His aide refused peremptorily, whereupon one of them stopped as if to take it anyhow, upon which Aide Forrest warned him not to touch it, as it would only be given to Admiral Farragut, or his authorized representative. Still the man attempted to seize it, whereupon Forrest knocked him off the shield to the deck below. At this critical moment, when a fight was imminent, I saw a boat nearing, flying a captain's pennant, and running down as it came alongside, I recognized an old shipmate, Captain LeRoy. I hurriedly explained to him our position, whereupon he mounted the shield, and assuming command, he arrested the obnoxious man, and sent him under guard to his boat.

The sword was then given to Captain Giraud by Admiral Buchanan, to be carried to Admiral Farragut. Our flag, smoke-stained and torn, was seized by the other man, and hastily concealed in his shirt bosom. He was brought before Captain LeRoy, and amidst the laughter and jeers of his companions, was compelled to draw it forth from its hiding place, and it was sent on board the flag-ship. These

two heroes were said to be the correspondents of some New York and Chicago newspapers.

Captain LeRoy, who was an old friend, immediately had private supplies brought, and did everything in his power to aid his former shipmate, the wounded admiral. He brought a kind message from Admiral Farragut, in which the latter expressed regret to hear of Admiral Buchanan's wound, and offered to do anything in his power, and wishing to know what he desired. This was accepted by Admiral Buchanan in the same kind spirit in which it was given, and, as one of his staff officers, I was sent on board the *Hartford* with the reply: "That appreciating the kind message, he had only to ask that his fleet-surgeon and his aids might be allowed to accompany him wherever he might be sent, until his recovery from his wound." Boarding the *Hartford*, by Captain LeRoy's steam-launch, ascending by the man-rope, I mounted the hammock netting as the whole star-board side, amidship, and the gangway had been carried away, as I was afterwards told, by one of their own frigates having collided with the *Hartford*, after ramming the *Tennessee*. From the hammock-nettings the scene was one of carnage and devastation. The spar-deck was crowded and littered with broken gun-cartridges, shattered boats, disabled guns, and a long line of grim corpses dressed in blue, lying side by side. The officers accompanying me told me that those men—two whole gun's crews—were all killed by splinters; and pointing with his hand to a piece of weather-boarding ten feet long and four inches wide, I received my first and vivid idea of what a splinter was, or what was meant by a splinter.

Descending, we threaded our way, and ascending the poop, where all of the officers were standing, I was taken up and introduced to Admiral Farragut, whom I found a very quiet, unassuming man, and not in the least flurried by his great victory. In the kindest manner he inquired regarding the severity of the admiral's wound, and then gave the necessary orders to carry out Admiral Buchanan's request.

We then thought that the admiral's leg would have to be amputated that evening or the next morning. In speaking to the admiral about his chances for recovery and the proposed amputation, he replied: "I have nothing to do with it. It is your leg now; do your best." It was this spirit of firmness and equanimity which not only saved Admiral Buchanan's life, but ultimately his leg also. He was carried on board of Captain James E. Jouett's ship, the *Metacomet*, which was temporarily converted into a hospital. We remained on

board that night and were cared for in every kind way by Captain Jouett, to whom Admiral Buchanan always expressed himself as deeply indebted.

The next morning, at my suggestion, a flag of truce was sent to General Page, commanding Fort Morgan, representing our condition, sending the names of our dead, wounded, and the great number of Federals dead and wounded on board, and asked, in the name of humanity, to be allowed to pass the fort and convey all of them to the large naval hospital at Pensacola, where they all could receive the same treatment. To this question General Page promptly responded, and we passed out, and in eight hours were all safely housed in the ample hospital, where we were treated by old navy friends in the warmest and kindest manner. Medical Director Turner was in charge, and we remained there until December, when Admiral Buchanan being able to hobble around on crutches, was conveyed to Fort Warren with his aide, and I was sent back to Mobile in Captain Jouett's ship, under flag of truce.

Daily with the admiral in hospital at Pensacola for four months, he explained his whole plan of action to me of that second fight in Mobile bay as follows: "I did not expect to do the passing vessels any serious injury; the guns of Fort Morgan were thought capable of doing that. I expected that the monitors would then and there surround me, and pound the shield in; but when all the Federal vessels had passed up and anchored four miles away, then I saw that long seige was intended by the army and navy, which with its numerous transports at anchor under Pelican island, were debarking nearly 10,000 infantry. I determined then, having the example before me of the blowing up of the *Merrimac* in the James river by our own officers, without a fight, and by being caught in such a trap, I determined, by an unexpected dash into the fleet, to attack and do it all the damage in my power; to expend all my ammunition and what little coal I had on board, only six hours' steaming, and then, having done all I could with what resources I had, to retire under the guns of the fort, and being without motive power, there to lay and assist in repulsing the attacks and assaults on the fort."

The unexpectedness of the second attack is well illustrated by Admiral Farragut's remark at the time: "After having anchored, all hands were piped to breakfast, when the officer on duty on the deck of the *Hartford* seeing the ram slowly heading up the bay for the Federal fleet, reported the fact to Admiral Farragut while he was taking his breakfast. 'What! is that so?' he inquired. 'Just like

Buchanan's audacity. Signal to all frigates to get immediately under way and run the ram under, and to the monitors to attack at once.' "

The greatest injury done to the *Tennessee* was by the *Chickasaw*, commanded by Captain G. H. Perkins. Our pilot, in pointing it out to Captain Johnson, said: "That d—d iron-clad is hanging to us like a dog, and has smashed our shield already. Fight him! Sink him if you can!" The *Chickasaw* really captured the *Tennessee*.

Admiral Buchanan was in form and physique one out of many. Upright in his carriage, he walked like a game-cock, though halting in his gait in later years in consequence of having received a minnie ball in his right thigh when commanding the *Merrimac* in the first iron-clad fight in the world. It was while he stood on the deck, after sinking the Congress, that he was shot by some Federal infantry on the shore, and from 1864 to his death in 1871, he was very lame in both legs—the left one particularly—which was terribly shattered in the fight when in the *Tennessee*. He always complained of his bad luck in his two great actions; in the first he was struck down at the moment of victory, and in the last at the moment of defeat. At sixty-two years he was a strikingly handsome old man; clean shaved, ruddy complexion, with a very healthy hue, for he was always remarkably temperate in all his habits; he had a high forehead, fringed with snow-white hair; thin close lips, steel-blue eyes, and projecting conspicuously was that remarkable feature which impressed every one and marked him as one of a thousand, his wonderful aquiline nose, high, thin and perfect in all its outlines. When full of fight he had a peculiarity of drawing down the corners of his mouth until the thin line between his lips performed a perfect arch around his chin.

The Confederate torpedoes planted at the entrance to Mobile bay were the first, and were very primitive in their construction—merely a lager beer keg filled with powder and anchored by chains to a big flat piece of iron called a mushroom. Projecting from the swinging top, some four feet under water, were tubes of glass filled with sulphuric acid, and which, being broken, fell into sugar or starch, causing rapid chemical combustion, and finally a mass of fire, thus exploding the powder. They had been planted so long that many leaked, only one out of ten remaining intact, and this fact explains why so many were run over by the Federal fleet without exploding.

During the four months that we were guarding the entrance to Mobile bay we were not by any means safe from the danger of our own contrivances. One hot July morning we officers were up on the

flat deck of the ram enjoying the sea breeze, when a floating black object was observed bobbing up and down, and supposed at first that it was a sort of a devil-fish with its young, as we had killed one with its calf only a few weeks previously; but the motion was too slow, evidently. A telescope soon revealed the fact that it was a torpedo drifting in with the flood-tide. Here was literally the "devil to pay!" We could not send a boat's crew after it to tow it out of the way. You could not touch it; you could not guide it. There was no means in our power to divert it from its course. Finally at the suggestion of Captain David Rainey, of the marines, he brought up his whole guard with loaded muskets, who at once commenced to shoot at the floating keg and sunk it, but not a moment too soon, for it only disappeared under the water about twenty feet from the ram.

As the sketch is confined exclusively to operations inside the shield of the ram *Tennessee*, I have not thought it germane to detail anything in relation to the other three gunboats of the Confederate fleet, which being wooden vessels, were sunk or captured early in the first action.

It may be interesting, which is omitted above, to state the cause of the wound received by Admiral Buchanan. It was by a fragment of iron, either a piece of solid shot, or part of the plating of the ram which fractured the large bone of the leg, comminuting it, and the splintered ends protruding through the muscles and the skin.

The admiral's aids were Lieutenants Carter and Forrest. They tenderly nursed him during the entire four months of his confinement in the hospital at Pensacola, accompanied him to Fort Warren, cared for him while there, and brought him back to Richmond after his exchange. The former is now a prominent citizen of North Carolina; the latter until ten years ago lived in Virginia, since which time I have lost sight of him.

[From the Winchester, Va., *Times*, January 14, 1891.]

History of the First Battle of Manassas and the Organization of the Stonewall Brigade.

HOW IT WAS SO NAMED.

BY D. B. CONRAD, KANSAS CITY, MO., FORMERLY U. S. AND C. S. NAVY.

When in May, 1861, General Joseph E. Johnston arrived at Harper's Ferry to command the unformed, disorganized mass of men

and muskets there assembled, he found five Virginia regiments and two or three from Alabama and Mississippi, all in nominal control, simply by seniority, of a Colonel Jackson of the "Virginia Army." Soon order grew out of chaos, and we of the "Virginia Army" found ourselves one May day on Bolivar Heights, five regiments in all, assembled and called the "Virginia Brigade;" they were the Second, Thirty-third, Twenty-first, Twenty-seventh, and Fourth. Our senior colonel was a man who never spoke unless spoken to; never seemed to sleep; had his headquarters under a tree; the only tent used was that of his adjutant. He walked about alone, the projecting visor of his blue cap concealing his features; a bad-fitting, single-breasted blue coat, and high boots covering the largest feet ever seen, completed his picture. Cadets from the Virginia Military Institute called him "Old Jack;" told us that he had been of the United States Army in the Mexican war, and had resigned; then was chosen professor of mathematics, and had married a professor's daughter.

He was as exact in the performance of his duties as a mathematical proposition; his only pleasure, walking daily at the same hour for his health; strict, grim and reticent, he imagined that the halves of his body did not work and act in accord. He followed hydrotherapy for dyspepsia, and after a pack in wet sheets every Sunday morning he then attended the Presbyterian church, leading the choir, and the prayer-meetings every night during the week. He ate the queerest food, and he sucked lemons constantly; but where he got them during the war, for we were many miles from a lemon, no one could find out—but he always had one. In fact, no one knew or understood him. No man ever saw him smile—but one woman, his wife. But he stood very high in the estimation of all for his rigid moral conduct and the absolute faith reposed in his word and deeds. Soon it was observed that every night there was singing and praying under "that tree," and every Sunday morning and evening he held prayer-meetings, which, I regret to say, were attended by only a few—always strictly, however, by his staff, who seemed to have been chosen or elected because they were of his way of life. When thrown with him on duty he was uniformly courteous to all. He always kept his eyes half closed as if thinking, which he invariably did before answering; but his replies were short and to the point. Not many days elapsed before the officers found out that when he gave or wrote one of his short orders, it was always to be obeyed, or suspension at once followed neglect. In May many regiments arrived from Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, and there

was some semblance of discipline—as an immense log guard-house, always filled, gave evidence.

One Sunday evening in early June the long roll was beaten, and we soon were in line, marching out between the high hills towards Shepherdstown bridge on the upper Potomac, accompanied by a long procession of carriages filled with our mothers and sisters, escorted by our middle-aged, portly fathers on horseback; for as we could not go to them, they daily visited us in our camp; and that evening, for the first time in our lives, it looked and felt like war. For were we not on our way to keep the Yankees out of Virginia? Were they not in force somewhere in Maryland, intending to cross over the bridge which we were marching to, to defend and burn? This was the feeling and belief of all of us; and as in the narrow country road winding around the many high hills our long line of bright bayonets glistened in the setting sun, our five full regiments, numbering nearly four thousand five hundred of the brightest, healthiest, and the most joyous of Virginia youth, stepping out quickly to the shrill music of the drum and fife, with its accompanying procession of vehicles carrying weeping mothers and sisters, it was my first and most vivid sight of what war might be. As darkness fell apace, all were left behind but the soldiers. It was our first night-march, and by two o'clock we were "dead beat!" Many fell asleep by the roadside, and were only aroused by the rattling of muskets, as the foremost regiment fired a volley without orders, and swept across the bridge, only to be sternly ordered back by "Old Jack, the sleepless," who reprimanded its colonel and then personally superintended the firing of the wooden structure. During the next week we marched over several counties, and by the time we reached Winchester, where General J. E. Johnston had established his headquarters, we were in perfect trim, and knew each other well and felt like soldiers.

In Winchester we were regaled day and night with the speeches of "Fire-eaters," "Original Secessionists," *Et id genus omne!* I only recall the following: I saw a crowd listening eagerly with arrested attention to an orator. He was both corpulent and crapulent, who had just come from Washington, which was his present glory and distinction. He announced that he would redden the Potomac with the blood of every Yankee who crossed to invade the sacred soil of the South. One Southern man with a bowie knife was equal to any two Yankees, and that the war would be over after the first fight, when they would be driven out and away forever. Another orator drew a large audience; his chief distinction and glory seemed to be

that he was and had been a "Nullifier" (whatever that was). An original "Secessionist;" had a brother fighting in Italy with Garibaldi, whom he announced was expected daily—the looked-for "Military Messiah;" and finally that he was a South Carolinian and came here to assist in fighting Virginia's battles. Then there were groans and derision from the assembled Virginians.

For a week ending July 2d, we were encamped near Martinsburg, some four miles from the ford of the Potomac leading to Hagerstown, called Falling Waters, watching the Federal army under General Patterson. At sunrise the alarm was given: "the enemy are crossing!" and we were under arms on our way to the ford. Emerging on the turnpike, we were halted to support a battery; skirmishers were thrown out, and soon we were all engaged. We tried hard to hold Patterson until General Johnston could come up from Winchester, but were forced back, and here we saw Colonel Jackson under fire for the first time; stolid, imperturbable, undisturbed, as he was watched by every eye; and his example was quieting and of decided moral effect. There, for the first time, we saw the long line of blue, with the United States flag in the center, and both sides exchanged shots; the first of the many fights in the old Valley of Virginia. We fell back through Martinsburg; it was occupied by General Patterson; and at a small hamlet called "Bunker Hill," some seven miles away, we, during the whole of July 4th, were in line of battle, expecting Patterson hourly. The next evening we fell back upon Winchester, and after our arrival there happened an episode which I will relate briefly, as it was the first and only attempt at a mutiny ever heard of in the Confederate army.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 17th the long roll was beaten and we were marched to an adjoining field, crushing under our feet as we moved along the stone fences bounding it. There we found our five regiments surrounding a number of tents, and when the hollow square was perfect we became aware that we enclosed a battalion of troops who had refused positively to further obey their commander. General Joe Johnston's adjutant, Colonel Whiting, with Colonel Jackson and the colonel of the refractory troops, rode up into the square. The drums were ordered to beat the assembly, and, to our infinite relief, the battalion, under the command of its several captains, fell into line at once. Then there was a dead silence. This was a mutiny! What came next? How was it to be punished? Was every tenth man to be shot, or only the officers? As I rode along I heard these questions asked by both rank and file. Colo-

nel Whiting then rode to the front with a paper in his hand, and when he arrived at the head of the troops he read aloud, with marked emphasis, in substance as follows: That General Johnston had heard with regret and surprise that, on the eve of an action, both men and officers had refused to obey the orders of their commander. He could only say that it was the imperative duty of all soldiers to obey orders; that their grievances would be redressed in time, but such an example would and should not go unpunished. He therefore expected of them instant obedience of their colonel's orders; that Colonel Jackson, with five regiments, was there to enforce, if needed, his commands. Their own colonel then put them through their evolutions for so many minutes, and they were ordered back to their tents, and all was quiet. It seems hardly necessary to state that those were the last orders ever given by that colonel, as he was removed from command.

All of General Johnston's army were then encamped around Winchester, when, on the 18th of July, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, again the long roll was sounded. From the number of mounted officers and men galloping furiously off to every encampment, it was evident that there was important news. General Patterson was known to be at Charlestown, twenty miles to the east, but nearer to the passes of the Blue Ridge than we were. General Beauregard was known to be at Manassas station, far to the east, eighty miles by direct line, with the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah river running between him and us. Soon the news came—it was not an order, but simply a message from General Johnston to each brigade, regiment and individual soldier, that General Beauregard had just notified him from Manassas, on that morning at daybreak, he had been attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy from Centerville. He was holding his own, but needed help. General Johnston had started, and would go day and night to his relief; and he expected every man who wanted to fight the enemy would up and follow. There is no man living of all that army to-day who can ever forget the thrill of "Berseeker rage" which took possession of us all when the news was understood, and General Johnston's inspiring message was repeated along the line. We were to help General Beauregard drive the enemy back; then, returning to the Valley, would hurl General Patterson across the Potomac and end the war. For had not Secretary Seward proclaimed that in sixty days it would be over. Every man sprang to his place, and in an incredibly short time we were rapidly moving through the dusty streets of old Winchester, there only to be

the more inspired and encouraged, for there was not a mother or sister there who had not in the ranks a son or a brother, and who through tears and wails at being left undefended and alone, yet told us it was our duty to go. Our Virginia brigade took the lead and to the eastward, making for Ashby's Gap. We footed it fast and furious; it was at first like a run, but soon slackened to the "route step," and now we wondered at the old soldier's puzzle: "Why, when the leading files of a mile of soldiers were only in a walk, that the rear files are always on a run?" As we passed through the rich and fertile Clarke county, the road was lined with ladies holding all manner of food and drink, for General Johnston's staff had passed in a sweeping gallop and given tidings of our coming. At sundown we came to the cold, swift Shenandoah, and with two and three to every horse, the rest stripped off trousers, crossed, holding aloft on muskets and head, clothing and ammunition. This was the severest test, for it was a long struggle against a cold, breast-high current, and the whole night and the next day witnessed this fording of men, guns and horses. I did not see my mare for two days; nearly a dozen cousins and brothers or other relatives had to use her in the crossing. Luckily the road beyond was hard, dry and plain in the dark night as we slowly climbed the Blue Ridge, which rises precipitously from the river, and in a straggling line passed by the "Big Poplar Tree" that crowns the summit and is the corner of four counties, Clarke, Warren, Fauquier and Loudoun. Coming down the mountain by the hamlet of Paris, and there leaving the pike, we took the country road, soft and damp, to the railroad station of Piedmont, where, sleeping on the ground, we awaited the arrival of the train to carry us to Manassas Junction. At sunrise it came; a long train of freight and cattle cars, in which we packed ourselves like so many pins and needles; and, as safety for engine and cars was more essential than speed, for we had one engine only on that part of the old Manassas Gap railroad, we slowly jolted the entire day, passed the many country stations, warmly welcomed by the gathered crowds of women and girls with food and drink.

And when at sunset we arrived at Manassas Junction, sprung at once into line, and swept out into a broken country of pine forest. Four miles brought us to the banks of "Bull Run," where we slept. That was Friday night, the 19th, and it had taken twenty-four hours to bring four thousand men to the expected field of action. Bright and early on Saturday, the 20th, we were up and examined with a soldier's interest the scene of the conflict of the 18th. A line of fresh

graves was rather depressing ; the trees were lopped and mangled by shot and perforated by minnie balls. The short, dry grass showing in very many spots a dark chocolate hue, spreading irregularly like a map, which the next day became a too familiar sight. We could not make anything out of the fight, beyond that here was the ford, and here they came down to cross in force. They were simply repulsed from the ford; there was no pursuit, the artillery remaining on the hills beyond; and it was agreed that here, any day now, we were to fight against a direct assault. The enemy's object, we supposed, was to get to Manassas Junction, murder every one there, and destroy buildings and stores.

The art of war was so simple and so well understood by all in those early days, that the opinions of high-up college graduates and successful lawyers were even sought for, and in all cases, I must do them justice to say, were given with the utmost freedom and liberality. Every man who had been in the Mexican war, or had been fighting abroad, was a colonel or a brigadier at once, and they swelled and swaggered around, dispensing willing information of tactics and grand strategy in the most profuse and generous way to an absorbent and listening crowd. The whole of Saturday, the 20th, did we lie in the pines, resting and surmising, greeting each new regiment as it arrived at all hours of the day and night, panting for the fight. Questions asked were : " Had the fighting begun yet ? " Are we too late ? " " When was it to be ? Let us get a good place where we can kill every d——d Yankee, and then go home. " Not a sound or shot disturbed the quiet of long Saturday, and we slept peacefully in the pines that night. As the next day (Sunday, the 21st) broke we were jumped out of our lairs by the loudest gun I ever heard, apparently fired right at our heads, as we supposed, and from just over the bank of Bull Run, only a hundred yards distant; but it proved to be the signal gun from Centerville, four miles away, in the encampment of General McDowell. At a double quick we were in line along the bank of the stream, momentarily expecting the enemy to appear and open on us, and thus we awaited until the sun got over the tops of the trees, when a mounted officer rode up, and after a hurried interview with Colonel Jackson, we were, to our surprise, wheeled to the rear, and at double-quick, over fields and through the woods, we went to the extreme left of our army.

It then turned out that at that day and hour General McDowell had decided to attack us on our left; and as General Beauregard had decided to attack the Federals on their left, so, had it not been dis-

covered in time by the Confederates, each army would have followed thereto in concentric circles. For two long, hot hours did we move towards the rattling of musketry, which at first was very faint, then became more and more audible. At last we halted under a long ridge covered with small pines. Here were the wounded of that corps who had been first engaged—men limping on gun or stick; men carried off in blankets, bleeding their life away; men supported on each side by soldiers—and they gave us no very encouraging news to troops as we were. They had been at it ever since sun-up. The enemy were as thick as wheat in the field, and the long lines of blue could not be counted. Up the narrow lane our brigade started, directly to where the musketry seemed the loudest, our regiment, the Second, bringing up the rear. Reaching the top, a wide clearing was discovered; a broad table land spread out, the pine thicket ceased, and far away over the hill in front was the smoke of musketry; at the bottom of the long declivity was the famous turnpike, and on the hills beyond could be seen clearly Griffin's and Rickett's batteries. In their front, to their rear, and supported on each side, were long lines of blue. To our right, about one hundred yards off, was a small building, the celebrated "Henry House." As ours was the last regiment to come up, and as the brigade, as it surmounted the hill, wheeled into line sharply to the left into the thickets, we were thus thrown to the extreme right of the line and of the entire army. Halting there and mounted on a gate-post, I could see the panoramas spread out before me. The brass pieces of Griffin's and Rickett's batteries were seen wheeling into line, caissons to the rear, the horses detached and disappearing behind the hill. The glinting of the morning sun on the burnished metal made them very conspicuous. No cavalry were seen. I do not think that McDowell had any in action that day. Both batteries soon opened on us with shell, but no casualties resulted, for the reason that in their haste and want of time the fuses were not cut. I picked up many which fell to the ground with a dull sound, and found that the reason they did not explode. The infantry were engaged on the side of the long, gradual slope of the hill on which we stood, and in the bottom below, out of our sight, we could hear the sound and see the white smoke.

At this time there rode up fast towards us from the front a horse and rider, gradually rising to our view from the bottom of the hill. He was an officer all alone, and as he came closer, erect and full of fire, his jet-black eyes and long hair, and his blue uniform of a gen-

eral officer made him the cynosure of all. In a strong, decided tone he inquired of the nearest aide, what troops we were and who commanded. He was told that Colonel Jackson, with five Virginia regiments had just arrived, and pointed to where the colonel stood at the same time. The strange officer then advanced, and we of the regimental staff crowded to where he was to hear the news from the front. He announced himself as General B. E. Bee, commanding South Carolina troops ; he said that he had been heavily engaged all the morning, and being overpowered, are now slowly being pushed back ; we will fall back on you as a support ; the enemy will make their appearance in a short time over the crest of that hill. " Then sir, we will give them the bayonet," was the only reply of Colonel Jackson. With a salute, General Bee wheeled his horse and disappeared down the hill, where he immortalized himself, Colonel Jackson and his troops, by his memorable words to his own command : " Close up, men, and stand your ground. Colonel Jackson with five regiments of Virginia troops is standing behind us like a stonewall, and will support you." Thus was the name of " Stonewall " given to General Jackson and his famous brigade. General Bee was killed the next moment. Our entire line lay in the pine thickets for one long hour, and no man, unless he was there, can tell how very long it was to us. Under fire from two batteries throwing time-shells only, they did not do a great amount of killing, but it was terribly demoralizing. Then there was a welcome cessation ; and we were wondering why, and when the fighting would begin for us. After nearly half an hour the roar of the field pieces sounded louder than I had yet heard, and evidently very near us ; this was the much criticised movement of Rickett's, who had ordered his battery down the opposite hill, across the pike and up the hill we were on, where, wheeling into battery on the level top, opened with grape and canister right into the thicket and into our exposed line. This was more than Colonel Jackson could stand, and the general order was—" Charge and take that battery ! " Now the fight of Manassas, or Bull Run, began in earnest—for the position we held was the key of the field. Three times did our regiment charge up to and take this battery, but never held it ; for though we drove the regiment supporting it, yet another was always close behind to take its place. A grey-headed man, sitting sideways on horseback, whom I understood to be General Heintzleman, was ever in one spot directing the movements of each regiment as it came up the hill ; and his coolness and gallantry won our admiration. Many fragments of these regiments charged on us in turn as

we retreated into the pines, only to be killed, for I do not think any of them went back alive. The green pines were filled with the Seventy-ninth Highlanders and the red-breeched Brooklyn Zouaves, but the only men who were killed twenty or thirty yards behind, and in the rear of our line, were the United States Marines. Many of these I had sailed with, and they called on me by name to help them as they lay wounded in the undergrowth. "Water, water!" "Turn me over!" "Raise my head, and remove me out of this fire!" were their cries. I then saw what was afterwards too often the case—men with wounded legs, unable to move out of the fire, mortally wounded while lying helpless. Our entire brigade thus fought unaided and alone for at least an hour—charging, capturing, retreating, and retaking this battery, resisting the charges of each fresh regiment as it came forward at quick-step up the slope of the hill, across the table-land, on its top and into the pine thickets where we were, until we were as completely broken up into fragments and as hard pressed as men ever were. It had gotten down to mere hand-to-hand fighting of small squads, out in the open and in the pines. There was no relief, no reinforcements, no fresh troops to come, or to fall back on. Luckily the enemy were in the same disorganized condition as we were. General Johnston seized the colors of a regiment, and on horseback, led a charge, excusing it afterwards as necessary at that moment to make a personal example. Our Colonel Jackson, with only two aids, Colonels Jones and Marshall, both subsequently killed, rode slowly, and without the slightest hurrah, frequently along our front, encouraging us by his quiet presence. He held aloft his left or bridle hand, looking as if he was invoking a blessing, as many supposed, but in fact to ease the intense pain, for a bullet had badly shattered two of his fingers, to which he never alluded, and it has been forgotten, for it was the only time he was ever wounded, until his fall in action in 1863. Thus the fate of the field hung in a balance at 2:30 P. M. At this moment President Davis and his staff made their appearance on the field, but not being known, attracted no attention. Both sides were exhausted and willing to say "enough!" The critical moment, which comes in all actions, had arrived, when we saw to our left a cloud of dust, and out of it emerged a straggling line of men with guns held at a trail. Slowly they came on to the field, not from want of spirit, but tired out from double-quicking in the heat and dust. As they passed by and through our squads there were hurried inquiries; the enemy was pointed out to them, and when seen, from out of their dusty and parched throats, came the first "Rebel yell." It was a fierce, wild

cry, perfectly involuntary, caused by the emotion of catching first sight of the enemy. These new troops were Kirby Smith's delayed men; the train had that morning broken down, but on arriving at the station near and hearing the sound of fighting, he had ordered the train stopped, and forming into line and rapidly marching, guided only by the roar of the guns, had arrived on the field at the supreme moment. The yell attracted the attention of the enemy, surprised and startled them. Inspired by the sight of the Federals the new Confederate troops, in one long line, with a volley and another yell, swept down the slope of our hill and drove before them the broken, tired enemy, who had been at it since sunrise. Kirby Smith was shot from his horse, but onward they went, irresistible, for there was no opposition. The enemy stood for a few moments, firing, then turned their backs for the first time. As if by magic the whole appearance of the scene was changed. One side was cheering and pursuing in broken, irregular lines; the other a slow-moving mass of blue backs and legs, guns, caissons and ammunition wagons, started down the hard, white pike. Our batteries, with renewed vigor and dash, had again come to the front, and from their high positions were opening with shot and grape. One solitary bridge was the point to which the fleeing Federals converged, and on that point was our fire concentrated. The result was at once seen—a wheel or two knocked off their caissons or wagons blocked the passage, and the bridge became impassable. The men cut loose their horses, mounted and rode away; others plunged into the mud and water, and the retreat became from that moment a panic, for the god Pan had struck them hard for the first and last time. There was never again the like to be seen in the subsequent four years. Our pursuit, singularly, was by artillery, our infantry having become incapable of further motion from sheer exhaustion; and Stewart had only a few companies out of the one regiment on the field; but they did good work in keeping up the rout until late in the night, when they were brought to a standstill at Centerville, where there was a reserve brigade that had not been in action; and so ended the part taken by the Stonewall Brigade in this their first fight. I may add here that our regiment was not gathered together for four days, and the brigade not for a week. With us, as with the rest of our victorious army, we were as much disorganized and scattered by our victory as the Federals by their defeat, and pursuit, unless by an organized force beyond Centerville, would have been simply a physical impossibility.

[From the *Winchester Times*, June 3, 1891.]

**Capture and Burning of the Federal Gunboat "Underwriter,"
in the Neuse, off Newbern, N. C., in February, 1864.**

BY DR. DANIEL B. CONRAD, FORMERLY OF U. S. AND C. S. NAVY.

KANSAS CITY, MO., *June, 1891.*

In January, 1864, the Confederate naval officers on duty in Richmond, Wilmington and Charleston were aroused by a telegram from the Navy Department to detail three boats' crews of picked men and officers, who were to be fully armed, equipped and rationed for six days; they were to start at once by rail for Weldon, North Carolina, reporting on arrival to Commander J. Taylor Wood, who would give further instructions.

So perfectly secret and well-guarded was our destination that not until we had all arrived at Kingston, North Carolina, by various railroads, did we have the slightest idea of where we were going or what was the object of the naval raid. We suspected, however, from the name of its commander, that it would be "nervous work," as he had a reputation for boarding, capturing and burning the enemy's gunboats on many previous occasions.

Embarking one boat after another on the waters of the Neuse, we found that there were ten of them in all, each manned by ten men and two officers, every one of whom were young, vigorous, fully alive and keen for the prospective work. Now we felt satisfied that it was going to be hand-to-hand fighting; some Federal gunboat was to be boarded and captured by us, or we were to be destroyed by it.

Sunday afternoon, February 1, 1864, about 2 o'clock, we were all quietly floating down the narrow Neuse, and the whole sunny Sabbath evening was thus passed, until at sunset we landed on a small island. After eating our supper, all hands were assembled to receive instructions. Commander Wood, in distinct and terse terms, gave orders to each boat's crew and its officers just what was expected of them, stating that the object of the expedition was to, that night, board some one of the enemy's gunboats, then supposed to be lying

off the city of Newbern, now nearly sixty miles distant from where we then were by water. He said that she was to be captured without fail. Five boats were to board her on either side simultaneously, and then when in our possession we were to get up steam and cruise after other gunboats. It was a grand scheme, and was received by the older men with looks of admiration and with rapture by the young midshipmen, all of whom would have broken out into loud cheers but for the fact that the strictest silence was essential to the success of the daring undertaking.

In concluding his talk, Commander Wood solemnly said : " We will now pray ;" and thereupon he offered up the most touching appeal to the Almighty that it has ever been my fortune to have heard. I can remember it now, after the long interval that has elapsed since then. It was the last ever heard by many a poor fellow, and deeply felt by every one.

Then embarking again, we now had the black night before us, our pilot reporting two very dangerous points where the enemy had out pickets of both cavalry and infantry. We were charged to pass these places in absolute silence, our arms not to be used unless we were fired upon, and then in that emergency we were to get out of the way with all possible speed, and pull down stream in order to surprise and capture one of the gunboats before the enemy's pickets could carry the news of our raid to them.

In one long line, in consequence of the narrowness of the stream, did we pull noiselessly down, but no interrupting pickets were discovered, and at about half past three o'clock we found ourselves upon the broad estuary of Newbern bay. Then closing up in double column we pulled for the lights of the city, even up to and close in and around the wharves themselves, looking (but in vain) for our prey. Not a gunboat could be seen ; none were there. As the day broke we hastened for shelter to a small island up stream about three miles away, where we landed upon our arrival, dragged our boats into the high grass, setting out numerous pickets at once. The remainder of us, those who were not on duty, tired and weary, threw ourselves upon the damp ground to sleep during the long hours which must necessarily intervene before we could proceed on our mission.

Shortly after sunrise we heard firing by infantry. It was quite sharp for an hour, and then it died away. It turned out to be, as we afterwards learned, a futile attack by our lines under General Pickett on the works around Newbern. We were obliged to eat cold food

all that day, as no fires were permissible under any circumstances ; so all we could do was to keep a sharp lookout for the enemy, go to sleep again, and wish for the night to come.

About sundown one gunboat appeared on the distant rim of the bay. She came up, anchored off the city some five miles from where we were lying, and we felt that she was our game. We began at once to calculate the number of her guns and quality of her armament, regarding her as our prize for certain.

As darkness came upon us, to our great surprise and joy, a large launch commanded by Lieutenant George W. Gift, landed under the lee of the island. He had been, by some curious circumstance, left behind, but with his customary vigor and daring impressed a pilot, and taking all the chances came down the Neuse boldly in daylight to join us in the prospective fight. His advent was a grand acquisition to our force, as he brought with him fifteen men and one howitzer.

We were now called together again, the orders to each boat's crew repeated, another prayer was offered up, and then, it being about nine o'clock, in double column we started directly for the lights of the gunboat, one of which was distinctly showing at each mast-head. Pulling slowly and silently for four hours we neared her, and as her outlines became distinct, to our great surprise we were hailed man-of-war fashion, "Boat, ahoy !" We were discovered, and, as we found out later, were expected and looked for.

This was a trying and testing moment, but Commander Wood was equal to the emergency. Jumping up, he shouted : " Give way hard ! Board at once ! " The men's backs bent and straightened on the oars, and the enemy at the same moment opened upon us with small arms. The long, black sides of the gunboat, with men's heads and shoulders above them could be distinctly seen by the line of red fire, and we realized immediately that the only place of safety for us was on board of her, for the fire was very destructive. Standing up in the boat with Commander Wood, and swaying to and fro by the rapid motion, were our marines firing from the bows, while the rest of us, with only pistol in belt, and our hands ready to grasp her black sides, were all anxious for the climb. Our coxswain, a burly, gamy Englishman, who by gesture and loud word, was encouraging the crew, steering by the tiller between his knees, his hands occupied in holding his pistols, suddenly fell forward on us dead, a ball having struck him fairly in the forehead. The rudder now having no guide, the boat swerved aside, and instead of our

bows striking at the gangway, we struck the wheelhouse, so that the next boat, commanded by Lieutenant Loyall, had the deadly honor of being first on board. Leading his crew, as became his rank, duty and desire, he jumped and pulled into the gangway—now a blazing sheet of flame, and being nearsighted, having lost his glasses, stumbled and fell prone upon the deck of the gunboat, the four men who were following close up on his heels falling on top of him stone dead, killed by the enemy's bullets; each one of the unfortunate fellows having from four to six of them in his body, as we found out later. Rising, Lieutenant Loyall shook off his load of dead men, and by this time we had climbed up on the wheelhouse, Commander Wood's long legs giving him an advantage over the rest of us; I was the closest to him, but had nothing to do as yet, except to anxiously observe the progress of the hand-to-hand fighting below me. I could hear Wood's stentorian voice giving orders and encouraging the men, and then, in less than five minutes, I could distinguish a strange synchronous roar, but did not understand what it meant at first; but it soon became plain: "She's ours," everybody crying at the top of their voices, in order to stop the shooting, as only our own men were on their feet.

I then jumped down on the deck, and as I struck it, I slipped in the blood, and fell on my back and hands; rising immediately, I caught hold of an officer standing near me, who with an oath colared me, and I threw up his revolver just in time to make myself known. It was Lieutenant Wilkinson, who the moment he recognized me, exclaimed: "I'm looking for you doctor; come here." Following him a short distance in the darkness, I examined a youth who was sitting in the lap of another, and in feeling his head I felt my hand slip down between his ears, and to my horror, discovered that his head had been cleft in two by a boarding sword in the hands of some giant of the forecastle. It was Passed Midshipman Palmer Sanders, of Norfolk. Directing his body, and those of all the other killed, to be laid out aft on the quarter deck, I went down below, looking for the wounded in the ward-room, where the lights were burning, and found half a dozen with slight shots from revolvers. After having finished my examination, a half an hour had elapsed, and when ascending to the deck again I heard the officers of the various corps reporting to Commander Wood; for immediately after the capture of the vessel, according to the orders, the engineers and firemen had been sent down to the engine-room to get up steam, and Lieutenant Loyall as executive officer, with a number of seamen had attempted to raise the anchor, cast loose the cable which secured the

ship to the wharf just under the guns of Fort Stephenson, while the marines in charge of their proper officers were stationed at the gangways guarding the prisoners. The lieutenants, midshipmen and others manned the guns, of which there were six eleven-inch, as it was the intention to convert her at once into a Confederate man-of-war, and under the captured flag to go out to sea, to take and destroy as many of the vessels of the enemy as possible. But all our well-laid plans were abortive; the engineers reported the fires out, and that it would be futile to attempt to get up steam under an hour, and Lieutenant Loyall, too, after very hard work, reported it useless to spend any more time in trying to unshackle the chains, as the ship had been moored to a buoy, unless he could have hours in which to perform the work. Just at this moment, too, to bring things to a climax, the Fort under which we found that we were moored bow and stem, opened fire upon us with small arms, grape and solid shot; some of those who had escaped having reported the state of affairs on board, and this was the result.

In about fifteen minutes a solid shot or two had disabled the walking-beam, and it then became evident to all that we were in a trap, to escape from which depended on hard work and strategy. How to extricate ourselves in safety from the thus far successful expedition, was the question; but events proved that our commander was equal to the emergency.

Very calmly and clearly he directed me to remove all dead and wounded to the boats, which the several crews were now hauling to the lee side of the vessel, where they would be protected from the the shots from the fort. The order was soon carried out by willing hands. They were distributed as equally as possible. Each boat in charge of its own proper officer, and subjected under that heavy fire to that rigid discipline characteristic of the navy, manned by their regular crews, as they laid in double lines, hugging the protected lee of the ship as closely as possible, it was a splendid picture of what a body of trained men can be under circumstances of great danger.

After an extended search through the ship's decks, above and below, we found that we had removed all the dead and wounded, and then, when the search was ended, reported to Captain Wood on the quarter-deck, where, giving his orders where the fire from the fort was very deadly and searching, he called up four lieutenants to him, to whom he gave instructions as follows: two of them were to go below in the forward part of the ship, and the other two below in the afterpart, where from their respective stations they were to fire the vessel, and not to leave her until her decks were all ablaze, and then at that juncture they were to return to their proper boats and report.

The remainder of us were lying on our oars while orders for firing the ship were being carried out; and soon we saw great columns of red flames shoot upward out of the forward hatch and ward-room, upon which the four officers joined their boats. Immediately, by the glare of the burning ship, we could see the outlines of the fort with its depressed guns, and the heads and shoulders of the men manning them. As the blaze grew larger and fiercer their eyes were so dazzled and blinded that every one of our twelve boats pulled away out into the broad estuary safe and untouched. Then we all realized fully our adroit and successful escape.

Some years after the affair I met one of the Federal officers who was in the fort at the time, and he told me that they were not only completely blinded by the flames, which prevented them from seeing us, but were also stampeded by the knowledge of the fact that there were several tons of powder in the magazine of the vessel, which when exploded would probably blow the fort to pieces; so, naturally, they did not remain very long after they were aware that the ship had been fired. This all occurred as we had expected. We in our boats, at a safe distance of more than half a mile, saw the "Underwriter" blow up, and distinctly heard the report of the explosion, but those at the fort, a very short distance from the ship, sought a safe refuge, luckily for them.

Fortunately there was no casualties at this stage of the expedition. I boarded boat after boat in my capacity as surgeon, attending to the requirements of those who demanded immediate aid, and I witnessed many amusing scenes; for among the prisoners were some old men-of-war's men, former shipmates of mine in the Federal navy years before, and of the other officers also. Their minds were greatly relieved when I made known to them who their captors were, and that their old surgeon and other officers were present, and as a natural consequences they would be treated well.

Continuing to pull for the remainder of the night, we sought and found by the aid of our pilot, a safe and narrow creek, up which we ascended, and at sunrise hauled our boats up on a beach, there we carefully lifted out our wounded men, placed them under the shade of trees in the grass, and made them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Then we laid out the dead, and after carefully washing and dressing them, as soon as we had partaken of our breakfast, of which we were in so much need, all hands were called, a long pit was dug in the sand, funeral services were held, the men buried and each grave marked. We remained there all that day recuperating, and when night came again embarked on our return trip; all through that night and the four succeeding ones, we cautiously

pulled up the rapid Neuse, doing most of our work in the darkness, until when nearing Kingston we could with impunity pull in daylight.

Arriving at Kingston, the boats were dragged up the hill to the long train of gondola cars which had been waiting for us, and then was presented an exhibition of sailors' ingenuity. The boats were placed upright on an even keel lengthwise on the flat cars, and so securely lashed by ropes that the officers, men, even the wounded, seated and laid in them as if on the water, comfortably and safely made the long journey of a day and two nights to Petersburg. Arriving, the boats were unshipped into the Appomattox river, and the entire party floated down it to City Point where it debouches into the James. It was contemplated that when City Point was reached to make a dash at any one Federal gunboat, should there be the slightest prospect of success; but learning from our scouts, on our arrival after dark, that the gunboats and transports at anchor there equalled the number of our own boats at least, we had to abandon our ideas of trying to make a capture, and were compelled to hug the opposite banks very closely, where the river is nearly four miles wide, and in that manner slip up the James pulling hard against the current. By the next evening we arrived, without any further adventure, at Drury's Bluff, where we disembarked; our boats shown as mementoes of the searching fire we had been subjected to—for they all were perforated by many minnie balls, the white wooden plugs inserted into the holes averaging fourteen to each boat engaged; they were all shot into them from stem to stern lengthwise.

Among the many incidents that occurred on the trip there were two which left a lasting impression on my mind, and to this day they are as vivid as if they had happened yesterday. As we were stepping into the boats at the island that night, the lights of the gunboat plainly visible from the spot on which we stood, a bloody, serious action inevitable, several of the midshipmen, youth-like, were gaily chatting about what they intended to do—joyous and confident, and choosing each other for mates to fight together shoulder to shoulder—when one of them who stood near me in the darkness made the remark, as a conclusion as we were taking our places in the boats:

"I wonder, boys, how many of us will be up in those stars by tomorrow morning?" This rather jarred on the ears of we older ones, and looking around to see who it was that had spoken, I recognized the bright and handsome Palmer Sanders. Poor fellow, he was the only one who took his flight, though many of the others were severely wounded.

On our route down to Kingston by rail we were obliged to make frequent stops for wood and water, and at every station the young midshipmen swarmed into the depots and houses, full of their fun and deviltry, making friends of the many pretty girls gathered there, who asked all manner of questions as to this strange sight of boats on cars filled with men in a uniform new to them.

The young gentlemen explained very glibly what they were going to do—"to board, capture and destroy as many of the enemy's gun-boats as possible." "Well, when you return," replied the girls, "be sure that you bring us some relics—flags, &c." "Yes, yes; we'll do it," answered the boys. "But what will you give us in exchange?" "Why, only thanks, of course." "That won't do. Give us a kiss for each flag—will you?"

With blushes and much confusion, the girls consented, and in a few moments we were off and away on our journey again. On the return trip the young men, never for an instant forgetting the bargain they had made, manufactured several miniature flags. We old ones purposely stopped at all the stations we had made coming down in order to see the fun. The young ladies were called out at each place, and after the dead were lamented, the wounded in the cars cared for, then the midshipmen brought out their flags, recalled the promises made to them, and demanded their redemption. Immediately there commenced a lively outburst of laughter and denials, a skirmish, followed by a slight resistance, and the whole bevy were kissed *seriatim* by the midshipmen, and but for the whistle of train warning them away, they would have continued indefinitely.

[From the *Richmond Times*, October 25, 1891.]

BATTLE OF DREWRY'S BLUFF.

How Butler's Right Flank was Broken that Memorable Day—The "Old First" to the Front—Details of the Engagement Never Before Published—Past-Commander Charles T. Loehr's (Sergeant Company D, First Virginia Infantry) Address Before George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, on October 15, 1891.

Drewry's Bluff is a name familiar to all of us, but of the battle which was fought there on May 16, 1864, very little has been said—much less than of any battle of its magnitude and importance which

occurred throughout the war. No regular report from the Confederate side, except the brief statements of Beauregard, Ransom or Hoke, has ever reached the public, and these contain no details of how Butler's right wing was broken—the principal event in that bloody battle.

One reason for this silence on our side is due to the fact that our forces were gathered as they arrived and placed in temporary organization under officers assigned to them for the occasion; another reason is that all eyes were turned toward the fields of Spotsylvania, where the armies of Grant and Lee made music which drowned the thunder of cannons and rattle of musketry at Drewry's Bluff.

THE FORCES ENGAGED.

The Federal army assigned to the capture of Petersburg and Richmond, called the Army of the James, commanded by General Butler, composed of the Tenth and Eighteenth army corps, numbered, according to its own report, thirty-eight thousand seven hundred men and eighty-eight guns, besides a fleet of gunboats and monitors. The Confederate forces, commanded by General Beauregard, consisted of Gracie's, Kemper's, Hoke's and Barton's brigades, forming Ransom's division; Corse's, Clingman's, Bushrod Johnson's and Hagood's brigades, forming Hoke's division, and Colquitt's and Ransom's brigades under Colquitt.

Attached to this force were three battalions of artillery and three small regiments of cavalry, the whole or gross number being given as seventeen thousand and three hundred. This was the force at Drewry's Bluff engaged on the 16th of May. North of Petersburg, near Swift creek, General Whiting was in charge, having Wise's and Martin's brigades and Dearing's cavalry with him. This force, however, took no part in the battle. Their number is given as forty-six hundred. Taking the figures representing the aggregate or gross numbers, we have: Federals, thirty-eight thousand and seven hundred; Confederates, twenty-one thousand and nine hundred.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

It is not my intention, nor am I able to give a true and correct account of the whole battle. I only desire to submit some details which I hope may throw some light on the question of "how Butler's right flank was broken" that morning.

South of Drewry's Bluff, across Kingsland creek, thence over the

elevation where the Willis house stands, runs the old stage road ; continuing in a southern direction, it crosses at right angles a small creek, with a pond on the west. This creek is bordered with pines and heavy underwood, while in front there are open fields. In these woods and partly parallel and south of the creek, at a point a short distance east of the road, was the enemy's right flank. This position, besides having the advantage of the forest as a cover, was further protected by good log-works, constructed by the enemy when they took possession of that line.

The enemy's right was held by Heckman's brigade, consisting of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts regiments and the Ninth New Jersey. Their number, stated in the history of the Twenty-third Massachusetts regiment, page 174, on May 5, 1864, was as follows: "Heckman's Star brigade," composed of the Twenty-third, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and the Ninth New Jersey regiments, some twenty-seven hundred strong (men largely seasoned in battle and pretty thoroughly sifted of that element which, snuffing the battle afar off, keeps its distance), went out into the fire of that battle-morning, which was destined to reduce it to a mere handful of war-worn men."

THE NEGRO TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY.

Now, in accordance with the above, this brigade numbered some twenty-seven hundred men ; say it had but twenty-seven hundred or twenty-two hundred in line at Drewry's Bluff, then it greatly outnumbered the attacking force. There was besides a body of negro cavalry, said to be the Second United States Colored cavalry, placed on the extreme right of this brigade. Of these gay riders we are credibly informed that they made tracks to the rear on the first fire, and greatly assisted in the confusion which happened to the unlucky "Star Brigade," and no doubt strengthened their belief in the story of the overwhelming rebel column which attacked them in flank and rear.

DISPOSITION OF THE FORCES.

Our force, constituting the attacking column on our left, consisted of Gracie's brigade, supported by Kemper's brigade, and did not exceed two thousand men—say eleven hundred for Gracie's and nine hundred for Kemper's brigade (General W. R. Terry, the commander of Kemper's brigade, says this estimate is too high)—the

Third Virginia, of the latter brigade, having been left at Washington, N. C. Gracie's brigade consisted of the Forty-first, Forty-third, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Alabama regiments, and Kemper's of the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Twenty-fourth Virginia regiments.

The formation of the enemy's line was as follows : On the extreme right the negro cavalry ; east of the stage road, eight companies of the Ninth New Jersey, two companies of the same regiment on the west of the road ; west thereof the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-third and Twenty-fifth Massachusetts regiments ; then Wistar's brigade and other troops of the Eighteenth army corps. Still further, near the Petersburg railroad, the Tenth army corps.

Our force, commencing on the left, were composed of the aforesaid brigades of Gracie and Kemper ; west thereof, Barton's brigade, supported by Hoke—all constituting Ransom's division, while to our extreme left were some dismounted cavalry skirmishers stretching out in a thin line to the river.

To the west of Ransom was Hoke's division, with Hagood's, Busirod Johnson's, Clingham's and Corse's brigades, Corse having the extreme right, near the railroad, while Colquitt with his brigade and Ransom's, was held in reserve.

THE FIGHT BEGINS.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the 16th, and consequently still very dark, when we fell into line and marched out from the woods in front of Drewry's Bluff, which had sheltered us from the night. Crossing Kingsland creek, we formed in line of battle to the right of the road. Perhaps two hours were consumed in getting the line formed, loading and getting ready for the fray. Meanwhile a heavy fog came up, enveloping everything around us in a thick shroud, so heavy that we could not see ten steps ahead. About 4:30 o'clock everything was ready and General Gracie gave the command in a loud, ringing voice, "Skirmishers, forward, march ! Second, the battalion of direction, battalions forward, guide right, march !" Forward went the line, having the Forty first on the left, then the Sixtieth, Fifty-ninth and Forty-third Alabama regiments in order named to the right.

While we could not see a thing, we could hear that the column in our front was in motion. Hardly ten minutes passed when General Terry, commanding Kemper's brigade, ordered his men to follow. Slowly and in perfect line of battle the brigade commenced its for-

ward movement, the Seventh having the left of the line, the First next on its right, then the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth, in order named, to the right.

Soon single shots were heard, telling that the skirmishers were at work. Faster and faster the shots rang out, and the bullets commenced whistling through the air, or rather the fog. Then the steady rattle of musketry announced where Gracie's men had struck the enemy's main line. A battery of four brass Napoleons, Martin's battery, commanded by Captain D. A. French, had been placed in position by Major Francis J. Boggs (formerly captain of Company H of the First Virginia) on the brow of the elevation about two hundred yards in front of the enemy's line and just to the right of our brigade. This battery now opened, sending its iron messengers over the heads of Gracie's men and crashing through the forest into the enemy's line.

Our brigade by this time had passed the elevation on which the Willis house stands, and came to a halt about fifty or sixty yards in rear of the Alabamians. The bullets intended for them made gaps in our ranks, and many of our men were stricken down. C. A. Wills, of Company I, fell here mortally wounded, shot through the body. While laying down he placed himself close against me, using me for his breastwork, when the fatal bullet came, passing just over me and through him. Hearing the sound I jumped up, thinking I was surely struck, but feeling nothing and seeing how it missed me I congratulated myself on my escape. W. W. Turner and Sergeant George E. Craig, of my company, were both wounded in the head. The latter went off with the blood streaming down his face, and, nearly reaching safety in the rear, was again wounded in the thigh, when, as he said, he forgot all about his wound in the head and ran till he got to the hospital.

Lieutenant E. W. Martin, of Company H, was disabled, shot through the thigh, and others were injured.

The position at this time was as follows: The Seventh on the left of the Stage road, the First across it, the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth to the right of the road on the slope of the hill. Gracie's men had not succeeded in dislodging the enemy, their position being too strong for them. Only one regiment, the Forty-first, on the left of the first brigade, had driven the enemy from its front. They came in contact with the eight companies of the Ninth New Jersey, who, after a brief contest, vacated the position held by them on the east of the road, whereby the right flank of Heckman's brigade was left open and exposed.

Mr. T. Griffin, a member of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, in a recent letter to me, writes that Colonel Stancel, of the Forty-first Alabama (which was the left of Gracie's brigade), wrote him that "they (the Forty-first) passed up the road and forced the enemy's right, capturing a portion of the Ninth New Jersey regiment."

General Gracie, seeing that he could not make headway, now turned to General William R. Terry, commanding Kemper's, his supporting brigade, for assistance. General Terry, in a recent conversation with me, stated, as to what occurred, that General Gracie came up to him (probably after speaking to Colonel Maury), with the request: "General, let me have one of your regiments," stating that part of his line had given away. To which General Terry replied: "You can have two," thinking that the men might just as well be in action as to remain where they were then halted, exposed as they were. After a second's pause, General Terry added, "General Gracie, let your men lie down, and let me have the front." To which Gracie replied: "Very well; you are entitled to it."

Mr. E. T. Witherby, of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, now of Shelby, Alabama, in a letter to me writes that, "in conversation with Lieutenant-Colonel Troy, of the Sixtieth Alabama, he was informed that while the Sixtieth was lying down east of the road some troops passed them and went into the road ahead, and these troops, he afterwards learned, were Kemper's men."

THE "OLD FIRST" ADVANCES.

Colonel R. L. Maury, commanding the Twenty-fourth Virginia (who was severely wounded in that fight) says that General Gracie came to him, desiring his support, saying, as he understood it, that two of his regiments had given away, whereupon he (Colonel Maury) at once ordered his regiment to advance without even waiting for General Terry's orders. Then the Eleventh was sent forward on the left of the Twenty-fourth. Next our turn came, and the "Old First" advanced down towards the creek. The right of the line coming in front of the swamp or pond and the left meeting with the tangled undergrowth in the creek, on the left of the road, the men crowded together in the road. Passing over the position vacated by the Ninth New Jersey, and following our colors, carried by the gallant John Q. Figg, we advanced down the road, meeting neither friend nor foe, while now on our left, now our rear, the battle din continued unabated.

Having followed the road some two or three hundred yards, near where the Gregory house stands, we turned about and marched in a left oblique direction towards the firing. After passing through the woods we came out in an open space where we found more than a dozen boilers filled with delicious coffee steaming over the fires. It may be that our friends on the other side intended to give us a treat, but of this there is much doubt. Certainly we did not waste any time to think of this, but helped ourselves to a cup of the refreshing beverage.

FEDERALS SURPRISED.

The line of our regiment now had become somewhat irregular and scattering, covering a great deal of ground. Continuing our advance towards the enemy's rear, the right of our line struck a line of the Federals, who, on being ordered to surrender, dropped their guns without firing a shot. They appeared to be totally surprised. This was a force said to be two companies of the Ninth New Jersey, or it may have been a part of the Twenty seventh Massachusetts. Details were made to take charge of the prisoners; and further on another line was started, and more prisoners fell into our hands. Then the left of our regiment came in the rear of troops just about where the Twenty-fourth was attacking in front.

A FATAL VOLLEY.

On being ordered to surrender they turned about, calling out: "What regiment is that?" The answer, "The First Virginia," was answered by a volley so close that the powder flew in our faces, and nine of our best men were killed. They were Corporal W. A. Stoaber, Jerry Toomy and W. H. Crigger, of Company B; Samuel Gillespie, of Company C; Archie Govan, Company D; Corporal R. R. Walthall, Company G; Sergeant John W. Wynne and Corporal J. A. Via, of Company H, and A. Figner, of Company I.

Jerry Toomy, W. A. Stoaber, R. R. Walthall, John W. Wynne, J. A. Via, and A. Figner were of those who enlisted on the first bugle call and served with honor until they met a soldier's death. As Richmond soldier boys they should be remembered by the city for which they gave their lives.

A. Govan was a little conscript from Darbytown, near Richmond. He was a kind, innocent creature, particularly attached to me. Just

before he was killed, he remarked, slapping the roll of blankets he carried, "Don't you think this is a good breastwork?" Alas, the ball found its way to poor Govan's heart despite his breastwork, and in our hearts "We sadly missed him."

The bodies of Figner, Wynne, Walthall and Via were sent to Richmond, while Govan, Stoaber, Crigger, Toomy and Gillispie found a resting-place that evening in the corner of the field just to the right of where the Twenty-fourth charged.

No sooner had this fatal volley been fired when we returned the compliment, and charging among them, we captured those who did not get away. Then, over the enemy's works came the decimated regiments, the Eleventh and Twenty-fourth, which had made the fight in front of the works, losing nearly one-third of their men in that fearful struggle to take the works in front.

The loss as stated by the Richmond papers, giving names, was fifteen killed and ninety-four wounded in the Eleventh, and twenty-eight killed and one hundred and eight wounded in the Twenty-fourth Virginia.

Meanwhile the Seventh Virginia, our left regiment, had followed in our wake, but had made a more extended sweep towards the west in the enemy's rear, and many of the blue coats stirred up by us fell into their hands. Among them were General Heckman, Colonel Lee and many other officers. They also captured four battle-flags. These were, one of the Ninth New Jersey, one from the Twenty-third Massachusetts, and two from the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts—at least this is my recollection. They formed an important part in the parade through Richmond on the 20th of that month, when each of the regiments in Kemper's brigade carried one of those beautiful flags by the side of their tattered Confederate battle-colors.

GENERAL HECKMAN'S CAPTURE.

The capture of General Heckman is described by David E. Johnston in his book, "Four Years a Soldier," as follows: "In our headlong rush we ran past General Heckman, standing in rear of his brigade. He wore a heavy overcoat, somewhat of the color of the overcoats worn by our own officers, and believing that some of Gracie's men had gone in ahead of us and that we had not seen them, some of our men, among them Harry Snidow, supposed that Heckman was an officer of Gracie's command, and said to him, 'Colonel, is your regiment in front?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'go ahead, you are driving them.' Harry passed on. Not so with Sergeant Blakey,

who inquired of the General what was the number of his regiment. This confused him, and he could not or did not answer, but said, 'Go ahead, you are driving them.' Blakey said, 'You are my prisoner.' The General said, 'Yes.' 'Have you any side-arms?' inquired the sergeant. 'Yes,' he answered; 'but I am a general officer, and prefer surrendering them to a field officer.' 'All right,' replied Blakey, and marched his prisoner up to Colonel Flowerree, to whom the General surrendered his sword and pistols and was hurried to the rear with some seven or eight hundred of his brigade."

General Heckman has the following account of his capture written, by himself, which appeared in the *Philadelphia Times*: "As the left of their (Confederate) line passed me a sergeant approached and demanded my surrender. I bid him attend to his duty, telling him in reply that I was Major Anderson of General Hoke's staff. The sergeant apologized, and joined his command, but I was by no means out of my predicament, the fog being still very dense, and the firing having for the moment ceased. I had nothing to guide my actions by. Taking direction for the point at which the Confederates had disappeared in the fog, I soon found myself in part of a Georgia brigade, headed by Archie Gracie, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., who at once recognized me. He said he was glad to see me; was proud to say that he had been fighting Jerseymen all day; that he had only a skirmish line left. On the way to the rear I had an animated discussion with his adjutant on the results of the war; and at 9 A. M. the next morning I was registered at the 'Hotel de Libby.'"

From this, his own statement, it appears the General truly was in a fog. He calls Gracie's brigade a Georgia brigade, and after walking into this brigade he was made a prisoner by General Gracie, who recognized him. He does not say who he surrendered his sword to.

The facts are just as stated by Sergeant-Major Johnston. I talked with Colonel C. C. Flowerree myself that morning, and know he received General Heckman's sword. Others of our regiment were present when he was turned over to Colonel Flowerree, who sent him under guard to the rear, where, no doubt, he met General Gracie, who then recognized him. The capture occurred just to the left, and in rear of our regiment, not far from where we came across the coffee-pots.

JEFF. VAUGHAN TAKEN IN.

Among the men detailed to take the prisoners off, several got lost in the fog, and instead of going to our rear, which had been our front, they carried them into the enemy's line; thus N. F. Wheat,

Company D; A. Jeff. Vaughan, Company G, and T. R. Kelley, Company I, were captured. Of A. Jeff. Vaughan it is related that one of the Federals called his attention to his bringing them back to their men, when Jeff. told him "to mind his own business." On getting to the enemy's line he was challenged with "Who comes there?" and Jeff. replied, "None of your business; I belong to the Old First. Who are you?" He was requested to come in.

With the charge of the Seventh Virginia, the fight on this part of the field ceased, but toward the turnpike (the right of the line) the fighting became hotter and hotter, and lasted for several hours, until the enemy was driven from his position, and the wedge which interposed between Richmond and Petersburg was removed.

But to return to my sketch. We were halted on the line we had taken, where our sadly thinned ranks were reformed, partly in the enemy's log works and partly in a line which we hastily threw up on higher ground in rear of the captured line.

Volunteers were called for by Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Langley, commanding the First Virginia, to see and report what was in our front, and I was one of them. Going to that part of the field over which we came while on our flanking move, we found several wounded Federals, whom we made as comfortable as we could. I talked to one of them who was shot through the body, and he pointed to another, who was shot through the thigh, and informed me that he was his son. They lay about fifteen feet apart, both badly wounded and helpless. We, however, did not see a single wounded or dead Confederate on that part of the field, which was the route over which the Federals were driven. While looking around I found a small United States guide flag, which served me as a handkerchief for many days thereafter, and one of the wounded (a sergeant) handed me his sword, which I retained until recently, when I presented it to Mr. H. A. White, of Leicester, Massachusetts, sergeant of Company H, Twenty-fifth Massachusetts. With the exception of some slight firing, which occurred soon after taking possession of the line, we were not disturbed in our new position, but remained quietly resting there all day.

LOSSES OF THE BATTLE.

The losses of the battle, according to A. A. Humphrey's "In Virginia Campaigns of 1864 and 1865," are given as follows: Butler's army—killed, three hundred and ninety; wounded, seventeen hun-

dred and twenty-one; missing, thirteen hundred and ninety; total, thirty-five hundred and one. Beauregard's command—killed, three hundred and fifty-four; wounded, sixteen hundred and ten; missing, two hundred and twenty; total, twenty-one hundred and eighty-four. The loss in Heckman's "Star brigade" is stated by them as killed, forty-two; wounded, one hundred and eighty-eight; missing, four hundred and fifty eight; total, six hundred and eighty eight—while Kemper's brigade lost, according to the best information obtainable, forty-seven killed, two hundred wounded, and ten missing; total, two hundred and fifty-seven. Gracie's brigade lost perhaps less, not being as long under fire—say, two hundred and fifty.

Beauregard reported five pieces of artillery, five stands of colors, and fourteen hundred prisoners as the spoils of this battle.

BUTLER'S RIGHT WING BROKEN.

This sketch, as stated, is intended to throw some light on how Butler's right wing was broken that morning. From all that I personally saw, and all the facts I have been able to gather, the following appears to be the true story: Gracie's brigade, after having been relieved by that of Kemper, took no active part in the engagement. The Forty-first Alabama, which drove the Ninth New Jersey towards the Gregory house, whereby their flank was left exposed, was withdrawn, when the First and the Seventh passed over that part of the field and found neither enemy nor friend in its front. The First and Seventh Virginia regiments, which made the flank movement proper, were the only troops that attacked the enemy's rear. These two regiments did not number over four hundred men. The talk so much indulged in, of having been overpowered by superior numbers, is all nonsense. The fact is simply that our appearance in the rear demoralized them completely. The enemy could not tell if our force consisted of four hundred or four thousand—and that is about the whole story in a nut-shell.

N. B.—Since making the above address I have received Volume XXXVI, Part II, of the Official Records of the Rebellion, as it is called, which verifies my statements with but few exceptions. The loss of Gracie's brigade is given as thirty-four killed, two hundred and seventy-six wounded and four missing; total, three hundred and fourteen; but it is also stated that this report is incomplete, and in all probability includes the losses for the previous days. On page 207 we find the First Virginia as commanded by Major George F.

Norton, whereas Lieutenant-Colonel Frank H. Langley was in command. Captain William O. Fry is stated as commander of the Seventh Virginia, which should be changed to Colonel C. C. Flowerree. The Third Virginia is also included in the brigade, whereas this regiment was on detached service at Washington, N. C.

C. T. L.

[From the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, October 19, 1891.]

STONEWALL JACKSON AT PRAYER.

Probably there was never a more impressive tribute paid to Christianity than that by General John Echols in his "Stonewall Jackson Address" last Tuesday evening before the Confederate Association of Kentucky. Bishop Dudley, Bishop Penick, Dr. Broadus, Dr. Jones, the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode, and other ministers of the gospel in the great audience were visibly affected when, after the thrilling recital of General Jackson's matchless movements in the Valley of Virginia, throughout the forty days during which he marched four hundred miles, fought five pitched battles, defeated five great generals, captured four thousand prisoners, and closed the war in the Shenandoah Valley for months, General Echols, referring to the death of Ashby and the tender emotion exhibited by Stonewall Jackson, paused, and speaking of frequent prayer as a characteristic of Jackson, said slowly :

"There is a weakness among young men in regard to praying. They do not care to let men know that they kneel and pray ; some even thinking praying a sign of cowardice. There is nothing greater than thus getting hold of God. Remember Jackson, of whom it can be said, 'There lies a man who never feared the face of man.' He was constant in prayer. Men may scoff as they will, but there comes the time when every knee shall bow. Stonewall Jackson went through the war attributing all his victories to God. He had absolute dependence on an overruling providence. What could overcome such a character? A distinguished Virginia minister, Rev. Mr. Hullihen, has just furnished me this historical letter in regard to General Ewell and Stonewall Jackson :

"October 10, 1891.

"General JOHN ECHOLS :

"*'Dear General: 'Twas in connection with General Ewell's conversion to Christ, from his accidentally overhearing Jackson praying*

for guidance in the prosecution of the campaign when it had a short while before been confessed by all the Confederate generals, Jackson included, that they knew not what to advise—then the brilliant movement through Thoroughfare Gap, etc. My informant got the account from a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who was present as one of the session in examining General Ewell (who had been a very profane man and skeptical), and hearing him give his experience and what led him to desire membership in the Church.' ”

General Ewell had been wounded in the series of battles that occurred just after the incident to which reference is about to be made, and he had time for deep reflection. General Ewell did not have a high opinion of General Jackson's natural ability. Indeed, as he often remarked in hearing of his staff, he knew Jackson well, and knew he did not have good common sense, and therefore the victory which Jackson had won had been an accident. And so the staff used to join in with him in deriding the claim of Jackson's friends to his being a great general.

But, somehow, Jackson kept on winning victories, so that the staff, one after another, ceased talking in the strain they had been indulging in, and Ewell was left alone in reaffirming his oft-repeated convictions. This went on until Pope had assumed command of the Federal troops, and at a juncture of that campaign when everything seemed dark and inextricably mixed up; and a council of war was held, at which Generals Jackson and Ewell were present. Each general was asked what he would advise, and one after another said he had nothing to suggest; and Jackson also said the same thing, but added that, as they seemed to think that he ought to know what to do, if they would agree to meet again the next morning, before daylight, he might have something to offer for their consideration. They all then separated.

General Ewell had not gone very far when he discovered that he had left his gauntlets, which he valued very much, in Jackson's tent. Upon returning, he found the flap of the tent down and tied, and heard the voice of Jackson engaged in prayer. He concluded that he was just saying his prayers before going to bed, and that he would wait until he got through, and then he would go in and get his gloves, but Jackson continued to pray long and fervently, and he could not help hearing what he said. It was as a little child talking to his father. He told his heavenly Father that he did not know what to do; that everything seemed to be involved in perfect darkness, and that the other generals seemed to expect that he would be able to tell

them what the army ought to do ; would He not graciously reveal to him what was best to be done ? This was the substance of his prayer, which he continued to utter as he urged his suit with God, which he did with the utmost humility and reverence, and yet with the humble boldness of a little child. Jackson continued praying so very long that Ewell concluded that he would leave.

When they assembled next morning, and Jackson laid before them what he would suggest, they all instantly perceived that it was the very thing that ought to be done, and so the movement through Thoroughfare Gap was decided upon, and the series of battles followed with the results so well known by all. Ewell was wounded, but he still held the opinion as to Jackson's natural ability, and there was, therefore, no other way, to his mind, to explain Jackson's success, except, that prayer had power with God, and that this fact carried with it practically all the rest that the New Testament taught ; and if this was the case, he was most assuredly on the wrong side, and the quicker he got over to the right side, the better for him, and that he had been trying to get there ever since he had come to that conclusion ; and it was in carrying out this determination that he now asked admission to church membership.

BATTLE AT REAMS' STATION.

EXTRACT FROM THE "MEMORIAL ADDRESS DELIVERED MAY 10, 1890, AT WILMINGTON, N. C., BY HON. CHARLES M. STEDMAN."

But I must pass over many fields that I may mention Reams' Station, which I am asked to notice somewhat fully. This engagement was fought on the 25th of August, 1864. Upon the investment of Petersburg, the possession of the Weldon road became of manifest importance, as it was Lee's main line of communication with the South, whence he drew his men and supplies. On the 18th of August, 1864, General G. K. Warren, with the Fifth corps of Grant's Army and Kautz's division of cavalry, occupied the line of the Weldon road at a point six miles from Petersburg. An attempt was made to dislodge them from this position on the 21st, but the effort failed. Emboldened by Warren's success, Hancock was ordered from Deep Bottom to Reams' Station, ten miles from Petersburg. He arrived

there on the 22d, and promptly commenced the destruction of the railroad track. His infantry force consisted of Gibbons' and Miles' divisions, and in the afternoon of the 25th, he was reinforced by the division of Orlando B. Wilcox, which however, arrived too late to be of any substantial service to him. Gregg's division of cavalry, with an additional brigade, commanded by Spear, was with him. He had abundant artillery, consisting in part of the Tenth Massachusetts battery, Battery B First Rhode Island, McNight's Twelfth New York battery, and Woerner's Third New Jersey battery.

On the 22d Gregg was assailed by Wade Hampton with one of his cavalry divisions, and a sharp contest ensued. General Hampton, from the battle-field of the 22d, sent a note to General R. E. Lee, suggesting an immediate attack with infantry; that great commander, realizing that a favorable opportunity was offered to strike Hancock a heavy blow, directed Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill to advance against him as promptly as possible. General Hill left his camp near Petersburg on the night of the 24th, and marching south, halted near Armstrong's Mill, about eight miles from Petersburg.

On the morning of the 25th he advanced to Monk's Neck bridge, three miles from Reams' Station, and awaited advices from Hampton. The Confederate force actually present at Ream's Station consisted of Cook's and McRae's brigades, of Heth's division; Lane's, Scales and McGowan's brigades, of Wilcox's division; Anderson's brigade, of Longstreet's corps; two brigades of Mahone's division; Butler's and W. H. F. Lee's divisions of cavalry, and a portion of Pegram's battery of artillery. General Hampton, commanding cavalry, marched at daylight on the morning of the 25th, and drove the Federal cavalry before him at all points. Both of his divisions united at Malone's crossing, about two and one-half miles from Reams' Station, having moved against the enemy by different routes. Here Hampton was attacked by a portion of Hancock's infantry, when he dismounted his entire force and a spirited fight was in progress when the columns of A. P. Hill appeared in sight, with the purpose of attacking Hancock's force from the front. Hancock's infantry, who were expecting an attack from Hill, had entrenched themselves strongly on the west side of the railroad and a short distance from it. Hill ordered the first assault about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The assaulting column consisted of Anderson's Georgia brigade and Scales' North Carolina brigade. These two brigades, after a severe conflict in which both fought well, were repulsed. The second assault was made about 5 o'clock in the afternoon by the three North Carolina

brigades of Lane, Cooke and McRae, from left to right, in the order named. These troops had become famous throughout the entire army for their fighting qualities. How could it be otherwise with such brigade commanders? On this day General Conner, of South Carolina, was commanding Lane's brigade, as General Lane had been severely wounded at Cold Harbor.

Where is the North Carolinian who does not rejoice in the unfading laurels of John R. Cooke and James H. Lane, who, though natives of another State, are as dear to us as our own sons? Both have equally an unstained, chivalrous, glorious record. Go where you will in this State, and it would be difficult to find an assemblage of men, who might happen to meet together, in the midst of whom it would be safe to utter an unkind word of either Cooke or Lane. Long commanding troops from North Carolina, their names and fame have become the common heritage of us all. The character of General William McRae has already been sketched to-day.

In front of Lane and Cooke the enemy had felled trees, sharpening the limbs and making it very difficult to get through them. McRae had an open field between him and the enemy's breastworks, and for this reason, as the other two brigades would be necessarily retarded by the *abattis*, which was exceedingly formidable where Lane's men had to pass, they were ordered to advance somewhat sooner than McRae's men. McRae's line of battle was in the edge of a pine thicket, about three hundred yards from the breastworks to be assaulted. Walking along the line McRae told the men that he knew they would go over the works, and that he wished them to do so without firing a gun. "All right, General, we will go there," was the answer which came from all. The men were in high spirits, jesting and laughing, and ready to move on an instant's notice. In the meanwhile Lane's and Cooke's brigades advancing were received by a heavy fire of both musketry and artillery. As the fire became more violent, especially in front of Lane, McRae, prompted by that great and magnanimous spirit which ever characterized him, and realizing that the crisis of the conflict was at hand, said to Captain Louis G. Young, his adjutant-general, "I shall wait no longer for orders. Lane is drawing the entire fire of the enemy; give the order to advance at once." Hitherto his brigade had received but slight attention from the enemy, the greater portion of their fire having been directed against Lane's and Cooke's brigades. But warned of the danger which threatened them, by the loud cheers from McRae's brigade, as it emerged from its covering of pines and advanced to the assault,

they opened a tremendous fire of small arms, with a converging fire of artillery along McRae's whole front. It was all in vain. McRae's men, in a line almost as straight and unbroken as they presented when on parade, without firing a gun, threw themselves forward at a double-quick, and mounting the entrenchments, precipitated themselves among the enemy's infantry on either side, who seemed to be dazed by the vehemence of the attack, and made a very feeble resistance after their works were reached. Lane's and Cooke's men, stimulated by the shouts of McRae's brigade on the right, redoubled their exertions and advancing with great rapidity through the fallen timber, were close under the works when McRae struck them. In fact, portions of the three brigades crossed the embankment together, and the glory of the victory belongs equally to them all. Nor were our cavalry idle spectators of the fight. As soon as it was evident to General Hampton that Hill's infantry had commenced the second assault with the three North Carolina brigades, he ordered his entire force, which had been dismounted, to attack the enemy in flank and rear. This was done most gallantly and successfully. General Rufus Barringer, of North Carolina, commanded W. H. F. Lee's division with marked skill and gallantry, whilst Colonel W. H. Cheek, of Warren county, led Barringer's brigade with his accustomed dash. The cavalry vied with the infantry in their headlong assault upon the enemy's lines. The Second North Carolina, under General W. P. Roberts, of Gates county, carried the first line of rifle-pits on the right, and the cavalry all swept over the main line. Their works stormed in front, their lines carried in flank and rear, the enemy's infantry gave way at all points and abandoned the field in confusion and without any appearance of order. In truth, the Federal infantry did not show the determination which had generally marked the conduct of Hancock's corps. Not so with the Federal artillery. It was fought to the last with unflinching courage. Some minutes before the second assault was made, General McRea had ordered Lieutenant W. E. Kyle, with the sharp-shooters, to concentrate his fire upon the Federal batteries. Many men and horses rapidly fell under the deadly fire of these intrepid marksmen. Yet still the artillerists who were left, stood by their guns. When McRae's brigade crossed the embankment, a battery which was on his right-front as he advanced, wheeled to a right angle with its original position, and opened a fire of grape and canister at close quarters, enfilading the Confederate line; General McRae immediately ordered this battery to be taken. Although entirely abandoned by its infantry

support, it continued a rapid fire upon the attacking column until the guns were reached. Some of the gunners even refused to surrender and were taken by sheer physical force. They were animated in their gallant conduct by the example of their commanding officer. On horse-back, he was a conspicuous target, and his voice could be distinctly heard encouraging his men. Struck with admiration by his bravery, every effort was made by General McRae, Captain W. P. Oldham, of this city, Captain Robert Bingham, and one or two others who were among the first to reach the guns, to save the life of this manly opponent. Unfortunately he was struck by a ball which came from the extreme flank, as all firing had ceased in front of him and he fell from his horse mortally wounded, not more lamented by his own men than by those who combatted him. This battery, when captured, was at once turned upon the retreating columns of the enemy. It was manned by a few of McRae's sharp-shooters, all of whom were trained in artillery practice. They were aided by Captain Oldham, Lieutenant Kyle and others, not now remembered. Captain Oldham sighted one of the guns repeatedly, and when he saw the effect of his accurate aim upon the disordered masses in front, was so jubilant, that General McRae, with his usual quiet humor remarked, "Oldham thinks he is at a ball in Petersburg."

No description of the battle of Reams' Station would be fair or just which failed to notice the Confederate artillery commanded by Colonel Pegram. Some of his guns were toward the left of the Confederate line, whilst others had been firing from a position slightly to the right and rear of McRae's brigade previous to the final assault. As soon as notified that the advance was about to be made, he did what he, Haskell and Pelham had often done on other fields, but which hitherto in war had been seldom done, and never except by artillerists of rare courage and self-reliance. He ordered all his guns to the right and rear of McRae to advance to the front line of battle held by the infantry, and to unlimber and commence firing at close musketry range. That charge of Pegram's artillery—for so it might well be called—was a sight worthy of the painter's highest art. Through an open field, covered here and there by a growth of small pines, came his artillery, the horses at a full gallop. As they approached nearer to McRae's brigade, the infantry recognized them in advance of the guns, and riding side by side, those two unequalled and fearless artillery officers, Colonel Pegram, of Virginia, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Haskell, of South Carolina—always excepting

Pelham, who deserved to rank fully with them. McRae's brigade greeted them with loud cheers, for they knew that their presence meant that they would have the aid of the artillery to the end of the conflict. Haskell had volunteered for this conflict, and Pegram commanded. The kind feeling of McRae's troops was reciprocated by Pegram's battalion, who felt that their guns could never be captured with McRae to support them. In response to the cheers from his brigade, they cheered for North Carolina as they swept to the front, many of them throwing their hats in the air and leaving them as they passed. Straight on rode Pegram and Haskell, the guns close up to them, and the infantry cheering itself hoarse as it saw the artillery halted within about two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's line, from which distance an exceedingly rapid and well-directed fire was opened upon the breastworks. Whilst the loss sustained by the Federal troops from the artillery fire was not great, as they were protected to a large extent, yet they were badly demoralized, and hence when McRae advanced Hancock's men fired wildly and above the mark.

When Ney's corps, assailed in front and flank by the Russian Imperial Guard, at Friedland, was driven back and almost annihilated, Senarmont advanced his artillery to within half pistol-shot of the Russian lines, swept the whole field-of-battle with his fire, and connected his name inseparably with the glory of that memorable field.

At Wagram, when McDonald with sixteen thousand men pierced the Austrian center and his column, reduced to fifteen hundred, had halted, the ladies of Vienna, who had climbed the roofs of the houses and watched with breathless emotion and throbbing hearts, the contest for the possession of their beautiful city, thought the day was won, and thousands of them upon their bended knees, blessed God for their deliverance.

But the hour had not yet come, the dial clock of fate had not yet struck. Drouet, with one hundred pieces of artillery, rode at full gallop to the front, over dead and dying, and unlimbering his guns in advance of the French infantry, spread death far and wide amidst the Austrian ranks. McDonald again advanced, and added another to the long list of victories won by Napoleon, which startled the world by its splendor.

With eager joy the historian gilds his pages with these great achievements by artillery, and lingers long over their recital. Can no son of the South be found to tell the deeds of Pegram, and of Haskell,

who reversed the ancient method of fighting with artillery at a long, and safe distance, and brought it to its highest perfection, always advancing to the front line-of-battle when the occasion demanded?

After the capture of the breastworks, General McGowan's brigade was sent in on the right. That generous-hearted old hero, declined to make any official report of the conduct of his brigade, giving as a reason therefor, that he "supposed he was only sent in to keep the North Carolinians in the pursuit, and gather up the spoils of war which had been captured by them." His unselfish example was well worthy of imitation.

Mahone's old brigade subsequently advanced over the same field, but the hard fighting was over.

The Federal loss in this battle was between six hundred and seven hundred killed and wounded, two thousand one hundred and fifty prisoners, three thousand one hundred stand of small arms, twelve stands of colors, nine guns and caissons. Among the prisoners captured was General Walker, of Hancock's staff, who surrendered to Lieutenant Kyle. Kyle here, as elsewhere, was in the very front of the assaulting column.

The Confederate loss was small, and fell principally upon Lane's brigade. In the second and final assault it was about five hundred in killed and wounded. The result of this brilliant engagement was hailed with great rejoicing throughout the South, and shed a declining lustre upon the Confederate battle flag, upon which the sun of victory was about to go down forever. General R. E. Lee publicly and repeatedly stated that not only North Carolina, but the whole Confederacy, owed a debt of gratitude to Lane's, Cooke's, and McRae's brigades which could never be repaid. He also wrote to Governor Vance expressing his high appreciation of their services. From his letter I make this extract :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

August 29, 1864.

His Excellency Z. B. VANCE,

Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh :

* * * * *

I have frequently been called upon to mention the services of North Carolina soldiers in this army, but their gallantry and conduct were never more deserving of admiration than in the engagement at Reams' Station on the 25th ultimo.

The brigades of Generals Cooke, McRae and Lane, the last under the temporary command of General Conner, advanced through a thick *abattis* of felled trees, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, and carried the enemy's works with a steady courage that elicited the warm commendation of their corps and division commanders and the admiration of the army.

On the same occasion the brigade of General Barringer bore a conspicuous part in the operations of the cavalry, which were no less distinguished for boldness and efficiency than those of the infantry.

If the men who remain in North Carolina share the spirit of those they have sent to the field, as I doubt not they do, her defence may securely be trusted to their hands.

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General*.

[Correspondence of the Richmond *Dispatch*, August 22, 1891.]

COMPANY D, EIGHTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Re-Union of Survivors—War Roster of the Company.

PROSPECT, VA., *August 21, 1891.*

The soldiers' reünion near here yesterday was by all conceded to be the most enjoyable event of recent date. The Alliance people and old soldiers united in a joint pic-nic of mammoth proportions. More than five hundred persons were present—men, women and children—and when they were well served from the groaning, overloaded table a like number could have been amply supplied.

Your senior can well attest the fact that for rousing pic-nics, with all the edible meats, fruits and dainties, this neighborhood cannot be beaten.

* This was the first effort since the war to reörganize Company D, of the Eighteenth regiment—the old Prospect Rifle Grays—and twenty-five answered to the roll call, and eleven of other companies of this regiment were found present, mainly of the Thornton Picket Camp, of Farmville.

J. B. Glenn, who left an arm at Boonsboro', delivered an address of welcome. Lieutenant J. P. Glenn, whose bravery and heroism was displayed on near a hundred battle-fields, offered thanksgiving and prayer.

A GRAND RECORD.

Mr. Charles Glenn gave a graphic history of the company from its formation to its surrender. On its flag may be inscribed Manassas, Germantown, Fairfax, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, and many other names famous in our history.

Captain E. G. Wall, who organized the company and lost a leg while commanding it, wrote from Richmond, at the Retreat, expressing regrets at his enforced absence.

Lieutenant A. B. Carrington laid down his life at Gaines' Mill. The other lieutenants who went out with them, C. A. Price and J. P. Glenn, yet live.

OVER ONE-HALF LIVING.

It was remarked that of the one hundred names found on the roll-book of the company, from first to last, fifty eight are now living, despite the decimations of war and the stalking disease and infirmities of age, although thirty years have elapsed.

COMPANY D, EIGHTEENTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

You will save to history what may otherwise be lost if you publish the following names of those who were members of this company :

Captain E. G. Wall, First-Lieutenant A. B. Carrington,* Second-Lieutenant C. A. Price, Third-Lieutenant J. Peyton Glenn, G. W. Adams, A. W. Brightwell, C. W. Brightwell, C. T. Brightwell,* T. H. Brightwell, J. P. Brightwell,* Ad. Brightwell, C. T. Baldwin, C. Brisentine, Benjamin Birsch,* Joseph Binford, J. G. Brown,* I. I. Cheedle, E. A. Chick, Buck Carter,* Daniel Carter,* John T. Carter,* Alexander Carter, J. C. Cunningham, Isaac Cunningham,* Burley Coleman, W. J. Davis,* S. B. Drinkard, S. A. Daniel, John Drinkard,* G. W. Elam, Ed. Ellett, William England,* Charles Fore,* Frederick Fore, John Fore,* S. T. Fuqua, William Foster, D. Ferguson, C. E. Glenn, I. S. Glenn,* J. B. Glenn, Rice Gilleain, John W. Gilleain, R. Gilleain, Charles Gilleain, Van Gilleain, James

* Died in service.

E. Gills, Samuel Gregory,* Isham Gilliam, James Gillespie, Buck Gallagher, Silas Gregory,* William Gregory,* William Hubbard,* P. Hubbard, I. S. Harris, W. H. Harris, Tom Harvey,* R. Harvey,* John Irving,* Elijah Irving, Henry Jones,* Nat. Jones, R. M. Johnson, James Martin, R. Martin, R. P. Meadows, James Meadows, R. C. Moore, A. E. Moore, Woodson Martin, P. Martin, R. McCann, J. E. Osborne, R. D. Price, W. M. Pigg, Henry Read,* Samuel Saunders, Woodson Shorter, Joel Shepherd, Si Shepherd,* W. R. Taylor, H. Thackston,* Ro. Venable, A. B. Venable, Paul Venable, J. A. Walthal, John A. Walthall,* Frederick Woodson, E. L. Womolk, L. Young,* N. S. Young, J. H. Young.

[From the *Richmond Times*, September 22, 1891.]

THE OLD TEXAS BRIGADE.

Memorial Stone to Their Heroism Erected in the Wilderness—Their
Devotion to General Lee.

On May 6, 1864, the advanced forces of the Army of Northern Virginia confronted the army of General Grant in the "Wilderness of Spotsylvania" in its grand move "on to Richmond."

General Grant had two days before successfully, without opposition, crossed his army over the Rapidan at Ely's and Germanna fords and was marching towards Gordonsville. Ewell with the Second corps—Stonewall Jackson's old command—occupied the left on the Confederate front, covering the old turnpike, and in his advance was first to meet and check the enemy. His corps had been in winter quarters about Orange Courthouse, and hence was nearest to the enemy. Longstreet, with his corps, was in winter quarters about Gordonsville, and did not arrive upon the scene of impending conflict, on the Confederate right, until May 6th, when he arrived in time to give much needed relief to the troops of A. P. Hill, who had been fighting steadily during this and the day previous. The battle-line of Ewell's corps extended across the old turnpike, which was about his centre, and on which was their heaviest fighting. A. P. Hill and Longstreet's troops marched down and occupied the

* Died in service.

Orange plank-road. The turnpike and plank-road each runs from Fredericksburg to Orange Courthouse. Palmer's old field on the turnpike and Tapp's old field on the Orange plank-road, the site of the memorial stone just erected, are about five miles apart, and were the centres of heaviest fighting in the battle of the Wilderness.

HEROISM AND DEVOTION TO LEE.

In commemoration of their heroism and devotion to General Lee shown by the Texas brigade this stone was erected. The scene, the memory of which we would thus perpetuate, is graphically described by Rev. J. William Jones in his "*Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee.*" It was a crisis in the battle when Longstreet's corps first came upon the field, headed by the "Texas brigade, led by the gallant Gregg." "General Lee rode to meet them," and was advancing as their leader in the charge. The soldiers perceiving this shouted: "Go back, General Lee." "Do go back." "General Lee to the rear!" A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his bridle-rein. The command refused to advance until their beloved chieftain had retired. Then those gallant Texans nobly rushed forward and drove the enemy from the field. Around the hallowed spot where this stone now stands are the open graves of about forty of that fearless and devoted band, who attested their love for General Lee and their country. Their remains were removed and now sleep in the Confederate cemetery of Fredericksburg. General Longstreet was soon after wounded by his own men near this spot while leading a victorious charge. Had the record of him then been "Dead on the Field of Glory," his happy fate would have been like that of "Wolfe falling in the arms of victory on the Heights of Abraham."

THE STONE.

This stone, four feet high, of massive white field-quartz, lay on the side of the old turnpike just on the advance battle-line and breast-works of Ewell's corps. Subjected to a "baphometric fire baptism" of battle, it became a fitting memorial tribute from the hard-fought and victorious lines of Ewell's "Second corps" to her sister corps under Longstreet to now and forever stand as a battle monument above these graves of the Texas brigade.

PLEASING SPECTACLE.

It was a pleasing spectacle to see with the Confederate veterans of the neighborhood their children and grandchildren with zeal and enthusiasm assisting in the noble work of removing and erecting this memorial stone. It stands upon and is buttressed by quartz rocks, which were used as a part of the rifle-pit breastworks on the skirmish line in their front. It is beautifully shaded in a grove of oak and hickory, pine and cedar in Tapp's old field, and is sixty feet north of the Orange plank-road, and eighty feet in rear of the Confederate breastworks to the east.

Near to that great forest known as the "Weird Wilderness Woods," where, like shells buried in ocean depths, that have caught from the roar of contending waves and cliffs perpetual murmurs, so here the myriad piney-tops have caught from the din of battle and the shock of arms a requiem which they whisper in musical monotone over the graves of our martyred dead.

GROUND TO BE DEEDED.

A lot surrounding this stone is to be deeded by the owners of Ellwood estate to the Ladies' Southern Memorial Society to be held in trust forever for the sacred uses and objects for which this memorial was erected, believing this society to be the best custodian for the battle monuments of the South.

The writer is not of the number of those who so rejoice in a reconstructed and restored Union that they are ever singing pæans for a centralized Government being established by a subversion of our dearest constitutional rights and liberties, but sees in the spontaneous erection of these simple monuments to perpetuate truth, valor and patriotism the evidence that the spirit which animated the heroes of old still burns in the hearts of their children. Some one has rightly said that "a country without monuments is a country without a history," to which we would add that a country without heroes in her past, remembered, revered and loved in her present, is without hope for her future.

HOPE.

"Wilderness," Spotsylvania county, Va.,

September 10, 1891.

THE COLONIAL VIRGINIAN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL
SOCIETY OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, OCTOBER 13, 1891,
BY R. A. BROCK.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen :

The Geographical and Historical Society of Richmond College, at whose bidding I have the honor to be here, was happy, I trust, in the choice of its designation.

It should be potential in its range of possibilities. It follows, emulously it seems, other Virginian precursors of enlightenment.

The original title of a dignified body, which I have for years striven to serve, was the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society. It was organized December 29, 1831, with Chief-Justice Marshall as its first president. It is honored now in a triumvirate of directive officers, whom Richmond values for their excellences. The second of these is your own loved president, the chief herald of the cause of education in our teeming republic. The Hon. William Wirt Henry and Colonel Archer Anderson hold the first and third trusts. Since 1870 the essential exponent of our State has been known more simply as the Virginia Historical Society, having relegated then philosophy to the dreamer. It had a predecessor in imposing name more than half a century before—the Philosophical Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—instituted at the ambrosial capital of the Old Dominion—Williamsburg—in the month of flowers—May, 1773. I may recur to it again. Does not history repeat itself? A Virginian proclivity is reasserted in the name of your promising society. Constituted as you are of representatives of quite every county of our own State, and of many of the southern sisterhood ; buoyed with the infectious ardor and activity of youth, why should we not in the results of your devotion hope for a golden fruition in your co-operative and inspiring investigations ?

Devoutly, may the Geographical and Historical Society, in unlimited usefulness, endure as a feature of this beneficent institution, the providence and zeal of whose faculty called it into being !

Virginia has not been unmixedly blessed in the offices of her analyst and historian. Doughty John Smith, whilst in the enamored

description that "Heaven and earth seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation," offers sweet¹ pabulum to our regard for our generous mother, is yet most unlovely in his virulent denunciation of his fellow colonists. Whatever his merit, it is not easy to forget some peculiar traits of his.

From adventurous John, along the cycle of Virginia's being, have the children of her own womb bared her bosom to the shaft of the detractor.

The invitation to address you was a surprise to me. In casting about for a subject I at first thought to utilize some notes I had gathered as to the provision for education made by our forefathers, but that dutiful office has been most happily anticipated in the elaborate address of Mr. Wyndham R. Meredith on "Colonial Culture in Virginia," delivered before the literary societies of William and Mary College, July 1st last. I am told that its publication in durable form is designed. It is eminently worthy of your consideration. There is another presentation that I would commend to you in its interest and in the attractive views it unfolds—the eloquent address of Dr. Thomas Nelson Page before the literary societies of Emory and Henry College, June 10th last, on "The Social Life of Old Virginia."

In serving you this evening mine shall be but a modest effort. I shall endeavor simply to add a few lights to the delineations of the gentlemen cited. If aught that I offer as to the Virginian character may prove suggestive to you I shall be sincerely gratified.

One whose labors in behalf of American history are valuable, confesses his "perplexity"² as to the sources of Virginian ability, and cites a prominent Virginian educator³ as an authority in his mystification. Withal, he makes the somewhat singular admission that "the product was here, for the number of educated Virginians was large as compared with such persons in other colonies; but the machinery appeared to be wanting, and in a country people with men of high culture (for that time) and of great political knowledge and experience the educational factor can hardly be traced. * * *

¹*General Historie*, page 114.

²Worthington C. Ford, "Education in Colonial Virginia," *The Nation*, November 6, 1890.

³"Virginia Schools Before and After the Revolution," an address before the alumni of the University of Virginia, June 27, 1888, by W. Gordon McCabe.

The fact remains, however, that the list of Revolutionary leaders in Congress and State politics from 1765 to 1799 would be very much less in number and importance were the Virginians to be stricken from it." To him who would believe, there should be little cause for marvel.

Whatever may have been the general interest of the English nation in colonizing Virginia, the fact should not be ignored that in the first charter of King James to the Virginia Company "their desires" in the "propagating of the Christian religion" has signal acknowledgment.

This pious object is noted in the third and last charter. Was there no earnestness in reiterated desire? It is admitted by Neill, who is constantly cited as an arch-detractor of the glories of "Ould Virginia," that the Virginia Company were the first to take steps relative to the establishment of schools in the English colonies of America.⁴ It is not only ungenerous, but disingenuous to urge that the results of the desire for the civilizing and Christianizing of the natives ended substantially with the blight of the college at Henricopolis by the Indian massacre of March 22, 1622. The conversion of the "gentle Pocahontas" can scarcely be regarded as unimportant fruit. The Indians, like those of our own day, were perverse pupils. Nevertheless, efforts for their enlightenment did not cease. The Brafferton school at William and Mary College, endowed by the Hon. Robert Boyle in 1691, it is noted by an English traveller, exercised its useful offices in 1759,⁵ and it is believed they were continued until the period of the Revolution. Governor Spotswood, in 1711, desiring to increase the facilities for the education of the Indians, recommended to the Assembly an annual appropriation for the purpose.⁶ That the companions of John Smith were not as graceless as he would stigmatize them as being, it is in evidence that they held religious observances in regard.

Their piety and reverence are instanced both by Smith and Wingfield. In Bagnall's narrative in the "Historie" of the first⁷ it is

⁴*The History of Education in Virginia During the Seventeenth Century*, 1867, page 3.

⁵Travels of Rev. Andrew Burnaby, *Virginia Historical Register*, Volume III, page 87.

⁶Spotswood Letters, Volume I, page 123. *Virginia Historical Collections*, new series, Volume I.

⁷*General Historie*, pages 55-65.

noted that "order was daily to haue prayer with a Psalme"; and Wingfield notes that when their store of liquors was reduced to two gallons each of "sack" and "aqua vitæ," the first was "reserued for the communion-table."⁸ The Virginia Assembly which met at Jamestown, July 30, 1619, the first representative legislative body convened in America, enjoined the religious instruction of the natives. It also enacted that "all persons whatsoever upon the Sabbath days shall frequent divine service and sermons both forenoon and afternoon."⁹

Drunkenness, gaming and blasphemy were rigorously punished.

The requirement of church attendance, the interdiction of traveling on the Sabbath, and the punishment of various indulgences and immoralities were continued in enactments of increasing severity, and these statutes remained in the Code without modification until the period of the American Revolution, as *Henning's Statutes* verify. Religious liberty is a priceless boon.

The Established Church in Virginia has been arraigned for the persecution of those differing from them in religious tenets.

The Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of New England agreed in thinking religion an essential part of the State. Between the two, in characteristic elements, there was unavoidable antagonism.

It would be more pleasant and charitable to regard our ancestors as not implacably intolerant.

It is not to be forgotten that the parish levies were largely disbursed in the expenses of local government and the support of the poor and helpless.

The historian Beverley states that "liberty of conscience is given to all other congregations pretending to Christianity, on condition that they submit to the parish dues."¹⁰ In 1705 the French Protestant Refugees at Manakin-Town, were exempted from the "payment of all publick and county levies," and the "allowance settled by law for a minister's maintainance," was enacted *not* to be construed as to the minister of said parish of King William, but that the inhabitants be left at their own liberty to agree with and pay their minister as their circumstances will admit."¹¹ In 1730, the German Protestants at

⁸ Wingfield's Narrative, quoted by Anderson in his "*History of the Church of England in the Colonies*," Volume I, page 77.

⁹ *Colonial Records of Virginia* (Senate Document, 1874), pages 20-27-28.

¹⁰ *Beverley's History of Virginia*, page 226.

¹¹ *Henning's Statutes*, Volume III, page 478.

Germanna, in Stafford county, were exempted from the payment of parish levies.¹² There is basis for the belief that the persecution of the Quakers was never inexorable, and that their religious meetings were allowed from the period of their first seating in the colony. In 1663 John Porter, a member of the House of Burgesses, from Lower Norfolk county, was arraigned before the House for being "loving to the Quakers," and being "at their meetings." He was also charged with being "so far an Anabaptist as to be against the baptizing of children."¹³ I recall among the treasures of the very interesting museum of this college a precious relic, a brick from the Chesterfield jail, a votive shrine of religious liberty, as the prison of Baptist apostles. Foote, the Presbyterian historian, asserts that under the provisions of the Act of Toleration—first William and Mary, 1689—the minister, Francis Makemie (who was also a merchant), was the first Dissenter licensed to hold meetings in Virginia, the date being October, 1699, and the places his three houses at Pocomoke, Accomack town, and Onancock.¹⁴

It is well known that the Quakers were quite numerous in Nansemond, Norfolk, and Isle of Wight counties about the middle of the seventeenth century.

John Pleasants, the ancestor of the worthy family of the name in this country, emigrated from Norwich, England, to Virginia in 1665, and settled in Henrico county in 1668. In the records of the county, of date October 1, 1692, appears the following:

"John Pleasants, in behalf of himself and other Quakers, did this day, in open court, p'sent ye following Acc't of ye Quaker places of public meeting in this county, viz.: Att our Public Meeting House. ¶ Thomas Holmes [presumed to be the minister]; Att Mary Maddox's, a monthly meeting; Att John Pleasants'. These are directed to be committed to record as the Act of Parliament enjoins, they being the places of public worship.

¶ John Pleasants, Henry Randolph, C. C.¹⁵

The Record-Book of the Henrico meetings of the Society of Friends from 1699 to 1746 is preserved.

At a monthly meeting of the Society of Friends held March 3, 1700, it was agreed with John Pleasants to build a *new* meeting-house

¹² *Ibid*, Volume IV, page 306.

¹³ *Hening*, Volume II, page 199.

¹⁴ *Foote's Sketches*, first series, pages 51-52.

¹⁵ *Record-Book Henrico County*, page 352.

30x70 feet in dimensions *instead of repairing the old one*. A just inference is that the old structure was so ruinous through age that it had to be replaced with a new one.

It may be of interest to note that the ancestors of the lamented Henry K. Ellyson, the late honored president of the Board of Trustees of this college, were members of the Henrico Meeting of Friends. If there was not an earlier house of worship of the Quakers in Norfolk, Nansemond, or Isle of Wight counties, with some it might be held that in this early licensed meeting-house in Henrico county rests the honor of the germ of Religious Liberty in Virginia.

Sweet charity! how waywardly thy behests are sometimes misinterpreted.

It is to be deplored that the zeal of some itinerants betrayed them into unseemly utterances. It would be a rare Christian, indeed, who would be pleased with a characterization such as this: "At church ye pray to the devil—your good works damn you and carry you to hell. All your preachers preach false doctrines, and they and all who follow them are going to hell." Is it to be wondered that a religious people thus abused felt aggrieved? Were these ancestors of ours besotted bigots?

We have still, it is said, "Unrest of Christendom." The Presbyterian Synod, in session in Philadelphia May 27, 1745, deemed it proper in an address to Governor Gooch, of Virginia, to disclaim countenance of such provocations, and ascribed them to schismatics who had been excluded the Synod in 1741.¹⁶

Happily there have been modifications in Christian exemplification throughout our land since our colonial era. I have no sectarian interest in this discussion. New Englanders are among my kindest and most cherished friends. In their regard for literature we might profitably emulate them.

The loving and gentle Bishop Meade of blessed memory, in the mortification of pious humility, perchance, thought proper in that precious garner of the past, "*The Old Churches and Families of Virginia*," to record the frailties of some of the colonial clergy. I doubt if there were a half score of such weak and erring spirits—certainly not so many are cited, and a single black sheep has given a bad name to an entire flock—yet a "Virginian and an Episcopalian" has recently taken license to assert sweepingly that "a more disrepu-

¹⁶ Foote, pages 137-139.

table class of men than the early Virginia parsons it would be difficult to imagine."

¹⁷ The indulgences of the Virginian of the eighteenth century were not peculiar to him alone. They largely prevailed in New England. They were the natural reflex of the laxity of English morals under the Georges.

However liable the Virginian may have been to the charge of intolerance, superstition seems not to have benighted his nature. His courts record but one instance of an arraignment for witchcraft. Upon the complaint of one Luke Hill and wife in 1795 Grace Sherwood was tried by the County Court of Princess Anne "on the suspicion of witchcraft." She was first searched by an able jury of "ancient women" and then subjected to the water test—being cast into the river and "she swimming w'n therein and bound, contrary to custom," was again committed to ye common goal of ye county to be brought to a ffuture tryall there."¹⁸

The court, however, "not knowing how to proceed to judgm't," referred the case to the Supreme Court, the Council, for decision. The Council in like perplexity referred it to the Attorney-General, Stevens Thomson. He gave it as his "opinion that the County C't should have made a fuller examination."¹⁹

The persecution of the alleged witch it may be concluded ended with this opinion, as there is no further record of the case. She survived, it appears, until 1741, her will, in which she bequeaths her estate to three sons, being of record in that year in Princess Anne county.²⁰ It is significant that the forewoman of the able jury was Eliza Barnes, from Anne Arundel county, Md., which was the harbor of the Puritans.

The constitution of the population of Virginia in the seventeenth century—the race elements that entered into its composition—may be noted. It is conclusively demonstrated in preserved record, printed and MS., the latter embracing the registry of lands patents from 1620 and the records of the several county courts, that the settlers were preponderantly English. There was a considerable number of the Welsh and a sprinkling of French, Italians, Irish,

¹⁷ *McCabe*, page 9.

¹⁸ *Collections of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society*, Volume I, 1833. pages 69-78.

¹⁹ *Calendar of Virginia State Papers*, Volume I, page 100.

²⁰ Letter from A. E. Kellam, clerk of Princess Anne county, August 30, 1891.

and Dutch. Among the last were skilled artisans, and one of that race—one Doodas or Doodes Minor, or Minor Doodes, for the name is thus variably recorded—was the ancestor of a family of eminent educators.²¹

Welsh blood has been among the motive powers of many eminent sons of Virginia, and of their descendants in the South. Various biographers claim that Jefferson Davis was of this descent, and the immigrant ancestor of Thomas Jefferson, it is known, was a native of Wales. Although it has been claimed that he was of Scotch-Irish blood, yet not a single ancestor of his was of either strain.

There were refugee Huguenots who found asylum desultorily in Virginia before 1700, but the chief influx was in that year, when more than 500 came and settled, chiefly at Manakintown. The virtue of this infusion is manifest in the names of Dupuy, Fontaine, Marye, Maury, Micou, Michaux, and others, quite concluding the alphabet with Venable and Youille, many of them being numerously represented among us.

Of the Scotch, but few immigrants before the union of Scotland with England, in 1707, may be identified. William Drummond, who had been Governor of North Carolina, and who was hung by Berkeley in 1676 as a rebel, is said to have been a Scotchman. The founder of the distinguished Nelson family was called, it may be significantly, "Scotch Tom," but he was born in Cumberland county, England. Dr. James Blair was a Scotchman, but he came to Virginia through the alembic of England as the famous race of the Valley of Virginia, whose brains and brawn have so impressed them upon the history of our country, did through that of Ireland, following, in 1734, from Pennsylvania, the Dutch leader, Joist Hite, who came in 1732. After the union, "Scotch Parsons," so potent as educators, and merchants, who quite monopolized the trade of the country, pervaded Eastern Virginia.

Some writers seem to delight in the assertion that Virginians are largely the descendants of felons—vile criminals. The chief authority for the charge—"Hotten's List of Emigrants to America, 1600-1700"—comprehends, according to the title page, "Persons of Quality, Emigrants, Religious Exiles, Political Exiles, Serving-Men sold for a period of years, Apprentices, Children stolen, Maidens pressed, and Others." These lists include shipments to the West India Islands and to New England, as well as Virginia. Although the latter des-

²¹ The Minor family.

tionation was at the period deemed quite a general one south of New England, there are more lists ostensibly for New England than Virginia. The lists themselves seem to offer no more foundation for the stigmatizing term convict than in some instances that they were "rebels" or political offenders. Dishonor can scarcely be held to attach to such. The magnanimous New Englander would vouchsafe us all of the felons as he would the entire depravity of man.

The following descriptive prefix to the lists given constantly appears in evidence of character as Christians and law-abiding persons: "They have been examined by the minister of — of their conformitie, and have taken the oaths of allegiance and supremacie." The severity of the penal laws of England makes it patent for what trivial causes the stigma "felon" or "convict" was adjudged and affixed. "It is a melancholy truth [laments Blackstone] that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit no less than one hundred and sixty have been declared by an act of Parliament to be felonies without the benefit of the clergy, or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death."²²

All persons guilty of larceny above the value of twelve pence were by the common law subject to the death penalty.²³ It would appear that the transportation of felons to America was first authorized by Parliament in 1663, when an act was passed sending hither the "Morse Troopers of Cumberland and Northumberland."²⁴

The presence of these Puritans in Virginia was speedily felt. An insurrection among the white servants of the colony in September, 1663, led, states Beverley, by Oliverian soldiers,"²⁵ gave so great an alarm that measures were taken by vigorous enactment to "prohibit the importation of such dangerous and scandalous people, since thereby we apparently lose our reputation."²⁶ In 1671 Captains Bristow and Walker were made to give security in the "some of 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco and cask" that certain "Newgate birds" be sent out of the colony within two months.²⁷

Smith, in his "*Historie*," gives evidence largely as to the character and social condition of the early settlers of Virginia, and the colony

²² *Tucker's Blackstone*, Volume IV, page 18.

²³ *Tucker*, Volume IV, page 236.

²⁴ *Blackstone*, Philadelphia Edition, 1841, Volume I, side note 18, page 137.

²⁵ *Beverley*, pages 5-8.

²⁶ *Hening*, Volume II, page 510.

²⁷ *Ibid*, page 511.

was constantly thereafter a favored asylum for many of gentle birth during the civil wars of England.

Whilst I heartily endorse the just sentiment of the poet laureate:

'Tis only noble to be good!
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood!

Yet it is true that according to one test there is more evidence preserved of gentle lineage in Virginia than in any other of the original American colonies. The list of families in the colony who, in vested right, used coat-armor, as attested in examples of such use on tomb-stones, preserved book-plates and impressions of seals, is more than one hundred and fifty. The virtue of such family investment by royal favor may appear somewhat in the fact that the Virginian rebels, Claiborne, Bacon, Washington and Lee, were all armigers, and among others were the Amblers, Archers, Armisteads, Banisters, Barradalls, Beverleys, Blands, Bollings, Byrds, Carys, Carringtons, Cloptons, Claytons, Corbins, and so throughout the alphabet in swelling numbers and comprehensive examples of ability and worth.

More than a score of knights and baronets had residence in the colony from time to time, and the descendants of the Diggeses, Fairfaxes, Peytons, Skipwiths and others, are among us still.

Heraldry may yet be one of the studies taught in the law schools. It has its material uses in determining succession and inheritance. It is beginning to have one largely ostentatious in republican America. The study has also its incidental charms, as has another. The Bible abounds in pedigrees. They are held to be essential in determining the qualities of animals. Genealogy is now admitted to be one of the chief supports of history.

An American-born genealogist, the late Joseph Lemuel Chester, in recognition of the value of his labors, had conferred on him by two continents the degrees most highly regarded in each—LL. D., from Columbia College, America, and D. C. L. from Oxford, England. He was my friend and correspondent for years. He wrote me some time before his death: "I cannot die content until I have settled the ancestry of George Washington." Alas! this satisfaction was reserved for another—Henry F. Waters. Young gentlemen, I may suggest to you an allurement in genealogy.

It appears to be the acme of the desire of the American woman of the present day to fix her title as a Colonial Dame or a Daughter of the American Revolution. Assist her by your talents, and your happiness may be fixed for life. I should not doubt but that the best

interests of Alliance would thus be solved. In striking confirmation of the old saw that "Blood will tell," a worthy, enterprising and intelligent Virginia settler of the seventeenth century was the ancestor in common of three of the most eminent men that America has produced in quite a century and a half. William Randolph, of "Turkey Island," was the grandfather, in varying degrees, of Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall and Robert Edward Lee. This may be accounted by the enthusiastic disciple of Galton as a confirmation in three-fold exemplification of the law of heredity when it is recalled that William Randolph was of that resolution of character that brooked not obstacle; that he was county lieutenant—by title colonel, and by authority commander-in-chief of the county in which he resided—this—Henrico; that he served in turn as clerk of the county and as its presiding magistrate; as clerk and as a member of the House of Burgesses, and as a member of the Colonial Council, sometimes termed the King's Council—the elect of those of the highest social worth in the Colony and its highest judicial tribunal.

The institution of slavery (which with us has been attended with its penalties as well as with its profits, may-hap), inaugurated fortuitously and fostered and fixed in the greed of Old England and of New England, was one, whatever its alleged enormity, highly providential in its effects. With the master, regard and solicitude for the welfare of the inherited servitor—companion of his youth and habitual ministrant of his comfort—was inseparable, and the reflection of such possession carried with it a sense of superiority as well as of responsibility. The beneficence of the relation with the slave has been pithily epitomized by a distinguished Virginian:²⁸

"Had the African been left, like the Indian, in his native freedom, his would have been the fate of the Indian. But in the mysterious providence of God, the African was 'bound to the car of the Anglo-American,' who has borne him along with him in his upward career, protecting his weakness and providing for his wants. Accordingly, he has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until he is numbered by millions instead of scores. In the meantime, the black man has been trained in the habits, manners, and arts of civilized life; been taught the Christian religion, and been gradually rising in the intellectual and moral order, until he is far above his race in their native seats."

In these facts we see traces of an all-wise Providence in permitting

²⁸ Henry A. Wise.

the black man to be brought here and subjected to the discipline of slavery, tempered by Christianity and regulated by law. Verily, if there had been no other end of such a procedure this seeming sharp Providence of God would have been highly justified. AFRICA GAVE VIRGINIA A SAVAGE AND A SLAVE—VIRGINIA GIVES BACK TO AFRICA A CITIZEN AND A CHRISTIAN!²⁹

It is encouraging to know that a prominent negro, the Methodist Bishop Turner, accepts this just conclusion. In an address delivered recently in Baltimore, he said: "I believe that Providence sanctioned slavery for a time in order to bring the negro in contact with the white race that he might absorb the white man's Christianity and civilization and [he added what is of infinite moment to the races] *return to Africa and civilize his brethren there.*"

What a truly grand destiny this would be for the "Afro-American."

The Virginian planter was essentially a transplanted Englishman in tastes and convictions, and emulated the amenities and the culture of the mother country. The ease with which wealth was acquired, in planting, fostered the habits of personal indulgence and generous expenditure into which he was led by hereditary characteristics.³⁰

Hardy sports and habitual exercise in the saddle intensified his self-reliance and instinct of command.

From the meeting of the first Assembly, in 1619, the colonists enjoyed all the privileges of Englishmen. They were loyal to the Crown. The inconveniences arising from their distance from the throne were counterbalanced by advantages resulting from the same distance and their wilderness home. The King could raise a revenue only through the House of Burgesses. They were ever jealous of infractions of their rights. To stimulate individual energy and extend individual liberty was paramountly their aim. A representative government having been established, domestic organization and policy were soon moulded to meet substantially the wants of the people. Article VIII of the Assembly of 1623-'24,³¹ declares that "the Governor shall not lay any taxes or ympositions upon the colony,

²⁹ *Slaughter's History of African Colonization*, cited in "Virginia in Her Past Relation to Slavery," *Virginia Historical Collections*, Volume VI, pages 35-36.

³⁰ "They live in the same neat Manner, dress after the same Modes, and behave themselves exactly as the *Gentry in London*; most Families of any Note having a *Coach, Chariot, Berlin or Chaise.*" Hugh Jones' *Present State of Virginia*, 1724, page 32.

³¹ Hening, volume I., page 124.

their lands or commodities other way than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and ymployed as the said Assembly shall appoynt." In 1642 they declared "freedom of trade to be the blood and life of a community."³²

The cumulus of political grievance in 1676 was stoutly met by what in history has been termed Bacon's Rebellion. In 1718 the payment of a penny-a-letter postage on letters from England was resisted on the ground that Parliament could not levy a tax here without the consent of the General Assembly, which body wrote Governor Spotswood, to the Lords of Trade, rendered the imposition inoperative by declaring the postmaster "in no ways lyable by the Act of Parliament," and by laying a penalty of £5 on him for every letter "he demands or takes from a Board any ship." The appointing of stages was also interdicted by onerous penalties³³.

Thus was the prime resistance of Virginia to the Stamp Act heralded. You are familiar with the exemplification of Virginians in the struggles for independence. They are admitted to be whole-souled rebels.

It is an old subject of complaint that Virginians devoted themselves too exclusively to agricultural and individual enterprises. The history of our colonial legislation is replete with acts to encourage the establishment of towns. To Virginia belongs the honor of inaugurating the manufacture of iron in America. In 1619, on Falling creek, a tributary of James river, Chesterfield county, about seven miles below the present city of Manchester, works for smelting iron were erected. The Indian massacre of 1622 unfortunately terminated the enterprise. There were early efforts for the cultivation of flax and hemp, and the breeding of silk-worms for the manufacture of fabrics. In 1657 premiums were offered for the production of silk, flax, and other staple commodities.³⁴

Mr. Meredith, whose able address I have referred to, conclusively refutes the charge of illiteracy and disregard for education in our ancestors. My limits, with the comprehensive view I have essayed, will allow me only opportunity for the statement of some facts in augmentation of his valuable presentation.

My own examination of various records of Virginia, incidental to historical research, has proven to me that the general educational attainments of the Virginia colonists, from the earliest period, com-

³² *Ibid.*, page 223.

³³ *Spotswood Letters*, Volume II, page 280.

³⁴ *Henning*, Volume I, page 169.

pared favorably with such average acquirements in Old England or New England. My friend, President Tyler, of William and Mary College, who has carefully examined the records of York county from 1645, informs me that they sustain this conclusion. He found, however, at the conclusion of the seventeenth century evidences of a marked improvement in education and in material circumstances. Possessions were more valuable, and included many concomitants of comfort and refinement. Mr. Meredith proves from the marriage bonds recorded in Norfolk county from 1750 to 1761, that ninety-four per cent. of its inhabitants could write.

Indentured servants and others, who by service, usually for three years, repaid the costs advanced for their transportation (hence the term transport), were employed from an early period. Many of such servants were persons of education, who by vicissitude of fortune had fallen into poverty. I published from the original in the *Richmond Standard*, November 16, 1878, an indenture dated July 1, 1628, binding one John Logwood to service for four years to Edward Hurd, in Virginia. This document is witnessed by excellent signatures of two servants of Hurd. Such educated servants were constantly employed as tutors in the families of the planters. The fact is noted by a traveller in 1746, who writes of the Virginians: Those that can't afford to send their children to the better schools send them to the country schoolmaster. * * * * Often a clever servant * is indentured to some planter * * as a schoolmaster.³⁵

In 1649 there were twenty churches in Virginia, with ministers to each. There were also, besides other schools, a free school in Elizabeth City county amply endowed by bequest of Benjamin Symes in 1634—the first legacy for such purpose made by a resident of the American plantations.³⁶

Other free schools followed in the benefactions of Virginia planters—in Gloucester county in 1675, founded by Henry Peasley; in Yorktown in 1691, by Governor Francis Nicholson;³⁷ in Westmoreland in 1700, by William Horton; in Accomac in 1710, by Samuel Sanford; in Elizabeth City in 1730, by Thomas Eaton. In 1700 there

³⁵ Extracts from "Itinerant Observations in America"—*London Magazine*, 1746. Published in the *Richmond Standard*, September 7, 14, 21, 1878.

³⁶ *A Perfect Description of Virginia*, 1649, page 15. *Force's Tracts*, Volume II.

³⁷ Of this school Robert Leightonhouse, who died in 1701, was the first teacher. The school-house was standing in Yorktown at the beginning of our late war.

were five schools in Henrico county. Beverley, writing about the same period, states: "There are large tracts of land, houses, and other things granted to free schools in many parts of the county, and some of them are so large that of themselves they are a handsome maintainence for a master. * * In all other places where such endowments have not already been made, the people join and build schools for the children."³⁸

In 1724, in the replies to the Bishop of London made by the rectors of the several parishes as to the number of endowed schools in Virginia, it appears that there were as many as four schools in many parishes, in some of which Latin and Greek were taught.³⁹ McCabe, among the sources of education in the Colony, cites the "Parsons' Schools"; that of Rev. Devereux Jarratt, in Fluvanna county; the classical school of Rev. John Todd, in Louisa, in 1750; Augusta Academy, in Rockbridge, in 1774—the germ of the present Washington and Lee University; Prince Edward Academy, in 1776—now Hampden-Sidney College; Washington-Henry Academy, in Hanover, founded a few years later by John D. Blair—the "Parson Blair," of Richmond, of revered memory; the schools of Rev. Archibald Campbell and Thomas Martin (the latter of whom prepared James Madison for Princeton College) in Richmond county; of Rev. James Maury, in Orange (the preceptor of Jefferson and many eminent Virginians); of Donald Robertson, of King and Queen⁴⁰. I may add Rev. William Douglas, who taught in Goochland and Albemarle counties, and said to have been an early preceptor of Jefferson, and the classical school at "Wingfield," in Hanover county; of Rev. Peter Nelson, an alumnus of William and Mary College, who died a minister of the Baptist Church. Many eminent men of Virginia and the Southern States were educated by him. In 1751 a labor school was established in Talbott county, Md., chiefly by the contributions of Virginians, and in which were fed, clothed, lodged, and taught poor children." The providence of the parish system is indicated in the appointed duty of the vestrymen in binding out pauper children, to require by contract that they should have three years' schooling. This practice is attested by the vestry records of various parishes. It cannot be questioned that many sons of wealthy planters enjoyed the advantages of English and Scotch Universities

³⁸ *Beverley*, page 240.

³⁹ *Perry's Church Papers of Virginia*, pages 261-318.

⁴⁰ *Virginia Schools*, etc.

and the schools of Oxford and Cambridge, Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Wakefield, Yorkshire, of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and of the Merchants' Taylors' School.

It may be realized that in the prosperity attending the Virginia planter at the close of the seventeenth century, the most enlightening influences followed. The eighteenth century began with an era of expanding intelligence, increasing refinement and luxurious expenditure. The sons, returning from the schools, colleges and inns of the law courts of the mother country, invested with the advantages thus acquired and with perceptions quickened by social contact, golden in its intellectual aspirations, were naturally directive in lofty and broad impulse. The influence of Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Congreve, Burke and others was nobly fruitful.

In America the excellent offices of the University of Pennsylvania, of Princeton, Harvard, and Yale were availed of. Our women, ever the sweetest and noblest of their sex, it is realized, were effective factors in the formation of Virginian character. It is notable that George Wythe was taught Latin and Greek by his mother, and the brilliant John Randolph "of Roanoke" acknowledged his indebtedness to the same tender regard. It has been ever patent that the most precious accomplishments have continued with the daughters of Virginia. The learned professions were well represented in Virginia. In medicine Dr. Thomas Wootton was the pioneer in 1607. Drs. Walter Russell and Anthony Bagnall were here in 1608, Dr. Lawrence Bohun in 1611, and Dr. John Pott in 1624.⁴¹ The last was Governor of the colony in 1628. There was no deficiency onward of such ministrants. I find "Chirurgion" John Brock, with others, in 1640, and a little later Drs. Daniel Parke, Robert Ellison, Francis Haddon, and Patrick Napier, in York county.

Dr. John Mitchell, F. R. S., eminent, as a botanist as well as physician, located in Middlesex in 1700. Another alike doubly distinguished in science was John Clayton, son of the Attorney-General of the same name, and who settled in Gloucester in 1706.

John Tennent, Sr. and Jr., of Spotsylvania, the former of whom made valuable contributions to medical literature.

Dr. William Cabell, who had been a surgeon in the British navy, and was the founder of the distinguished family of his name. Dr. John Baynham, of Caroline, and Dr. William Baynham, of Essex county.

⁴¹ *Contributions to the Annals of Medical Progress in the United States*, Joseph M. Toner, M. D., Washington, 1874.

The heroic General Hugh Mercer, who fell at Princeton in 1777, and our own Richmond pioneers, James McClurg and William Foushee, both of whom rendered excellent service in the Revolution.

I may mention also Ephriam McDowell, son of James McDowell, of Rockbridge county, who was the first surgeon on record to successfully perform, in Kentucky, in 1809, the operation for extirpation of the ovary.

The list of Virginia-born physicians graduated from Edinburgh and Glasgow is a lengthy one. The earliest in preserved record were Theodrick Bland, in 1763; Arthur Lee, 1764, and Corbin Griffin, 1765. Among the subsequent names were those of McClurg, Campbell, Walker, Ball, Boush, Lyons, Gilliam, Smith, Field, Lewis, McCaw, Minor, Berkeley, Corbin, Brockenbrough, Adams, Greenhow, Archer, Dabney, Banister, and others, endeared to us in the offices of their decendants.

Nor was there deficiency in lights of the law. It may be presumed, however, that their presence would not have aided in pacifying turbulence among the early colorists.

Some names were impressed on the annals of Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Among them I may mention Robert Beverley, Secretary of the Colony and father of the historian; William Fitzhugh, the ancestor of those of the name in the South; Edmund Jenings, Launcelot Bathurst, Maximilian Boush, Maximilian Robinson, William Robertson, Secretary of the Council, and William Byrd (the second of the name), of varied useful and accomplished exemplification, who was a member of the Inner Temple as well as a fellow of the Royal Society.

Early in the eighteenth century we have Sir John Randolph, of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, John Holloway, William Hopkins ⁴² John Clayton, Godfrey Pole, Joseph Bickley, Philip Herbert, James and Jack Power, Edward Barradall, Stevens Thomson, and John Mercer, the last the founder of a distinguished family, the compiler of an Abridgement of the Laws of Virginia, a cogent writer, and an accomplished botanist. With the luminous names of Bland, Wythe, Nicholas, Henry, Robinson, Lee, Waller, Randolph, Pendleton, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Wayles, Page, Corbin, Lyons, Tazewell, Tucker, Cary, Mason, Curle, Ronald, Harrison, and others in succeeding eras you are familiar.

⁴² For sketches of them see *Virginia Historical Register*, Volume I, pages 119-123.

Books were a concomitant in the houses of the planter from an early period. I have met with many memorials from Virginia libraries of the seventeenth century in auction sales in Richmond—waifs that have been transmitted in successive ownership. I have in reverential sentiment garnered many of them in my personal library. In the early decades of the eighteenth century libraries, comprehensive in subject and extensive for the period, became quite numerous in the colony.

Catalogues of the libraries of Colonel William Byrd, of "Westover," the second of the name, and of John Mercer, of "Marlboro," are in my possession. The first, the formation of which was commenced by the immigrant William Byrd, and augmented by his more famous son, enumerates three thousand six hundred and twenty-five volumes, in size from duodecimo to folio. The library of John Mercer comprised one thousand five hundred volumes, of which about one-third were law-books. The libraries of Sir John Randolph, George Mason, William Beverley, John Herbert, William Stith, Gabriel Jones, Ralph Wormley, and others, were also extensive.

I have referred to the Philosophical Society, organized in 1773, with one hundred members. Its first president was John Clayton, author of the "*Flora Virginianica*," published in 1739. Its treasurer was David Jameson, long a member and for a time president of the Council. The second president of the society was John Page, an able and accomplished man, subsequently Governor of Virginia. He was an early contributor to the transactions of the American Philosophical Society. Both he and Jameson were fond of astronomy. I possess a letter, which I have mislaid, written by Jameson to Page in, I think, 1781, noting his observations of some astronomical phenomena, and jotted on the same sheet are the observations of Page himself of the same manifestations. The society of propitious title, whose offices were suspended by the American Revolution, has left a tangible memorial. In the cabinet of the Virginia Historical Society is an engraved gold medal awarded John Hobday in 1774 for the model of a machine for threshing wheat. I would not have you forget John Banister, the eminent naturalist, who lost his life in 1697 by a fall in endeavoring to secure a coveted plant. The motto adopted by a lamented friend, the late Thomas Hicks Wynne, as that of his valuable serial "*Documents Relating to the Old Dominion*"—"Gather up the fragments that remain"—I would, young gentlemen, earnestly commend to you.

In the Smithsonian Institution there is an invaluable collection of documents illustrating the history of prices in England from 1650 to 1750, bound in fifty-four large volumes, which were presented, in 1852, by J. Orchard Halliwell, the eminent antiquarian and Shakesperian annotator. There is a way, young gentlemen, in which you may not only enrich the museum of your *Alma Mater*, but contribute importantly to historical investigation. Gather assiduously, in the sections of your homes, severally, all that may be gleaned of old documents, letters, diaries, account-books, newspapers, household utensils, and aboriginal implements, and deposit them here for the information of the curious and the student.

Inspection of old accounts and newspapers have afforded me much curious information as to the habits, dress, concomitants, and amusements of colonial Virginians.

The advertisements in the Williamsburg (Va.) *Gazette* of 1773 and 1774 indicate a degree of luxurious living in our ancestors which is vouchsafed to but few of us now. Think of Bengal silks, scarlet plushes, Irish linens, silver clasps, buckles, and buttons, bag and tie wigs, and a multitude of laces and ribbons; of the tipples chocolate, coffee, pimento, and Bohea tea; of Canary, Lisbon, Madeira, Malaga, Malmsey, Rhenish, Teneriffe, and Tokay wines, irrespective of other cheering spirits. There was sugar—brown, refined, loaf, and Muscovado. The social and inspiring musical instruments were the violin and the spinet.

Among professionals and artisans who served were physicians, surgeons, and dentists, wig-makers, hair-drapers, tailors, goldsmiths, clock and watch-makers, cuttlers, carvers, and gilders, herald and coach-painters, coach and chair-makers, saddlers, makers of mattresses of curled English hair, and weavers of damasks, gauzes, figured cottons, and counterpanes.

Governor Spotswood notes as early as 1718 an amateur dramatic performance on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of George I on May 1st, and there were frequent representations, and more than one "play-house," in Williamsburg before the Revolution.

But the exemplification of the Virginian—mental, moral, martial, political and social—might not be exhausted in a series of descriptive lectures.

Professor Richard H. Greene, of Columbia College, New York,

in his "*Alumni of the Earlier American Colleges Who Have Held Official Positions*," awards the first distinction in point of number and exalted position to our own venerable and potential William and Mary College. She leads with three of the fourteen Presidents who have been graduates of American colleges—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler. (Virginia furnished also Madison and Harrison, as you are aware.)

There have been fifteen United States Cabinet officers, a chief and three associate justices of the United States Supreme Court, one lieutenant-general United States army, fourteen United States envoys and ministers, eighty-four United States senators and representatives in Congress, sixty judges of the United States District, Circuit and State Courts, three presidents of colleges, and twenty-three governors of States.⁴³ Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, in his able address on "The History of the South," delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia in Louisville, Ky., April 13th last, thus eloquently invokes the coming expositor of the South :

"If any one aspire to do his country this service, let him arise. He need not fear for his reward. To such an one I would say that he must have at once the instinct of the historian and the wisdom of the philosopher. He must possess the talisman that shall discover truth amid all the heaps of falsehood, though they be piled upon it like Pelion on Ossa. He must have the sagacity to detect the evil in every manifestation of the civilization he shall chronicle, though it be gleaming with the gilding of romance. He must have the fortitude to resist all temptations to deviate by so much as a hair's breadth from the absolute, the inexorable fact, not if the angel should attempt to beguile him. He must know and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help him God !

"For such an one Fame waits to take him in her arms."

Young gentlemen, brother students, this just apotheosis is a practicality.

I would fain hope that among you it may find realization in patriotic illustration of your own grand old State, if not of the sisterhood of the Sunny South.

⁴³ New York, 1890, reprinted from the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*.

[From the Richmond *Times*, July 19, 21, 22, 1891.]

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Personal Reminiscences and Anecdotes of His Character—Recollections of Him by Dr. J. William Jones, Formerly Chaplain of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The unveiling of Valentine's statue of Stonewall Jackson, the gathering of the veterans of the old "Foot Cavalry" to gaze on the life-like presentment of their old commander which the genius of our great artist has given to the world, the reunion of old comrades, and the recalling of a thousand hallowed memories of the camp, the march, the bivouac, and the battlefield, will excite fresh and wide interest in all that pertains to the career of the great soldier who filled two continents with his fame.

The distinguished orator of the day, General J. A. Early, will doubtless make an able and exhaustive presentation of the military career of his chief, whom he so bravely followed in his great campaigns, and whose name and fame he is so capable of delineating and so ready to defend. All will rejoice that this sturdy old soldier has lived to see this worthy monument to his corps commander, and the full text of Early on Jackson will be eagerly read by thousands who are not privileged to hear it, and will pass into history as highest authority on the great theme of which it treats.

But if it may be permitted one who counts it a high honor to have been one of "Stonewall's men" to recall some personal reminiscences and anecdotes illustrative of the character of our great leader, I shall esteem it a privilege to do so for the readers of *The Times*.

MAJOR JACKSON OF THE V. M. I.

I used to hear the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute speak of a quiet, eccentric, but hard-working professor, whom they called "Old Jack," or "Fool Tom Jackson," and upon whom they delighted to play all sorts of pranks. Stories of his eccentricities were rife—such as his wearing a thick uniform in the sweltering heat of summer because he had "received no orders to change it," or of his pacing up and down in front of the superintendent's office in a pelting hail storm because he would not deliver his report one minute before the appointed time.

While he had, by hard work, mastered the subject which he taught, he had but little capacity for imparting instruction, and showed so little tact and skill as a teacher that just before the breaking out of the war a committee of the alumni of the Virginia Military Institute, headed by Colonel John B. Strange, who was killed at Sharpsburg, waited on the board of visitors and "demanded the removal of Professor Jackson for utter incompetency." There were traditions that he greatly distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and stories were told of his walking back and forth on a road plowed by the enemy's artillery to inspire his men with courage; sitting all alone on one of his guns after his men had been driven off, because "he had received no orders to leave, and of his standing to his guns on another occasion after his infantry support had fled, and driving off a greatly superior force of the enemy. But his brilliant career and rapid promotion in Mexico had been well nigh lost sight of, and when, in the early days of the war, his old neighbor and friend, Governor John Letcher, nominated him to the Virginia convention for a commission as colonel, a member arose and asked: "Who is this Major Jackson, anyhow?" and it took all the eloquence of the Rockbridge delegates to secure his confirmation.

I remember that the soldiers at Harper's Ferry, when he was sent to command us, also asked, "Who is this Colonel Jackson?" but that before he had been in command forty-eight hours we felt his strong hand, recognized the difference between him and certain militia officers who had previously had charge of the post, and realized that we were at least under the command of a real soldier and a rigid disciplinarian.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH HIM.

I saw him frequently at Harper's Ferry—sometimes paced the lonely sentinel's beat in front of his headquarters—but the first time I ever came in personal contact with him was at Darkesville on the 4th of July, 1861, when we were drawn up in line of battle to meet General Patterson. The skill and tact with which he had reduced the high-spirited rabble which rushed to Harper's Ferry at the first tap of the drum into the respectable "Army of the Shenandoah," which he turned over to General J. E. Johnston the last of May, and his skirmish at Falling Waters (which we then exaggerated into an important victory), had won him some reputation, and I was anxious to see him again.

I have a vivid recollection of how he impressed me. Dressed in

simple Virginia uniform, apparently about thirty-seven years old, six feet high, medium size, gray eyes which seemed to look through you, light brown hair, and a countenance in which deep benevolence seemed mingled with uncompromising sternness, he impressed me as having about him nothing at all of the "pomp and circumstance" of war, but every element which enters into the skilful leader and the indomitable, energetic soldier who was always ready for the fight.

But his appearance a year later is still more vividly impressed upon me. Who that ever belonged to the "Foot Cavalry" does not remember that old gray uniform, which soon became soiled with the dust of the valley, those cavalry boots and jingling spurs, that old cadet cap which tilted on his nose, and that raw-boned sorrel which he rode, and which the boys used to say "could not run except towards the enemy!"

Just before the battle of Fredericksburg his intimate personal friend, the chivalric "Jeb Stuart," presented him with a beautiful "regulation" Confederate uniform, and when he appeared in it for the first time that day the boys did not recognize him, but soon the word ran down the line, "It is old Jack with new clothes on," and then cheered him as usual. That magnificent uniform has been forgotten, but that faded old suit of gray, in which we used to see him galloping along the lines, amid the deafening yells of the brave fellows who followed him with loving devotion and enthusiastic confidence, is photographed forever in the memory of every survivor of his old corps, and will be vividly recalled at the unveiling of the monument in Lexington.

THE SOLDIER.

Jackson was a born soldier, and it would be for me a pleasant task to sketch his military career, which has been the marvel of the world, and shall be the study of military critics as the years go on, but abler pens than mine will describe him as a soldier, and I shall not, therefore, in these papers attempt any detailed history of his campaigns, his battles, his military achievements—for that were to give the history of the Army of Northern Virginia during the two years that he was connected with it, but I shall rather give a few salient points, which shall illustrate his character as a soldier, and show something of his splendid deeds on the field of Mars.

THE RAPIDITY OF HIS MOVEMENTS.

He was noted for the rapidity of his movements. An able Northern writer has said: "He moved infantry with the celerity of cavalry," and some of his marches have scarcely a parallel in history.

After his march to Cumberland and Romney in the winter of 1861-'62, when many of his men were frost-bitten, and some perished from the intense cold, he had scarcely rested his weary legions when he begun his famous Valley Campaign of 1862, which won for his men the soubriquet of "Jackson's Foot Cavalry," and for himself world wide fame.

When General Banks, supposing that Jackson was in full retreat up the Valley, started a column across the mountains to strike Johnston's army, which was then falling back from Manassas, Jackson suddenly turned, marched thirty miles that afternoon and eighteen early the next morning, and struck a blow at Kernstown which, while he suffered the only defeat that he ever sustained, recalled the column which was moving on Johnston's flank, and disconcerted McClellan's whole plan of campaign.

Pursuit was utterly futile until he took refuge in Swift Run Gap, whence he emerged to make some of the most rapid marches on record, as he defeated Milroy at McDowell, flanked Banks at Front Royal, cut his column at Middletown, routed him at Winchester, and pushed him pell-mell across the Potomac. He was about to cross the river in pursuit when, learning that Shields and Fremont (in response to that famous order of Mr. Lincoln's) were hastening to form a juncture in his rear at Strasburg, he marched sixty miles in a day and a half (one of his brigades marched fifty-two miles in one day), held Fremont back with one hand and Shields with the other, until all of his troops and trains had passed the point of danger, and moved quietly up the Valley, pursued by three armies, until at Cross Keys and at Port Republic he suffered himself to be "caught," and showed beyond all controversy that the man who caught "Stonewall Jackson" "had indeed caught a Tartar."

One of his biographers well puts it: "In thirty-two days he had marched nearly four hundred miles, skirmishing almost daily; fought five battles; defeated three armies, two of whom were completely routed; captured about twenty pieces of artillery, some four thousand prisoners, and immense quantities of stores of all kinds, and had done all this with a loss of less than one thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing."

The march from the Valley to "Seven Days Around Richmond," and that to Pope's rear at Manassas; the march to the capture of Harper's Ferry, and thence to Sharpsburg (Antietam); the move from the Valley to first Fredericksburg, and that to Hooker's rear at Chancellorsville, were all famous for their rapidity. It is related of Bedford Forest—"the Wizard of the Saddle," the "Stonewall Jack-

son of the West"—that when asked the secret of his success, he promptly replied in characteristic, if not classic, phrase: "I gits thar fust with the most men." Jackson acted on this maxim. His men used to say: "Old Jack always starts at early dawn, except when he starts the night before," and while he rarely had "the most men," he nearly always "got there fust," and struck before the enemy was aware of his presence.

HIS SECRECY.

The secrecy with which Jackson formed and executed his plans was a most important element of his success.

After the defeat of Fremont at Cross Keys, and Shields at Port Republic, he was largely reinforced by General Lee, who took pains to have the fact known to the enemy, and Jackson was not slow to confirm the impression that with these reinforcements he would sweep down the Valley again.

He took into his confidence Colonel T. T. Munford, who commanded the advance of his cavalry, and he detailed for special duty Mr. William Gilmer, of Albemarle, who was widely known in Virginia as a political speaker, and in the army as a gallant soldier.

A number of Federal surgeons, who had come under a flag of truce to look after Banks' wounded, were quartered in a room adjoining Colonel Munford's, when Mr. Gilmer ("Billy Gilmer" was his popular subriquet) stalked in with rattling saber and jingling spurs, and in loud tones announced, "Dispatches for General Jackson." "What is the news?" he was asked loud enough to be heard by surgeons in the next room, who pressed their ears to the key-holes and cracks eager to catch every word. "Great news," was the loud response. "Great news. The whole road from here to Staunton is full of gray people coming to reinforce us. There is General Whiting and General Lawton and General Hill, and I don't know who else, at the head of about thirty thousand men. They will all be up by to-morrow afternoon, and then won't we clean out this Valley, and make the Yankees skedaddle again across the Potomac? Hurrah! for old Stonewall and his foot cavalry, as well as his crittur companies, say I!"

It is needless to add that when the surgeons were sent back to their own lines early the next morning, they hastened to carry "the news" to headquarters. A hasty retreat of the Federal army followed, and Jackson so skilfully manœvered his forces, used his cavalry as a curtain across the Valley, and so secretly conducted his

march to Richmond, that at the very time that he was thundering on McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor, Banks was fortifying at Strasburg against an expected attack from him.

I well remember how profoundly ignorant the men, and even the higher officers, on the march were as to our destination. At Charlottesville we expected to march into Madison county to meet a reported move of Banks' across the mountains. At Gordonsville the Presbyterian pastor, Rev. Dr. Ewing, told me, as a profound secret, which he had "gotten from headquarters," that we would "move at daylight next morning towards Orange Courthouse and Culpeper to threaten "Washington."

We did "move at daylight" (we generally did), but it was towards Louisa Courthouse. There and at Frederick's Hall and at Hanover Junction we expected to move on Fredericksburg to meet McDowell, and it was really only when we heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, on the evening of June 26th, that we took in the full situation, and there rang along our moving columns for miles shouts of anticipated victory, as the "Foot Cavalry" hurried forward "to take their place in the picture near the flashing of the guns."

The evening that Jackson spent at Frederick's Hall, Mrs. Harris sent him an invitation to take breakfast with her the next morning, and he courteously thanked her and said, "If I can, I will be happy to do so." But when the good lady sent to summon him to breakfast, his famous body servant Jim met the messenger with a look of astonishment and said, "Lor, you surely didn't spec to find the General here at dis hour, did you? You don't know him, den. Why, he left here at 1 o'clock dis morning, and I spec he is whipping de Yankees in de Valley agin by now." The truth is, he had ridden into Richmond, a distance of fifty miles, to have an interview with President Davis and General Lee, and receive his final instructions as to the part he was to take in the great battle that was impending, and he did it so secretly that the army knew nothing of his absence, and Richmond nothing of his presence within her walls.

It was on this ride that a characteristic incident occurred. Before day Mr. Mathew Hope, a respected citizen living in the lower part of Louisa county, was awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs in front of his house. Asking "Who is there?" he received for an answer: "Two Confederate officers who are on important business, and want two fresh horses to ride into Richmond. Have you two good horses?"

"Yes, I always keep good horses," was Mr. Hope's reply; "but I cannot lend them to every straggler who claims to be a Confederate officer on important business. You cannot have my horses."

"But our business is very urgent. We must and will have them, and you had as well saddle them at once. We will leave our horses in their place." "I do not saddle my own horses," was the indignant reply; "I keep negroes for that purpose, and I certainly shall not saddle them for you, especially as I have no assurance that you will ever bring them back." The officers soon got the horses and galloped off with them, and Mr. Hope was very much astonished when, several days afterward, they were returned in good condition "with thanks and compliments of General Jackson," and exclaimed, "why did he not tell me that he was Stonewall Jackson? If I had known who he was I would have cheerfully given him all of the horses on the place, and have saddled them for him, too."

This worthy gentleman doubtless felt very much like the old citizen near Richmond, who, seeing a straggling cavalryman (as he supposed) riding across his field, rushed out with something of the vim of Miss Betsey Trotwood when donkeys appeared on her grass, and exclaimed: "Come back here, sir! Come back! How dare you ride over my grass? What is your name? I'll report you to the General." "My name is Jackson," was the meek reply. "What Jackson, sir? I want your full name and that of your company, that I may report you," was the sharp retort of the irate farmer.

"My name is T. J. Jackson, sir, and I am in command of the Second corps." "What! Stonewall Jackson? My sakes alive! Why didn't you tell me who you were? Please go back and ride through my wheat field! Ride through my yard!! Ride through my house!!! All that I have is at your service, and I beg you will show that you forgive my rudeness by using it," said the now thoroughly excited old Confederate.

It is related that it was on this march that Jackson met one of Hood's Texans straggling from his command, and the following conversation occurred:

"Where are you going, sir?"

"I don't know."

"What command do you belong to?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What State are you from?"

"I cannot tell."

"What do you know, then, sir?"

"Nothing at all, sir, at this time," replied the Texan. "Old Stonewall says that we are to be know-nothings until after the next fight, and you shall not make me violate his orders."

Jackson smiled and passed on. Jackson's staff and his higher officers were frequently in as profound ignorance of his plans as the private soldiers.

I remember that General Ewell, second in command, remarked to his chief of staff in my hearing several days before we started from Port Republic on the march to Richmond, "We are being largely reinforced, and after resting here for a few days we will proceed to beat up Banks' quarters again down about Strasburg and Winchester."

I remember that one day in the summer of 1862 General Ewell rode up to the house of Dr. J. L. Jones, near Gordonsville, and asked: "Doctor, will you please tell me where we are going to?" "No, General," was the reply, "but I should like to ask you that, if it were a proper question." "It is a perfectly proper question to ask," replied the grim old soldier, "but I should like to see you get an answer. I pledge you my word that I do not know whether we are to march north, south, east, or west, or whether we are to march at all or not. General Jackson ordered me to have my division ready to march at early dawn; they have been lying in the turnpike there ever since, and I have had no further orders. And that is about as much as I ever know about General Jackson's movements."

If I had the space I might illustrate this point at great length, but it must suffice now to say that Jackson kept his movements so secret from his own people that the enemy could not detect his plans, and that in some of his most brilliant and successful movements—such as his march against Fremont, and then against Banks, his march to Seven Days Around Richmond, to Pope's rear at Second Manassas, and to Hooker's flank and rear at Chancellorsville—the element of secrecy entered largely into his success.

Jackson was noted for the quickness with which he formed his decisions, and his crisp, epigramatic orders on the field of battle.

Thirty years ago, on the 21st of July, which has been fitly chosen for the unveiling of his monument, Jackson won his first real laurels in the "War between the States," and from the plains of Manassas there sounded forth the first trumpet notes that were to fill the world with his fame.

He had led his brigade of heroic Virginians to the plateau near the Henry House, and formed his line of battle to stem the blue tor-

rent that had been sweeping before it the little band of Confederates in its path, when General Bee, the heroic son of the Palmetto State, who had been bearing the brunt of the battle, galloped up to him and exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back!" Jackson, calm and collected, but his eyes glistening beneath the rim of his old cadet cap, "replied: "Sir, we will not be beaten back. We will give them the bayonet." It was then that Bee, about to yield up his noble life, rushed back to his own shattered legions and rallied them by exclaiming: "Look, there stands Jackson like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians. Let us determine to die here and we shall conquer." Bee fell a few moments later, but he had associated his name with one of deathless fame, and Thomas Jonathan Jackson was to be known henceforth as "Stonewall" Jackson.

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

But this soubriquet of "Stonewall," though it has passed into history and will cling to him forever, is really a very inappropriate designation for this impetuous soldier, whose watchword was "Forward" or "Charge" rather than "Stand." "Cyclone," or "Tornado," or "Hurricane," would more appropriately index Jackson's character as a soldier.

There has been a hot dispute between General Pope and General Banks as to the responsibility for the opening of the battle of Cedar Run (Slaughter's Mountain), in Culpeper county, in the beginning of the Second Manassas campaign, but General J. A. Early could easily settle the question for them. I happened to be sitting on my horse near by when Colonel Pendleton, of Jackson's staff, rode up to General Early and, touching his hat, quietly said: "General Jackson sends his compliments to General Early, and says advance on the enemy, and you will be supported by General Winder." "General Early's compliments to General Jackson, and tell him I will do it," was the laconic reply, and thus the battle opened. On the eve of another battle a staff officer rode up to General Jackson, and said: "General Ewell sends his compliments, and says he is ready." "General Jackson's compliments, and tell him to proceed," was the quiet reply. And soon the voice of the conflict was heard.

At Cold Harbor on that memorable 27th of June, 1861, after he had gotten his corps in position, the great chieftain spent a few moments in earnest prayer, and then said quietly to one of his staff: "Tell General Ewell to drive the enemy." Soon the terrible shock of battle was joined, and he sat quietly on his sorrel sucking a lemon

and watching through his glass the progress of the fight. Presently a staff officer of General Ewell galloped up and exclaimed : "General Ewell says, sir, that it is almost impossible for him to advance further unless that battery (pointing to it) is silenced." "Go tell Major Andrews to bring sixteen pieces of artillery to bear on that battery and silence it immediately," was the prompt reply. Soon the battery was silenced. "Now," said he, "tell General Ewell to drive them," and right nobly did General Ewell and his gallant men obey the order.

In the afternoon of the day at Cold Harbor Jackson became very impatient that the enemy did not yield his position more readily, and turning to one of staff said : "This thing has hung fire too long. Gallop to every brigade commander in my corps and tell them if the enemy in their front stands at sundown they must cease firing and sweep the field with the bayonet."

When on his great flank movement at Chancellorsville, General Fitz Lee sent for him to ascend a hill from which he could view the enemy's position. He merely glanced at it once, when he formed his plan, and said quickly to an aide: "Tell my column to cross the road." Just before he was wounded at Chancellorsville he gave to General A. P. Hill the order: "Press them and cut them off from the United States Ford," and as he was borne bleeding, mangled, and fainting from the field he roused himself to give, with something of his old fire, his last order: "General Pender, you must hold your position."

A STERN DISCIPLINARIAN.

He was very stern and rigid in his discipline, and would not tolerate for a moment the slightest deviation from the letter of his orders. He put General Garnett under arrest for ordering a retreat at Kernstown, although his ammunition was exhausted and his brigade was about to be surrounded, preferred charges against him, and was prosecuting him with the utmost vigor at the opening of the Chancellorsville campaign.

He insisted that Garnett should have held his position with the bayonet; that the enemy would have retreated if he had not; and that under no circumstances should Garnett have fallen back without orders from him (Jackson).

After the death of Jackson General Lee, without further trial of the case, restored General Garnett to the command of a brigade, and this brave soldier fell in the forefront of Pickett's famous charge on the heights of Gettysburg.

A brigadier once galloped up to Jackson in the midst of battle and said: "General Jackson, did you order me to charge that battery?" pointing to it. "Yes, sir; I did. Have you obeyed the order?" "Why, no, General. I thought there must be some mistake. My brigade would be annihilated—literally annihilated, sir—if we should move across that field." "General ——," said Jackson, his eye flashing fire and his voice and manner betraying intense excitement, and even rage, "I always try to bury my dead, and take care of my wounded. Obey that order, sir, and do it at once."

I heard one day, on the Valley campaign, a colloquy between Jackson and a colonel commanding one of his brigades. Jackson said quietly: "I thought, Colonel ——, that the orders were for you to move in the rear instead of in the front of General Elzey's brigade this morning." "Yes, I know that, General, but my fellows were ready before Elzey's, and I thought it would be bad to keep them waiting, and that it really made no difference any way." "I want you to understand, Colonel," was the almost fierce reply, "that you must obey my orders first, and reason about them afterwards. Consider yourself under arrest, sir, and march at the rear of your brigade." Jackson put General A. P. Hill under arrest (for a cause that was manifestly unjust) on the Second Manassas campaign, and he probably put more officers under arrest than all others of our generals combined.

PERSONAL ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

He was unceasingly active in giving his personal attention to the minutest details. He had an interview with his quartermaster, his commissary, his ordnance, and his medical officer every day, and he was at all times thoroughly familiar with the condition of these departments. It is a remarkable fact that, despite his rapid marches, he rarely ever destroyed any public property, or left so much as a wagon wheel to the enemy.

Not content with simply learning what his maps could teach him of the country and its topography, he was accustomed to have frequent interviews with citizens, and reconnoitre personally the country through which he expected to move, as well as the ground on which he expected to fight. Being called to his quarters one day to give him information concerning a region with which I had been familiar from my boyhood, I soon found that he knew more about the topography of the section than I did, and I was constrained to say: "Excuse me, General, I have known this region all my life and

thought that I knew all about it, but it is evident that you are more familiar with it than I am, and that I can give you no information about it." Often at night when the army was wrapped in sleep he would ride alone to inspect the roads by which on the morrow he expected to move to strike the enemy in flank or rear.

The world's history has probably no other instance of a soldier who won so much fame in so brief a period, and what might have been if God had spared him, it is useless now to speculate.

I have it from an authentic source, that if Jackson had not been killed at Chancellorsville he would have been sent to command the Army of Tennessee. How it would have resulted I may not now discuss, but it is safe to say that if "Stonewall" Jackson had been in command of those heroic veterans, *there would have been less retreating and more fighting*. At all events, as his old veterans gather in Lexington to do him honor and in their intercourse with each other "shoulder their crutches and tell how battles were fought and won," they heartily indorse the sentiment of brave old "Father Hubert," of Hays' Louisiana Brigade, who, in his prayer at the unveiling of the Jackson monument in New Orleans, said as his climax: "And Thou knowest, O Lord, that when Thou didst decide that the Confederacy should not succeed, *Thou hadst first to remove Thy servant, Stonewall Jackson.*"

The Christian character of this great man is as historic and as widely known as his brilliant military career, but I deem it eminently fitting, amid the general contemplation of his life and services, to recall at least its salient features, that his old soldiers and the young men of the land may contemplate the simple-hearted piety of this stern warrior.

HIS FIRST PRAYER.

There is an incident which illustrates so well, not only the Christian character, but the whole career of Jackson, that I give it in detail, as being the very key-note of his action, the very Polar star of his life. The incident has been published in various forms, but I give it as I received it from his old pastor, Rev. Dr. W. S. White, of the Lexington Presbyterian church, whose death in 1871 was so widely lamented.

Not very long after his connection with the church the pastor preached a sermon on Prayer, in which it was urged that every male member of the church ought when occasion required, to lead in public prayer. The next day a faithful elder of the church asked "Major Jackson" what he thought of the doctrine of the sermon, and if he

was not convinced that he ought to lead in public prayer. "I do not think it my duty," he replied, and went on to assign as his reason that he hesitated in his speech to such an extent when excited that he did not think he could "pray to edification" in public. "Have you made the matter a subject of secret prayer?" persisted the elder. "No, sir, but I will do so to-night." The elder then advised him also to consult his pastor, and he went at once to Dr. White's study and went over with him the arguments and passages of Scripture by which he supported his position. The next day the elder saw him walking rapidly by his place of business, and fearing that he wished to avoid the subject of their previous conversation, he called him back and asked: "Have you made that matter a subject of prayerful investigation, Major?" "Yes, sir, and I was just on my way to ask Dr. White to call on me to lead in prayer at the meeting to-night." Soon after he was called on and made such a stammering effort that the pastor felt badly for him, and he was greatly mortified. Several subsequent efforts resulted in little better results, and the pastor began to think that perhaps Major Jackson was right—and that he really could not "pray to edification"—and that he was, perhaps, an exception to the general rule that members of the church ought to pray in public. Accordingly he said to him one day: "Major, we do not wish to make our prayer meetings uncomfortable to you, and if you prefer it. I will not call on you to lead in prayer again."

The prompt and emphatic reply was: "My comfort has nothing in the world to do with it, sir. You, as my pastor, think it my duty to lead in public prayer. I think so too; and by God's grace I mean to do it. *I wish that you would be so good as to call on me more frequently.*" Dr. White said that he saw from Jackson's manner that he meant to succeed; that he did call on him more frequently; that he gradually improved until he became one of the most gifted men in prayer whom he had in the church. It my privilege to hear him pray several times in the army, and if I ever heard "a fervent, effectual prayer," it was offered by this stern soldier.

DEACON JACKSON.

He was a "deacon"—not an "elder," as has been frequently asserted—in the Church, and was untiring in the discharge of all the duties of the position. On one occasion he went at the appointed hour to attend a "deacons' meeting," at which there was important business to be attended to, and after waiting five minutes for several

absentees, pacing back and forth, watch in hand, he asked to be excused for a while, and darted off to the house of one of them. Ringing the door-bell violently the gentleman came out, and Jackson accosted him with: "Mr. —, it is eight minutes after eight o'clock" (the hour appointed for the meeting). "Yes, Major, I am aware of that, but I didn't have time to come out to-night." "Didn't have time!" retorted Deacon Jackson; "why, sir, I should not suppose that you *had time for anything else*. Did we not set apart this hour (only one in the month) for the service of the church? How, then, can you put aside your obligation in the matter?" With this he abruptly started back to the meeting, and his brother deacon felt so keenly the rebuke that he immediately followed. There was no difficulty in the finances of that church as long as "Deacon" Jackson managed them.

The venerable pastor said to me, with deep emotion, "Oh, sir, when Jackson fell I lost not only a warm personal friend, a consistent, active church member, but the best deacon I ever saw."

He was once collector for the Rockbridge Bible Society, and when the time came to report (to the surprise of his colleagues) he reported contributions from a number of free negroes, remarking in explanation, "They are poor, but ought not on that account to be denied the sweet privilege of helping so good a cause." He also reported: "I have a contribution from every person in my district except one lady. She has been away ever since I have been collector, but she will return home at 12 o'clock to-day, and I will see her at 1 o'clock." The next day he reported a contribution from her also.

He frequently sought the counsel and instruction of his pastor, upon whom he looked as his "superior officer," and to whom he would sometimes "report for orders." He was never blessed with large pecuniary means, but was always a most liberal contributor to every charitable object, and ever ready to "visit the fatherless and the widow in their distress."

HIS NEGRO SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Jackson was one of the most thoroughly conscientious masters who ever lived. He not only treated his negroes kindly, but devoted himself most assiduously to their religious instruction. He was not only accustomed (as were Christian masters generally at the South) to invite his servants into family prayers, but he also had a special meeting with them every Sunday afternoon in order to teach them the Scriptures. He made this exercise so interesting to them that

other negroes of the town craved the privilege of attending, and he soon had his room filled to overflowing with eager pupils. This suggested to him the idea of organizing a negro Sunday-school, which he did several years before the war, and to which he devoted all of the energies of his mind and all the zeal of his large Christian heart.

He was accustomed to prepare himself for the exercises of this school by the most careful study of the lessons. The day before he left home for the war was Saturday, and he was very busy all day long making every preparation to leave at a moment's warning. He paid all outstanding accounts, and settled up as far as possible his worldly affairs, while his devoted wife was busily plying the needle to prepare him for the field. At the supper table Mrs. Jackson made some remark about the preparations for his expected departure, when he said, with a bright smile: "My dear, to-morrow is the blessed Sabbath day. It is also the regular communion season at our church. I hope I shall not be called to leave until Monday. Let us then dismiss from our conversation and our thoughts everything pertaining to the war, and have together one more quiet evening of preparation for our loved Sabbath duties."

Accordingly the dark cloud of war was pushed aside. He read aloud to her for awhile from religious magazines and newspapers, and then they went to their accustomed studies of the Bible lessons which were to be taught on the morrow to the colored Sunday-school. It was such a bright, happy Saturday evening, as is only known in the well-regulated Christian home. Alas! It has proved the last that he ever spent under his own roof-tree. Early the next morning a telegram from the Governor of the Commonwealth ordered him to march the corps of cadets for Richmond at 12:30 o'clock that day. Not waiting for his breakfast he hurried to the Institute and spent the morning making necessary preparations for the departure of the cadets, not forgetting to send a request to his pastor that he should be present to hold with them a brief service before they marched forth at the call of their sovereign State.

At 11 o'clock he came home to take a hurried breakfast and make a few personal arrangements. The last thing he did before leaving home was to retire with his wife into their chamber, read a part of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, beginning: "For we know that that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God—a house not made with hands—eternal in the Heavens," and then made an humble, tender, fervent prayer, in which he begged that the dark clouds of war might even then be

dissipated; that the God of peace might calm the storm and avert the calamity of war, or that He might at least go forth with him and with the young men under his command to guide, guard, help and bless them.

At 12 o'clock the venerable pastor was present to make the corps of cadets an appropriate address of Christian counsel, and to lead in a fervent, tender prayer.

At the appointed hour, to the exact minute, Major Jackson gave the order: "Attention! Forward, march."

And thus the loving husband bade adieu to his home. The faithful church member turned away from his communion service, the earnest Sunday-school teacher left his lesson untaught, and the peerless soldier marched forth from the parade ground to win immortal fame—to come not back again until his body was borne to its burial in the beautiful cemetery at "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia," and two continents were bursting with the fame of "Stonewall" Jackson.

Jackson gave a great deal of time to his colored Sunday school. He was accustomed to carry around himself the most carefully prepared reports of the conduct and progress of each pupil, and to do everything in his power to interest the whites of the community in his school.

Soon after one of the great battles a large crowd gathered one day at the postoffice in Lexington, anxiously awaiting the opening of the mail, that they might get the particulars concerning the great battle which they had heard had been fought. The venerable pastor of the Presbyterian Church was of the company, and soon had handed him a letter which he recognized as directed in Jackson's well-known handwriting. "Now," said he, "we will have the news! Here is a letter from General Jackson himself." The crowd eagerly gathered around, but heard, to their very great disappointment, a letter which made not the most remote allusion to the battle or the war, but which enclosed a check for \$50 with which to buy books for his colored Sunday-school; and was filled with inquiries after the interests of the school and the church. He had no time nor inclination to write of the great victory and the imperishable laurels he was winning, but he found time to remember his noble work among God's poor, and to contribute further to the good of the negro children, whose true friend and benefactor he had always been. And he was accustomed to say that one of the very greatest privations to him which the war brought was that he was taken away from his beloved work in the colored Sunday-school.

Jackson thus acquired a wonderful influence over the colored people of that whole region, and to this day his memory is warmly cherished by them. When Hunter's army was marching into Lexington, the Confederate flag which floated over Jackson's grave was hauled down and concealed by some of the citizens. A lady who stole into the cemetery one morning, while the Federal army was occupying the town, bearing fresh flowers with which to decorate the hero's grave, was surprised to find a miniature Confederate flag planted on the grave, with the verse of a familiar hymn pinned to it. Upon inquiry she found that a colored boy, who had belonged to Jackson's Sunday-school, had procured the flag, gotten some one to copy a stanza of a favorite hymn which Jackson had taught him, and had gone in the night to plant the flag on the grave of his loved teacher.

A MAN OF PRAYER.

Jackson was equally scrupulous in attending to all of his religious duties. "Lord, what will Thou have me to do?" seemed the motto of his life. Regular in meeting all of his religious obligations, he walked straight along the path of duty, doing with his might whatever his hands found to do. In the army his piety, despite all obstacles, seemed to brighten, as the pure gold is refined by the furnace. He beautifully illustrated in his life the lesson of the great Apostle: "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was a man of prayer, accustomed in all he did to ask the Divine blessing and guidance. His old body servant said that he "could always tell when a battle was near at hand by seeing the General get up a great many times in the night to pray." He was frequently observed in the beginning and in the midst of battle to lift up his hands towards Heaven, and those near could hear his ejaculatory prayers. Just before the battle of Fredericksburg he rode out in front of his line of battle and offered an earnest prayer for the success of his arms that day. The morning of the campaign of Chancellorsville he spent a long time in prayer before mounting to ride to the field.

Rev. Dr. Brown, former editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, related a characteristic anecdote of this "man of prayer." During a visit to the army around Centreville, in 1861, a friend remarked to Dr. Brown, in speaking of General Jackson, in the strain in which many of his old friends were accustomed to disparage him, "The truth is, sir, that Old Jack is crazy. I can account for his conduct in no other way. Why, I frequently meet him out in the woods walking back-

wards and forth muttering to himself in incoherent sentences and gesticulating wildly, and at such times he seems utterly oblivious of my presence and of every one else."

Dr. Brown happened next night to share Jackson's blanket, and in a long and tender conversation on the best means of promoting personal holiness in the camp the great soldier said to him: "I find that it greatly helps me in fixing my mind and quickening my devotions to give articulate utterance to my prayers, and hence I am in the habit of going off into the woods where I can be alone and speak audibly to myself the prayers I would pour out to my God. I was at first annoyed that I was compelled to keep my eyes open to avoid running against the trees and stumps; but upon investigating the matter I do not find that the Scriptures require us to close our eyes in prayer, and the exercise has proven to me to be very delightful and profitable."

And thus Dr. Brown got the explanation of the conduct which his friend had cited to prove that "Old Jack is crazy."

A friend was once conversing with him about the difficulty of the Scripture injunction, "Pray without ceasing," and Jackson insisted that we could so accustom ourselves to it that it could be easily obeyed. "When we take our meals there is the Grace. When I take a drink of water I always pause, as my palate receives the refreshment, to lift up my heart in thanks to God for the water of life. Whenever I drop a letter in the box at the postoffice, I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and upon the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received I stop to pray to God that he may prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my classroom and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so with every other familiar act of the day."

"But," said his friend, "do you not often forget these seasons, coming so frequently?"

"No," said he; "I have made the practice habitual to me, and I can no more forget it than to forget to drink when I am thirsty."

HIS UNSHAKEN TRUST.

Jackson had a firm and unshaken trust in the promises of God and His superintending providence under all circumstances, and it was his habitual practice to pray for and trust in divine guidance under every circumstance of trial.

His friend, Elder Lyle, one of the noblest specimens of a noble Christian that ever lived, used to question him very closely on his Christian experience, and one day asked him if he really believed the promise, "All things work together for good to them that love God, and to them who are the called according to His purpose." He said that he did; and the elder asked: "If you were to lose your health, would you believe it then?" "Yes, I think I should." "How if you were to become entirely blind?" "I should still believe it." "But suppose that, in addition to your loss of health and sight, you should become utterly dependent upon the cold charities of the world?" He thought for a moment, and then replied with emphasis, "If it were the will of God to place me there, He would enable me to lie there peacefully for a hundred years." He nobly stood this test when called upon to cross the Jordan of death.

Soon after he was wounded he said to Rev. B. T. Lacy, who exclaimed on seeing him, "Oh, General, what a calamity!" "You see me severely wounded, but not depressed—not unhappy. I believe that it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce entirely in it. You may think it strange, but you never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good. I am perfectly satisfied that, either in this life or in that which is to come, I shall discover that what is now regarded as a calamity is a blessing. And if it appears a great calamity (as it surely will be a great inconvenience) to be deprived of my arm, it will result in a great blessing. I can wait until God, in His own time, shall make known to me the object which He has in thus afflicting me. But why should I not rather rejoice in it as a blessing, and not look on it as a calamity at all? If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare do it unless I could know that it was the will of my Heavenly Father."

I have not left myself space to illustrate further the Christian character of this great man, by quoting from his official dispatches and private letters, telling of his personal activity in promoting religion in the army, or relating the details of his glorious death.

Suffice it to say that I saw him frequently, heard him converse on religious topics, heard him offer as fervent, tender, and every way appropriate prayers as I ever heard from any one, and can say from my own personal knowledge of him that if I ever came in contact with an humble, earnest child of God, it was this "thunderbolt of war," who followed with child-like faith the "Captain of our Salva-

tion," and who humbly laid at the foot of the cross all of his ambitions and honors.

Having lived such a life the logical result was the glorious death which has been so fully described by Dr. Dabney, Dr. Hunter McGuire and others.

HIS GLORIOUS DEATH.

Stonewall Jackson died as he lived—an humble, trusting Christian. Nay! he did not die. The weary, worn marcher simply "crossed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees." The battle-scarred warrior fought his last battle, won his last victory, and went to wear his "bright crown of rejoicing," his fadeless laurels of honor, to receive from earth and from Heaven the plaudit :

Servant of God well done,
Rest from Thy loved employ ;
The battle's fought, the victory's won ;
Enter thy Master's joy."

As veterans of the old Stonewall corps gather in Lexington around the grand monument of their old chief, and as comrades scattered all over the land shall read the story of the happy day, God grant that one and all of them may hear the voice of the glorious and glorified leader calling to them in trumpet tones : "BE YE FOLLOWERS OF ME, EVEN AS I ALSO AM OF CHRIST!"

J. WILLIAM JONES.

Atlanta, Ga., July 16, 1891.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 29, 1891.]

THE SOUBRIQUET "STONEWALL."

HOW IT WAS ACQUIRED.

A few more years will forever seal the lips of all who can speak from personal knowledge of the incidents of the "War Between the States." Any of them, therefore, who can now contribute to the perfect accuracy of history may be pardoned for doing so, even at the risk of incurring the charge of egotism. This is my only motive for troubling you with this brief article. I am one of those who heard General Barnard E. Bee utter the words which gave Jackson the name of "Stonewall."

THE EXACT FACTS.

The speech of General Early (as I have seen it reported) at Lexington on the 21st instant is slightly inaccurate in its account of this matter in two particulars. As this inaccuracy does injustice to other Confederate soldiers no less gallant than the "Stonewall" brigade, I am sure the chivalric old General and all others like him, with hearts in the right place, will be glad to have it corrected and the exact facts stated.

THE FOURTH ALABAMA.

It was to the Fourth Alabama regiment that the words were spoken by General Bee, about 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon of July 21, 1861. This regiment, with the Sixth North Carolina and Second and Eleventh Mississippi, constituted Bee's brigade; and as the brigade arrived at Manassas from the Valley in detachments, so it went into and fought through the battle, not as a whole, but by separate regiments. The Fourth Alabama having arrived at Manassas on Saturday, the 20th, was in movement very early on Sunday morning, the 21st, from near the junction towards the upper fords of Bull Run. The dust raised by the march of the Federal army to Sudley's ford having attracted attention, the Fourth Alabama was hurried by General Bee in that direction, and we reached before 11 A. M. the plateau of the Henry House, whereon the main conflict occurred afterwards.

A GREAT SACRIFICE.

Bee seeing that this was a good position for defence, but that the Federals would capture it unless delayed before the Confederate forces could reach there in sufficient numbers, ordered the Fourth Alabama to hasten a half mile further north beyond Young's branch and the wood over there to aid Evans, Wheat, and others in detaining the Federal army.

This duty we performed at great sacrifice, standing fast for an hour or more against overwhelming numbers, losing our Colonel, Egbert Jones, mortally wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Law and Major Scott, disabled, and a great number of other officers and men killed and wounded.

Then in obedience to orders we withdrew from our advanced position and took position on the Confederate battle-line and in rear of the Robinson House.

GENERAL JOHNSTON SEIZES THE FLAG.

Here, without field-officers and under command of a captain, the Fourth Alabama maintained its ground and did its part in resisting the enemy. General Johnston at one time came to us there and led us forward on a charge against the enemy, bearing our flag in his own hand. That glorious old warrior never appeared more magnificent than he did at that moment on his prancing horse and flaunting our colors in the face of the foe, who fell back before us.

SMITTEN WITH FIRE.

Soon after this, the leading design of the Federals all day being to turn the Confederate left, the heaviest fighting veered in that direction, and in consequence the enemy disappeared from the immediate front of our regiment, leaving us unengaged; but the fearful crash after crash of the Federal musketry, as fresh troops poured in against the Confederate centre and left, can never be forgotten by those who heard it. Farther and farther round its awful thunders rolled as if nothing could stay it. Our brigade comrades of the Sixth North Carolina separated, from us in the manœuvres of the day, had rushed in single-handed and been smitten as with fire, and their gallant Colonel Fisher and many of his men were no more. Jackson and his glorious brigade were struggling like giants to withstand the fierce onslaught.

THE WORDS OF BEE.

It was just at this moment our Brigadier-General Bee came galloping to the Fourth Alabama and said: "My brigade is scattered over the field, and you are all of it now at hand. Men, can you make a charge of bayonets?" Those poor, battered, and bloody-nosed Alabamians, inspired by the lion like bearing of that heroic officer, responded promptly, "Yes, General, we will go wherever you lead, and do whatever you say." Bee then said, pointing towards where Jackson and his men were so valiantly battling about a quarter of a mile to the west and left of us, "*Yonder stands Jackson like a stone wall. Let us go to his assistance.*" Saying this, he dismounted, placed himself at the left of the Fourth Alabama, and led the regiment (what remained of them) to Jackson's position and joined them on to his right.

A CHARGE.

Some other reinforcements coming up, a vigorous charge was made, pressing the Federals back. In this charge Bee fell mortally wounded, leading the Fourth Alabama. Bartow fell, not far from the same time and within a stone's throw of the same spot, leading his Georgians. All the world knows how the Federals shortly thereafter were seized with a panic and fled incontinently from the field.

THE ERROR COMPLAINED OF.

It is not true that General Bee said "rally behind the Virginians," or behind anybody else. It is not true that he was rallying his men at all, for they were not retiring. The glory of the Stonewall Brigade does not need to be enhanced by any depreciation of the equal firmness and heroism of other men on that historic field. Let it never be forgotten that the Fourth Alabama lost more men on that day than any other regiment but one in the Confederate army, and every field from there to Appomattox was moistened with the blood of her heroes. But several of them still survive to corroborate, to the letter, the statement I have given you above.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM M. ROBINS,
Former Major Fourth Alabama.

Statesville, N. C., July 24, 1991.

[From the *Rider and Driver*, October, 1891.]

GENERALS IN THE SADDLE.

Famous Men in the Federal and Confederate Armies Who Were Good Horsemen—Their Characteristics and Peculiarities in Camp and on the Field—Some Imposing Figures on Horseback—Grant was a Hard Rider, and Sheridan was a Centaur.

All the Federal and Confederate Generals who won fame during the civil war were good horsemen. Most of them learned the art of equitation under competent teachers at West Point, but even those who rose to military command from civil life sat in the saddle with more or less grace and dignity. General Grant was from boyhood

an ardent lover of good horses, and while he was in command of all the United States armies he had a large number of exceedingly fine animals at his disposal. It is an equine axiom that a merciful man is merciful to his beast, but though Grant had as full a share of mercy in his heart as most men, he was so earnest and stubborn as a soldier that he never hesitated to sacrifice human or animal life to gain a decided end. He was, in fact, cruel to be kind. He sat in the saddle rather ungainly, that is to say, he had an exceedingly good seat, but his utter indifference regarding the uniform of his rank somewhat detracted from his appearance as a horseman. He never wore a sword or a sash after becoming a brigadier, even on parade days for review. While on the march or campaign General Grant carried his flat-brimmed hat down over his eyes, and wore a coat supposed to be one that had done duty at Vicksburg. It certainly looked like it. Grant always went at a hard gallop when following the movements of his troops, an unlighted cigar clenched firmly in his powerful jaws. When the Army of the Potomac was pursuing Lee's forces, after the evacuation of Richmond and the Petersburg siege-works, Grant wore out no less than six horses inside of three days. So furiously did he ride from point to point, it frequently happened that all of his orderlies were left behind. Indeed, very few of the headquarter staff could keep up the pace. Grant once covered fifty miles in four hours on three horses.

General Lee had a very graceful carriage in the saddle. While in motion he sat erect and composed, but he seldom rode at a faster gait than a canter. He had a curious habit of laying his hands on the pommel on halting to converse with any one. Leaning gently forward Lee's attitude was at once courteous and engaging. I chanced to meet the great Confederate leader on two occasions. Being a wounded prisoner after the battle of the Wilderness, I was lying under a locust tree by the roadside, when Lee came riding slowly past. Quietly halting, he leaned over me and began asking questions concerning the Federal army. On my politely declining to answer some of his queries, the General's face grew sad. He bowed slightly, acknowledging my right to refuse, and then rode on in deep thought, for I had told him that Grant was present and in real command of the Army of the Potomac.

Major-General Meade was one of the most perfect riders in the service. He sat erect at all times, and it was an inspiring sight to see him gallop past a halted corps. In answer to the tumultuous cheers that invariably greeted him on such occasions, he would lift

his braided cap, and holding it high above his head, pass through the ranks of his men like a meteor. Meade took good care that his chargers were capable of speed and endurance, and he was very careful of them.

Major-General G. K. Warren was an ungainly horseman. His engineering studies and tendencies rendered him careless of his equitation, and, of course, he could sit on a horse and gallop, but if he had a position to reconnoiter, out of the saddle would he go, in order to clamber on top of a rock scarcely any higher than his horse's back. There on foot, with solid ground under him, Warren could plan at leisure and with ease. Neither was he particular regarding the sort of horseflesh at his command. His rank gave him a right to the best, and his quartermaster always saw that he was well mounted. He paid no attention to the matter. The animals might be changed daily and the fact entirely escape Warren's attention, so long as the old saddle remained. To him a horse was a military necessity, and I do not believe that he rode on horseback twenty miles after the war ended.

Major-General Burnside was an imposing figure on a horse. His remarkable moustaches and whiskers, with the folded Burnside hat on his head, made him easily recognizable. He always wore full dress, even on the march, while a huge pair of snow-white gauntlets lent additional magnificence to his costume. As a rider Burnside was easy and graceful, and he seemed to love being in the saddle.

Major-General McClellan was one of the handsomest men on horseback in the Federal service. He sat in the saddle with a grace and ease peculiarly his own. All his appointments were in the most correct taste, and his horses were full-blooded animals. Wearing highly polished riding boots coming nearly up to his hips, and wrinkled from the instep to the knee, he would go splashing over the roads until horse, rider, and boots were covered with Virginia mud, probably the stickiest substance in existence. His servant, too, always had a clean pair of boots for the General on his return to quarters; after which the man would spend a couple of hours cleaning the other pair. The soldiers at Yorktown used to say that "Little Mac" could collect more mud in an hour's time than any other General in the army. McClellan was passionately fond of horses, and preferred to have them coal black.

General Sherman was a nervous and somewhat careless rider. He wore his stirrup leathers very long, seeming to be, almost all the time, standing in the irons. This appearance was intensified by his

habit of rising in his stirrups on reaching a turn in the road or some advantageous point of observation. While always careful of his animals, Sherman did not appear to have that fondness for them that is so common among good horsemen. He was constantly on the go, and his eye seemed to be everywhere except where his horse was treading. Sherman's rein was rather a loose one, for he trusted, apparently, to the natural sagacity of his steed, rather than to his own guidance. Seen at the head of a column of troops, or giving orders for their disposition on the field, Sherman presented a remarkable figure. Riding along the road he was constantly gazing about him, noting the lay of land passed over, as if internally planning how a battle could be fought there. After his retirement from the army, General Sherman seldom mounted a horse, for he said he was getting too old, and had had enough of such exercise.

Major General Hooker was probably the best-looking mounted officer that ever rode at the head of a Federal army. He was a true soldier of the old type, had an easy carriage, a firm seat, and sat in the saddle as straight as an arrow. Sometimes the simile is used, "as straight as an Indian," but an Indian never sits on a horse straight, however he may walk.

Major-General Kilpatrick might be called a born horseman, for he was never so happy as when in the saddle. Though a perfect horseman in every sense of the word, Kilpatrick did not present a good appearance in the saddle. He rode more like a Comanche Indian than the pupil of a school of equitation, and he could fight like a Comanche, too.

Before Major-General Sickles lost his leg at the battle of Gettysburg he was a picturesque figure on horseback. Accustomed to the ordinary riding saddle before he donned the uniform, "Dan," as his soldiers always called him, fell into the military one with ease and freedom. Sickles sat in the saddle with an aplomb peculiarly his own, and he appeared to advantage on the gallop, for he rode easily. Most men look well when riding over a clean country road at the head of a moving column of troops, for they form a part of the pomp and circumstance of war. At any rate, General Sickles did, for he was a gallant and brave officer, a gentleman by instinct and breeding.

Major-General Wade Hampton was, like all Southerners, a graceful rider. Like Sickles, the loss of a leg has ended his horsemanship, but he was not deprived of the useful member by a casualty on the battle-field. Wade was a dashing horseman, rather dandified

in his attire, and somewhat fond of display, but he did good service for his side of the great national quarrel, and is deservedly popular among the men of the South. One of my comrades, who saw him ride over a field while the former lay a wounded prisoner, tells me that Hampton made a splendid figure in the saddle, which he sat while on the gallop with rare ease, scarcely a swing being noticeable, despite the rapid pace. He was always magnificently mounted, and "could ride like the devil," as my friend expressed it.

Major-General Benjamin F. Butler could sit on a horse and ride without fatigue, but to the eye of a riding-master he would be a source of humor. Not that Butler was a bad horseman, but he was too heavy a man for easy carriage, while the portentous boots he always wore in the field made him look like a Dirk Hatteraick suddenly lifted into a saddle. Whether it was his huge boots or the saturnine temperament of the man, he nevertheless rode as if the horse was a mechanical one and not made of flesh and blood. If he tried a gallop, which was seldom, it looked as if rider and steed would soon part company, for his body rose and fell violently at every stride. But Butler never prided himself on his feats of horsemanship, and active field movement was not his forte.

Major-General John Pope made himself famous in 1862 by issuing a grandiloquent bulletin to his army that until further orders headquarters would be in the saddle. Then the reverses to McClellan began, and Pope's headquarters were kept on the steady run by Lee all through the Virginia Valley. The soldiers used to say that Pope's hindquarters were in the saddle and his headquarters nowhere. But soldiers are always sarcastic. General Pope was a fine horseman, and looked exceedingly well in the saddle.

General Sheridan did not appear to advantage on foot. In the saddle he was a centaur. When astride of a horse the Shenandoah Valley hero gained in inches, for he was longer in statue above his sword belt than below it. Sheridan always sat well back, unconsciously leaning against the rear pommel of his military saddle. This attitude brought his feet a little in advance of the correct line, but it did not detract much from his appearance as a horseman. The fierce bundle of nerves that were encased in his small body would not permit General Sheridan to long sit still, and he was always on the gallop, even when his army was lying idle and the pickets were silent.

Major-General Custer was the beau ideal of a perfect horseman. He sat in the saddle as if born in it, for his seat was so very easy and graceful that he and his steed seemed one. At West Point he was at the head of all the classes in horsemanship, and delighted in being on the tanbark. It is related of him that he could cut down more wooden heads on the gallop than any other one of the cadets. Unlike most ardent raiders during the war, General Custer seldom punished his horses. It was only when the moment for charging arrived that he loosened rein for a headlong dash.

Major-General Alfred Pleasanton was an exquisite horseman, both in his dress and his manner of riding. Slightly under the average height for military men, Pleasanton would have looked boyish in the saddle but for his neatly trimmed and glossy beard. He always wore tight-fitting riding boots, that came just to the bend of the knee, and he had a habit of tapping them, while in conversation, with the feminine riding whip he invariably carried in his hand. As a cavalry leader he had few equals, despite the fact that Sheridan subsequently became so prominent in that branch of the service.

Major-General Hancock looked exceedingly well in the saddle. Those who only remember him when his hair became gray can have no idea of the change in his personal appearance. During the war Hancock had a swarthy complexion, the result of being so much in the open air. His dark hair and huge goatee gave his face a look of sternness, though it was frequently lighted up by a pleasant and engaging smile. His figure was rather slender then, which made him seem taller than he really was. He sat on his horse bolt upright, bridle-hand well forward, and with scarcely a bend in the knee. He had usually a tall horse, which added to the imposing effect of his figure.

Major-General Logan made a conspicuous figure in the saddle. His coal-black hair and tremendous moustache gave him a ferocious appearance, though in reality his disposition was a genial one. But he often had fits of passion, and then his eyes blazed; but these ebullitions of temper were evanescent and they usually occurred on the battlefield. Logan was an exceedingly good horseman, his seat being firm yet easy. When galloping he used to lean backward, his feet well to the front. At critical moments in an engagement he was wont to go at tremendous speed toward the threatened part of his line of battle. Then he was magnificent. His hat jammed down over his eyes, his eyes bright and his long moustache waving in the

air gave him an odd look, while the terrific pace of his steed was appalling. He overcame every obstacle with ease, and it was a beautiful sight to see his horse go flying over fences, ditches or fallen trees, while the rider sat in the saddle with ease and apparent reckless indifference.

Lieutenant-General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson was a great horseman. He sat in the saddle easily, while there was a sort of abandon visible which showed his familiarity with horseflesh from boyhood. His seat was very erect, and though it had none of the stiffness of the cavalry style, it was very correct. His stirrups were shortened to give a slight bend to the knee and enable him to adjust his body to the movements of his steed without apparent exertion.

Major-General James Ewell Brown Stuart (best known as "Jeb," from the initials of his name) was a grand horseman. He was the Pleasanton or Sheridan of the Confederate army. No man could ride better or faster than Stuart. He carried a careless rein, gripping the saddle with a knee clasp, which prevented his being unseated. He was always well dressed, and as the uniform of a Confederate general was a very handsome one, Stuart made a dashing appearance.

Major-General Martin T. McMahon was a debonair rider, from the days when he rode as a Captain in McClellan's staff until he deservedly rose to higher command. I once saw him walk across a battlefield, having had his horse killed under him, and he was swearing away at a terrible rate. Just then an orderly rode up and surrendered his own horse. Mac stopped swearing, and, leaping into the saddle with an angelic smile, galloped off to deliver his interrupted orders.

Major-General Philip Kearney, who was killed among the pines at Hanover Court House, Va., during McClellan's Peninsular campaign, had left an arm in Mexico. Like Howard, he depended on the knee for guiding his horse. He was a brave but exceedingly rash man. During the first year of the war officers were apt to expose themselves by riding off alone, and Kearney had not yet learned that Southern soldiers were not Mexican greasers. During the battle of Hanover Court House he rode into a belt of young pines on a personal reconnoissance, only to find himself confronted by a group of Confederate infantrymen acting as a vidette. They

called on him to surrender, when "Phil" turned his steed swiftly and galloped away. But bullets travel faster than horses, and Kearney fell from his saddle perfectly riddled. There was a reckless manner about Kearney that was peculiarly fascinating. He was a hard fighter and fairly revelled in the tumult of a battle. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have attained important command.

Major-General E. O. C. Ord was a famous horseman. He sat bolt upright, with long stirrup leathers, but there was a peculiar firmness in his seat. He had great endurance, for he seldom alighted, except when on the march, while his corps was halted for rest. He favored tall animals like himself, so that steed and rider were well fitted.

Major-General Lew Wallace was a fine rider. Though disposed to be rather careless of his outward appearance during a campaign, Wallace always had good horses and knew how to use them. He was an exceedingly pleasant-tempered man, and war correspondents were fond of him, because he was not afraid of them, as many generals were. There was not much of the military style about his seat, but it was a firm and secure one.

Lieutenant-General Jubal A. Early was a fierce rider. Anything he attempted or did was fiercely conducted. He had a swinging, easy seat, the result of constant galloping, for during a battle Early was here, there and everywhere. Though neatly dressed, he was one of the few Confederate generals who were not military or soldierly in their appearance. He sat in the saddle like a southern gentleman; but it was the insignia of his rank that showed him to be a soldier. He would have looked fully as well in the old suit of homespun he had worn before the war.

Major-General N. P. Banks rode a horse beanpole fashion. Being exceedingly long-legged, his stirrup leathers were lowered to the very last hole. Therefore he seemed to be sitting on a fence and not on a horse. Despite this he rode well, and as his body was as long as his legs, he made a tolerably good appearance. Galloping with him was evidently hard work, showing that his seat was too rigid.

Major General A. H. Terry made a youthful appearance in the saddle. But he was a perfect horseman and rode very easily. His horses were beauties, and he was very careful of them. Fond of a gallop, Terry would go over a fence or a ditch like a bird, and so lightly did he occupy the saddle that his horse was seldom blown, even after a hard stretch across a field. After the war Terry was in

the saddle almost every day for several years. He rode from Bismarck, Dak., to the Canadian line in search of Sitting Bull; and officers on that tedious and tiresome expedition have told me that the general was always the freshest man in the command when nightfall called for a halt and camp.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Eloquent Appeal to Them, Their Friends and Their Descendants—Address of General John B. Gordon—Importance of Forming Camps for Preservation of Glorious Traditions and General Improvements.

The following is General John B. Gordon's address to the United Confederate Veterans and to all the ex-soldiers and sailors of the late Confederate States of America. It was published simultaneously all over the South, with the view of calling the attention of veterans in every Southern State to the importance of forming camps without delay, and of appealing to them to join the "Benevolent, Social and Historical" organization of United Confederate Veterans. Any details or information desired, copies of constitution or blanks wanted, will be promptly furnished by applying to General George Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief-of-Staff, New Orleans, La.:

ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING.

ATLANTA, GA., *September 3, 1889.*

To the ex-Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederate States of America:

The convention of delegates from the different States which assembled in New Orleans June 10, 1889, effected a general organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans." It is designed as an association of all the bodies of ex-Confederate veterans and sailors throughout the Union. The convention adopted a constitution and did me the great honor to elect me General, which position I accept with peculiar gratification. Preliminary to the issue of any orders I wish to call general attention to the objects of the Association and to enlist in their accomplishment the active co-operation not only of every survivor of Southern armies, but also that large contingent of sons of veterans, who, too young to have received the baptism of fire, have nevertheless received with you the baptism of suffering and of sacrifice.

The first article of the constitution of the Association declares : " The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent. It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of the Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed ; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States ; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same ; to cherish the ties of friendship that should exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common suffering and privations ; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy ; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership.

GOOD OBJECTS.

Comrades, no argument is needed to secure for those objects your enthusiastic endorsement. They have burdened your thoughts for many years; you have cherished them in sorrow, poverty and humiliation. In the face of misconstruction you have held them in your hearts with the strength of religious convictions. No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry consideration of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American republic, the just powers of the Federal Government, the equal rights of States, the integrity of the constitutional union, the sanctions of laws and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldier of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering and sacrifices are a people without a history.

To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idolize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people under their changed conditions may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their Washington and ended with their Lee,

it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guarantee of future progress and the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union.

NON-POLITICAL.

In conclusion, I beg to repeat in substance, at least, a few thoughts recently expressed by me to the State organization, which apply with equal force to this general brotherhood.

It is political in no sense except so far as the word "political" is a synonym of the word "patriotic." It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and of justice will preside; of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into living inspirations for future service to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve as witnesses for history the unimpeachable facts which shall doom falsehood to die that truth may live; of justice, because it will cultivate national as well as Southern fraternity and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher nobler sentiment which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on either side: "Here lies an American hero—a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it."

GENERAL ORGANIZATION.

I rejoice that a general organization too long neglected has been at last perfected. It is a brotherhood which all honorable men must approve and which heaven itself will bless. I call upon you, therefore, to organize in every State and community where ex-Confederates may reside and rally to the support of the high and peaceful objects of the "United Confederate Veterans," and move forward until by the power of organization and persistent effort your beneficent and Christian purposes are fully accomplished.

J. B. GORDON,
Commanding General.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, July 26, August 2, 1891].

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL A. P. HILL.

Some Reminiscences of the Famous Virginia Commander—Curious Mistakes Growing Out of the Absence of His Insignia of Rank—Teamsters' Blunders Reproved with Vigor—The First Burial of His Remains.

Having seen an account of the removal of the remains of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill from Hollywood cemetery to the site of the monument erected to his memory at the intersection of Laburnam avenue and the Hermitage road, about two miles north of Richmond, my mind was naturally drawn to the career of that gallant officer in the war for Southern independence.

It was my fortune to be a member of his military family during the First Maryland campaign, which, as is well known, included the capture of Harper's Ferry with about ten thousand Federal troops, together with immense supplies and arms, and closed with the terrific engagement at Sharpsburg, as we called it, or Antietam, as the Federals have it.

As I prefer, at this distant day, to deal with the more pleasing features of the struggle, I will give you a few anecdotes, all bearing on the gallantry and native pluck of him who I esteem to have been one of the bravest officers of an army noted above all things for undaunted courage and intrepid valor.

I belonged to the much-abused and poorly-appreciated corps of commissaries of subsistence of the Army of Northern Virginia, having reached there with the brigade of General L. O. B. Branch a short time before the memorable Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond.

HIS ABSENT INSIGNIA.

General Hill had but lately won and received his major-general's commission, and our brigade was assigned to his light division early in the formation of it. My acquaintance with him began then, but only such as would exist between a subordinate and superior officer, with only occasional official intercourse.

It was his habit when on the march to wear what was called then a "hunting-shirt," without a coat or any insignia of rank visible. To those who knew him the insignia of a general was stamped on his

every feature ; but with those who did not know him this omission to display the three stars often led to amusing blunders.

It was after we had chased "little Mack" to the cover of his gun-boats at Harrison's landing, and were returning to the lines around Richmond that one of these occurred. I had been directed by the quartermaster of the division (General J. G. Field, since Attorney-General of Virginia), to hold the wagon-train at a given point on the road until ordered forward by him. The train was halted and I placed a faithful sergeant at the head to allow it to move only when ordered by Major Field, while I and others rode off to a spring for water, in full view of the road and distant only a few hundred yards. As I had reached my turn at the dipper and drank I discovered the train in motion, and supposing all was right, but anxious to know our destination, I galloped rapidly to the road and found the sergeant somewhat nonplussed at what had taken place.

A COURIER.

He said a courier came and told him to move the wagons on as there was an artillery train coming up behind. He told the courier the train was awaiting the orders of Major Field, and would go forward as soon as the Major said so. To this the courier replied General Hill ordered the wagons forward, when the sergeant consentingly replied well if General Hill told you to order them forward all right, and the train was put in motion. The sergeant finding that I approved of the course was much relieved, and we trotted off towards the head of the wagon train. Presently we came to a delightful shady grove just on the roadside, where a number of officers were resting their steeds and enjoying the refreshing breeze on a hot July day and a fearful dusty march. One of them I saluted and said : "Good morning, General," and exchanged a few words with the party and continued on.

The sergeant said in a subdued tone : "Didn't you call that man General?"

I said : "Yes ; that is General Hill."

To this he said he'd be "dad burned" if that wasn't the courier that told him to move the train forward.

And so it was ; but the General knew the sergeant did not recognize him and gave the order accordingly.

A LESSON TO PAT.

When at Gordonsville, before the engagement at Cedar Mountain, Major E. B. Hill, brother of the General, and commissary of the

division, was taken sick and was sent up to his home at Culpeper or to Richmond, and I was ordered to report to Major-General Hill for duty, while one of the regimental commissaries was ordered to report to General Branch in my stead.

Out of this movement against the enemy the Second Manassas and Maryland campaign developed in rapid succession, and I found myself loaded with the responsibility of providing for a family of about fifteen thousand, and daily widening the distance between us and our base of supplies. It was near Fredericktown that another occurrence of misidentity led to the discomfiture of the misidentifier. We were breaking camp at early dawn—in fact, before dawn. Our wagons, with the headquarter wagon driver by a noble son of the Emerald Isle, were to take the lead on the road. The General was in his ambulance, probably intending to take his saddle at daylight. The ambulance driver wanted to pass the headquarter wagon, and the Irish driver of the wagon, being a little contrary, would not move out of the way of the ambulance, and signified his unwillingness to the ambulance driver in terms more emphatic than elegant. The first thing he knew General Hill leaped out of the ambulance and gave him several severe raps across the shoulders with the flat of his sword, which brought a loud “Big yer pardon, Ginerall; big yer pardon, Ginerall! Didn’t know you were in tne ambulance.” “That will learn you to give way to any ambulance wanting to pass you,” said the General, quietly seating himself in the ambulance, which now had all the way that Pat could possibly give it.

HOW HE SERVED A “NON-COMBATANT.”

While at Harper’s Ferry I went to his office in an upper room where he was paroling the prisoners for instructions as to the distribution of the immense stock of hard bread and other supplies captured there. A man wearing a rusty cavalry uniform of the Federal army came in and asked General Hill for a pass to go over into Loudoun, claiming to be a non-combatant resident of that county who had been caught at the Ferry when it was surrounded.

“What are you doing with those clothes on?” said General Hill.

“I bought them,” said the man.

“You are lying,” said the General. “Get out of here, you ——— scoundrel.” And grabbing the fellow by the shoulders he pushed him to the head of the stairs and started him down with all the momentum a vigorous kick from his military boot would impart to him.

BROKE HIS SWORD OVER HIM.

At Sharpsburg he arrived late in the engagement because of a forced march from Harper's Ferry, crossing at Boteler's ford, near Shepherdstown. While hurrying to take position on the line he encountered a second lieutenant of some command crouching behind a tree. His indignation was so wrought up that he took the lieutenant's sword and broke it over him.

A THRILLING PAGE.

On the withdrawal of the Confederates to the Virginia side it devolved upon General Hill to cover the retreat. How well he did so, and with what terrible loss to the troops who attempted to cross in pursuit, is no part of the object of this writing, but is a thrilling page in the history of that notable campaign. From there we moved out to Bunker's Hill, on the Valley turnpike between Winchester and Martinsburg, and from there to a point near Castleman's Ferry, which is on the road to Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, not far from Loudoun Heights. Here a good long rest was enjoyed, and we all did well on an issue of rations that I have never seen *equaled in variety*. For over thirty days my abstracts were complete in three columns—to wit: "Flour, fresh beef, salt." Once on one of the marches to this place another teamster fell into trouble by the absence of three stars.

ANOTHER TEAMSTER'S BLUNDER.

The wagon train was crossing a stream, and a teamster was belaboring his mules with all his might to keep them from drinking. The General's horse was drinking near by, and General Hill told the teamster to stop beating the mules so unmercifully. The mule-driver invited him to attend to his own business, as he himself proposed to do as he pleased with his team. His surprise was as great as McClellan's or Pope's at Jackson's rear movements, when he felt the sharp raps of General Hill's rapier on his back, applied with the vigor of an experienced hand. He, too, begged the General's pardon.

I would not be understood as intimating that these things occurred by design of the General, or that he purposely moved around *incognito*. By no means. It was his consideration of comfort that led him to leave off his coat. Nothing else.

HIS APOLOGY.

When General Miles surrendered at Harper's Ferry, he was dressed so fine and Hill so plainly, that Miles apologized for his good clothes, saying he expected to meet some of the high officials of the Confederacy, and had therefore put on his best uniform.

GET TO THE REAR.

At the battle of Cedar Mountain, General Prince was captured and taken to General Hill, just in rear of the Confederate line, where the minnie balls were flying briskly around.

General Prince said: "General, the fortunes of war have thrown me in your hands."

Hill with impetuosity said: "D——n the fortunes of war, General; get to the rear; you are in danger here."

^A Hill's duties required him to undergo the exposure, but he could not bear the idea of having even an enemy unnecessarily exposed.

Breaking camp at Castleman's Ferry, in November, we moved up the Valley, crossed the Blue Ridge by the turnpike from Newmarket to Gordonsville, and marched toward Fredericksburg, which we reached (or the vicinity of it) about December 1, 1862.

At this time I was relieved of duty by the return of Major Hill, and went back to my brigade, which had lost its beloved Branch at Sharpsburg, and was now under command of Brigadier-General James H. Lane, who had earned his promotion while in command of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina, one of the regiments of that hard-fought brigade.

CLOSING INCIDENTS.

The battle of Fredericksburg passed and so did the winter, when the spring-time called us to Chancellorsville, the sad scene of the wounding of Stonewall Jackson. General Hill was wounded near the same spot and about the same time. He was not in command for a day or so, but was an interested spectator of that heated engagement which was under the direct command of General J. E. B. Stuart. This over, a reorganization, so to speak, took place. General A. P. Hill was made lieutenant-general and W. D. Pender major-general of Hill's Light division. From then on I only saw General Hill occasionally. But our friendship—for it was nothing less than that—continued to the end. And on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865,

when I saw his dead body brought from the field in the ambulance, I know that no one except his nearest of kin could have felt a sharper pang of grief than I did, and none had warmer tears course down their cheeks than myself.

General Hill was firm, without austerity; genial, without familiarity, and brave, without ostentation. The gentleman and soldier were so completely blended in him that he never had to deviate from one to act the other. He was both all the time.

D. F. C.

FIRST BURIAL OF GENERAL HILL'S REMAINS.

The following communication was elicited by the account in the *Dispatch* of July 2, 1891, of the removal the preceding day of the remains of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill from Hollywood to the receptacle that had been prepared for them in the foundation of the Hill monument on the Hermitage road. Mention is there made of the first interment of the General's body, which is very far from being correct. The temporary burial of the body in Chesterfield, where it remained several years, was an act of necessity and not of choice or pre-arrangement. As the only surviving relative who participated in the sad rites of burial of our distinguished dead, I feel that it is my privilege as well as duty to make the correction and explain why his grave has remained so long unmarked by tombstone or shaft, and why he was not buried in his native county (Culpeper). General Hill was killed near Petersburg April 2, 1865, and the next day (that memorable Sunday that ended the existence of the capital of the Confederacy) a messenger reached my home in Richmond bearing to me the first sad news of the General's death, and that his body was then *en route* to the city (by ambulance), with the request that I would take charge of and if possible bury it in Hollywood. The bearer of that message was Henry Hill, Jr., a nephew of the General, and son of Colonel Henry Hill, Paymaster-General of Virginia, who was formerly a paymaster in the United States army. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when Henry Hill, Jr., reached my house. He had left the body of the General in care of the ambulance driver about half way between Petersburg and Richmond in order to apprise me, so that the necessary preparations for burial might be made with as little delay as possible. He said to me that it was the wish of the General's wife and brothers that if the body

could not be buried in Hollywood to have it taken to Culpeper, and in the latter event, if it were possible, to meet the General's wife and children Monday morning at the refugee home of my father in Chesterfield county, on the James river just below the old Bellona Arsenel, and they would accompany it to Culpeper.

The excitement and confusion in Richmond incident to the evacuation of the city by the Confederate as well as State authorities, rendered it impracticable for me to bury the General's remains in Hollywood, even if the necessary arrangements had been perfected, and I abandoned that purpose and determined if possible to carry out the second request of the family—namely, to take the body to Culpeper.

Owing to the crowded condition of the road from Petersburg to Richmond and the long delay at the Manchester end of Mayo's brige caused by the flight of people from the doomed city, the ambulance bearing the General's body did not reach Richmond until after one o'clock Sunday night. The driver had been directed by Henry Hill, Jr., to take the body to his father's (Colonel Henry Hill's) office, at that time located in the basement of the old Court of Appeals building that stood on the southeast corner of the Capitol Square at the intersection of Franklin and Twelfth streets. I was assistant paymaster under Colonel Hill and had charge of the office, and by direction of the Governor (Smith) I had packed up all the books and papers belonging to the Paymaster-General's office, and placed them on the canal-boat that conveyed the Governor and cadets out of the city. I did not know until the General's remains reached Richmond that a coffin had not been provided. My cousin (Henry Hill, Jr.) had failed to mention this fact, and I naturally supposed that the body had been prepared for burial before it left Petersburg.

Time was pressing us closely, as we were expecting the entrance of the Federal troops into the city at any moment. The stores on Twelfth, Thirteenth, Main, and Cary streets had been broken into, and in many instances sacked and fired. Belvin's furniture store had been opened at both ends (the rear being then on Twelfth street), and my cousin and myself entered the rear door, hoping to find a representative to whom we could apply for a coffin. After making repeated calls and receiving no answer, we secured a coffin and took it to a vacant office (which had been occupied by General P. T. Moore, about where the St. James' Hotel now stands). We removed the body from the ambulance into the office, where we washed his face and removed his gauntlets, and examined his body to discover

where the fatal ball had entered. We discovered that it had shot off the thumb of his left hand and passed directly through his heart, coming out at the back. We hastily placed the body in the coffin (which was rather small), and putting it in the ambulance, left the city by way of Fourteenth street and Mayo's bridge, slowly and sadly wending our way through Manchester and up the river to my father's refugee home. He had refuged from Culpeper county.

When our small but sad funeral *cortege*, consisting of myself, cousin (Henry Hill, Jr.) and the ambulance driver, had reached within a mile of my father's home, I rode ahead to apprise the family of our coming, believing that the General's wife and children had already reached there with the sad news. I found the family at breakfast and totally ignorant of the sad changes that had taken place within the past forty-eight hours. The General's family had not arrived, and the condition of his remains was such as to give us serious doubts as to the practicability or advisability of attempting to convey them so great a distance across the country in an ambulance (more than one hundred miles to Culpeper). We decided then and there to give his remains temporary burial, and at some future day remove them to his native county and place him by the side of his parents. The grave was hastily dug, and, with the assistance of my father's butler, I made a rough case to receive the coffin. We buried the body about 2 P. M., April 4, 1865, in the old Winston burying-ground, where it remained until removed to Hollywood several years later through the kind efforts of Colonel William H. Palmer and his army associates.

My father (the late Thomas Hill, Jr., of Culpeper) and Colonel Henry Hill were brothers, and were first cousins and brothers-in-law of General Hill, they having married his sisters. Colonel Henry Hill and his wife (the General's sister) were at that time staying at my father's refugee home. Only a few days before the General was killed, he, with his wife and children, had spent several days at my father's to recuperate his health. He returned to his command before his furlough expired. During this visit to my father's home he accompanied Colonel Hill to Richmond, and while seated in our office talking with several prominent citizens who had called to pay their respects, the subject of the evacuation of the city was touched upon, which seemed to greatly annoy the General, and he remarked that he did not wish to survive the fall of Richmond. That was on Wednesday. Three days later he gave up his life for his country.

After the close of the war it was the desire and purpose of his relatives to remove the body to Culpeper, and suitably mark his grave; but his army associates (particularly his own staff officers) asked that this sad but sacred testimony of love and esteem might be assigned to them, which was acquiesced in and no further effort was made by his own family or relatives to do honor to his memory. We felt aggrieved that his grave remained so long unmarked by slab or shaft, or other indication of carrying out such a promise, save the purchase and beautifying of a section in Hollywood, and the removal of the body under the direction of Colonel Palmer and others of his staff and army associates to that beautiful city of the dead.

I was not favorable to the second disturbance and removal of the General's remains, and I believe such were the feelings of a majority of his surviving relatives, as we believe it was wholly unnecessary and furthermore, we think it would have been far more desirable had the monument been erected over the grave in the most beautiful God's Acre in his native State, and where he has been sleeping for nearly a quarter of a century. Nevertheless we are grateful to the kind friends who have interested themselves in perpetuating the memory of one who was greatly beloved by all who knew him, and whom the immortal Lee and Jackson honored by their confidence.

The Captain Hill mentioned as having been detailed by Colonel Palmer to take charge of the General's remains and to take them to Coalfield for burial was perhaps Captain Frank T. Hill, a nephew and aide-de-camp to the General. He probably turned the body over to his brother Henry, who delivered it to me at Richmond, with instructions as heretofore mentioned. There was no prearranged plan to bury the body in Chesterfield.

Very respectfully,

G. POWELL HILL.

CAPTURE OF GENERALS CROOK AND KELLY OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

ONE OF THE COOLEST DEEDS ON RECORD.

General Benjamin F. Kelly, of West Virginia, who died July 16, 1891, near Oakland, Md., was captured with General Crook at Cumberland, Md., during February, 1864, by a detachment of Neill's

Rangers, led by "Dr." J. L. Vandiver, a veterinarian, who resides at Millwood, Clarke county. It was one of the most daring episodes of the war, as Cumberland was then occupied and surrounded by eight thousand Federal troops. John Fay and Sprigg Lynn, who were members of Neill's command, lived in that city, and had been in the habit of making trips there. They suggested the plan, which was carried out by Vandiver, who had under his charge fifty-seven men. The story often narrated by Vandiver, is briefly summed up as follows:

General Crook had just been assigned to the command of the department which embraced Cumberland, and had relieved the late General B. F. Kelly. General Kelly had not yet left the city, and was stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel, while General Crook had his headquarters at the Revere House. On that February night they slept in fancied security without the slightest idea that there were Confederates within striking distance who would be bold enough to make any attempt to enter the town. Vandiver and his band were about twenty-seven miles from Cumberland. The snow, he says, was two feet deep when they started down the valley and crossed the south branch of the Potomac. They forded the river in the running ice and slush, and the water was high enough to wet every man. They captured the first pickets with which they came in contact, and, by stringing a German soldier to the limb of a tree by a bridle rein, they secured from him the countersign, which was "Bull's Gap." With this pass-word in their possession they moved on down the county road to Cumberland.

On the way they ran into a squad of thirty or forty infantry, who halted them and demanded that one dismount and give the countersign. They dashed into this squad and captured them, broke their guns, and, as Vandiver said, frightened them almost to death by telling them that the city of Cumberland was surrounded, and that by morning their generals would be captured. He told his prisoners that on account of the depth of the snow he could not take them with him, but each agreed to take a verbal parole. They then rode deliberately into the town as cool as though they were Union troops, and, when accosted, informed the inquiring soldiers that they were scouts from New Creek.

Vandiver himself took the responsibility of securing General Crook from the Revere House, and to the well-known Kuykendall was assigned the duty of securing the person of General Kelly. Kuykendall took six men, and at 3:30 o'clock in the morning the scouts dis-

mounted and coolly entered the St. Nicholas. They found General Kelly in bed and Kuykendall, who was known to General Kelly, having been captured previously, recognized him at once and demanded his surrender. The General desired to know whom he was surrendering to, and Kuykendall emphatically informed him that it was to him, Kuykendall, and him only, and told him further that there was no time for ceremony. The General accepted the position and promptly obeyed.

Vandiver in the meantime had repaired to the Revere House, captured the sentinel in charge by pretending to be a dispatch-bearer to General Crook, and finally succeeded in reaching his bed-room. He announced himself to the astonished General as General Rosser, of the Confederate army, informed him that he was a prisoner of war, and told him that he had two minutes to dress. The General hesitating, Vandiver told him that his clothes were there, and that he could either put them on or be taken as he was.

It is needless to say that the General dressed, and dressed quickly. They took him to the street, Vandiver mounted his horse, and the General was placed on the horse behind him. They rode down and were joined by the party who had taken General Kelly from his bed at the St. Nicholas, and in a little while they were out beyond the confines of Cumberland. The countersign, "Bull's Gap," now stood them in hand, and they got a start before the alarm was spread.

They reached Romney without any trouble, except an exchange of shots with a handful of cavalry that had got together and pursued them.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, August 2, 1891.]

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

LINES BY REV. JOSHUA PETERKIN, D. D.

The following poem from the pen of Rev. Joshua Peterkin, D. D., appeared in the Hartford (Conn.) *Courier* in 1865, and, now that the horrors of Andersonville are again being paraded in Northern magazines, it will no doubt be read with interest by many. The quotations are from lines which a short while before had been published in a Philadelphia (Pa.) paper.

G. E. T. L.

Full fifteen thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
As captives died in prison pen,
"They died for me and you!"
And shall not truth's indignant tongue
Declare who did this grievous wrong?

On many a bloody field
They stood 'gainst leaden hail;
And though at last constrained to yield,
Their spirits did not quail;
They safely passed their battles through,
And yet "they died for me and you."

They pined for home, sweet home,
And for their daily bread;
Alas! assistance did not come,
And now they are with the dead!
E'en hardened rebels felt their grief,
And yet could furnish no relief!

The rebel leaders durst
Not do what *we* have done,
Though many hearts with anguish burst
At tales from "Anderson."
For still *they* let our brave men share
Their own coarse food and scanty fare.

The sad tale must be told:
The brave, the true, the good,
While we were busy coining gold
They died for want of food!
Those fifteen thousand boys in blue
As victims died—"for me and you."

The rebels, in their need,
Once, twice, and yet again,
Did all that *they* could do to plead
For justice to these men;
But deaf, alas! the nation's ear,
The people's *servants* would not hear.

Even *Davis* felt their grief,
And sent his message forth,
By prompt exchange to grant relief
To prisoners South and North.
And why, alas! was it not done?
There was no *heart* in Washington.

The rebels gave us leave
To send down loyal men—*
Men good and true, who might receive
Aid for that prison pen,
And tend the suffering inmates there
With a whole nation's love and care.

But no, these gallant men
Were left to starve and die
That Northern banners might again
Mid Southern breezes fly;
And bold recruits might rush to save
Their comrades from a prison grave.

A wise, sagacious move!
A stroke of policy!
So called by those who know not love
Or human sympathy.
But ah! those noble boys in blue—
Their blood now rests on "me and you."

The rebels, pinched and pressed,
Offered to *send* them home†
Without exchange—you know the rest,
For home they did not come!
Our ships could not be spared to save
Our soldiers from a Southern grave!

Who did such grievous wrong
In that sad, gloomy hour?
Men who were anxious to prolong
Their influence and power.
Who cares for fifteen thousand men
If we the helm of State retain?

* In January, 1864, the Confederates proposed to allow the Federal authorities to send their own surgeons to the South. It was proposed, also, that these surgeons should act as commissaries, and distribute whatever either the United States Government or private benevolence should furnish. Of course, the Confederates would have desired a similar opportunity for their surgeons to minister to Southern prisoners at the North. The United States authorities, however, never gave any reply to the proposition, though the war continued for more than a year after it was made.

† In August, 1864, when the mortality was increasing at Andersonville, the Confederates offered to give up from ten to fifteen thousand men unconditionally, except that the United States' authorities were to send for them. After a delay of three fearful months, the most sickly of the year, they did send and took away thirteen thousand, leaving in their place three thousand Southerners, who were even more squalid and sickly than the poor fellows they took home.

Bow down, my soul, in grief
Before the God of Heaven;
We failed to grant our men relief
That rebels would have given!
And so those soldiers, good and true,
Died of neglect from "me and you."

Too late we feel their woes,
Deluded now no more;
But withering blight shall rest on those
Who kept these men in store
As capital to aid their schemes
And realize ambition's dream.

Adown time's steepest path
Their names with scorn shall go,
The objects of a nation's wrath—
Those ministers of woe!
They killed the fifteen thousand men
Who perished in that prison pen!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL EARL VAN DORN.

The History of a Gallant Soldier of the Confederacy—His Personal Characteristics and His Military Achievements—The Campaign on the West of the Mississippi.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL DABNEY H. MAURY.

General Earl Van Dorn was, in the opinion of the writer, the most remarkable man the State of Mississippi has ever known. My acquaintance with him began in Monterey, in the fall of 1846. He was aide-de-camp then to General Persifor F. Smith, and was one of the most attractive young fellows in the army. He used to ride a beautiful bay Andalusian horse, and as he came galloping along the lines, with his yellow hair waving in the wind and his bright face lighted with kindness and courage, we all loved to see him. His figure was lithe and graceful; his stature did not exceed five feet six inches; but his clear blue eyes, his firm-set mouth, with white, strong teeth, his well-cut nose, with expanding nostrils, gave assurance of a man

whom men could trust and follow. No young officer came out of the Mexican war with a reputation more enviable than his. After the close of that war he resumed his duties and position in the infantry regiment of which he was a lieutenant.

In 1854 the Second Cavalry was organized, and Van Dorn was promoted to be the major of the regiment. He conducted several of the most important and successful expeditions against the Comanches we have ever made, and in one of them was shot through the body, the point of the arrow just protruding through the skin. No surgeon was at hand. Van Dorn, reflecting that to withdraw the arrow would leave the barbed head in his body, thrust it on through, and left the surgeon little to do. When the States resumed their State sovereignty he took a bold and efficient part in securing to Texas, where he was serving, all of the war material within her borders. Early in the war he was ordered to join the army under General Joe Johnston at Manassas; whence soon after, in February, 1861, he was ordered to take command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

VAN DORN'S BOLD PROJECT.

I was associated with him in this command as chief of his staff and saw him daily for many months. He had conceived the bold project of capturing St. Louis and transferring the war into Illinois, and was actively engaged in preparing for this enterprise when he was summoned by General Price to Boston mountain, where the forces of Price and McCulloch lay in great need of a common superior—for these two generals could not co-operate because of questions of rank. Therefore, Van Dorn promptly responded to Price's summons, and in a few hours was in the saddle and on his way to Van Buren. I went with him, and one aide-de-camp, an orderly and my servant man Jem made up our party. Van Dorn rode a fine thoroughbred black mare he had brought from Virginia. I was mounted on a sorrel I had bought in Pocahontas a few hours before we set out. Except my sorrel mare, Van Dorn's black mare was the hardest trotter in the world, and as we trotted fifty-five miles every day for five or six days, we had a very unusual opportunity of learning all that a hard trotter can do to a man in a long day's march. Had it not been that we slept every night in a feather bed that soothed our sore bones and served as a poultice to our galled saddle pieces, we would have been permanently disabled for cavalry service forever.

My boy Jem alone enjoyed that trip. He rode in the ambulance all day and slept *ad libitum* day and night; and except when he got a ducking by the upsetting of a canoe in Black river, he was as happy as ever he had been since the last herring season on the Potomac. The battle of Elkhorn disturbed Jem's equilibrium even more than the upsetting of the canoe. The excitement of imminent danger, which was never a pleasing emotion to Jem, was kept up at Elkhorn much longer than in Black river, and I could not find him for three days—not, indeed, until we accidentally met on the route of our retreat, when I must say he showed great delight at “meeting up” with me again, and took to himself no little credit for the skill with which he had conducted the movements of that ambulance for the past three days. It had contained all of our clothing and blankets and camp supplies, of no little value to hungry and wearied warriors. The blankets and clothing were all right, but we found nothing whatever for the inner man. Jem was cheerful and cordial and comfortable, but we never could ascertain where he had the ambulance from time to time the first shot was fired, until the moment we encountered him in full retreat, and with the last sound of the battle died out in the distance behind him.

THE BATTLE OF ELKHORN.

Van Dorn had planned the battle of Elkhorn well; he had moved so rapidly from Boston mountain with the forces of Price and McCulloch combined that he caught the enemy unprepared, and with his division so far separated that but for the inevitable indiscipline of troops so hastily thrown together he would have destroyed the whole Federal army. By the loss of thirty minutes in reaching Bentonville we lost the cutting off of Siegel with seven thousand men, who were hurrying to join the main body on Sugar creek. But we pushed him hard all that day, and after he had closed upon the main body Van Dorn, leaving a small force to occupy the attention in front, threw his army, by a night march, quite around the Federal army and across their only road by which retreat to Missouri could be effected. He handled his forces well; always attacking, always pressing the enemy back. When he heard of the death in quick succession of the three principal commanders of his right wing—McCulloch, McIntosh and Hebert—and the consequent withdrawal from the attack of that whole wing, he only set his lips a little firmer; his blue eyes blazed brighter, and his nostrils looked wider, as he said: “Then we must press them the harder.” And he did, too, and he had everything

moving finely by sundown, and all the enemy's line before us in full retreat at a run, and falling back into their wagon trains ; when, by misapprehension on the part of the commander with our advanced troops, the pursuit was arrested, our forces withdrawn from the attack to go into bivouac, and the enemy was permitted to quietly reorganize his army and prepare for a combined attack upon us in the morning. During the night we found that most of our batteries and regiments had exhausted their amunition, and the ordnance train, with all the reserve amunition, had been sent away, fifteen miles back, on the road along which we had come, and the enemy lay between. There was nothing left for Van Dorn but to get his train on the road to Van Buren and his army off by the same route and to fight enough to secure them. This he did, and marched away unmolested.

THE ARMY OF THE WEST.

Arrived at Van Buren, Van Dorn addressed himself to the completion of the reorganization of his army, thenceforth known as the Army of the West, and it was there he gave an illustration of true magnanimity—very rarely known in ambitious men—by the offer he made to move with all his forces to reinforce General Sidney Johnston at Corinth. By this he surrendered the great independent command of the Trans-Mississippi Department and all the plans he had formed for the sake of his views of the best interests of their common country, and became a subordinate commander of an army corps instead of the commander-in-chief of an army. He hoped to reach Johnston in time for the battle of Shiloh, and had he done so, would have given a very different result to that critical battle. But Shiloh had been fought and our army, under Beauregard, was occupying the works of Corinth when Van Dorn, with the Army of the West, sixteen thousand effectives, reached that point. We lay near Corinth more than six weeks, and three times offered battle to Halleck, who, with one hundred thousand men, was cautiously advancing as if to attack us. Three times our army (forty thousand strong) marched out of its entrenchments and advanced to meet Halleck and give him battle, but every time he drew back and declined it. In every council Van Dorn's voice was for war. May 30, 1862, Beauregard evacuated his works in a masterly manner, and marched south unmolested to Tupelo, when he halted the army and held it ready for battle. In June Van Dorn was ordered to go to Vicksburg, which was threatened with attack, and was in poor condition for defence. He evinced here great energy and ability. He repulsed the enemy's

fleet, put the place in a good condition of defence, occupied Port Hudson, and there erected such works as enabled us for a year longer to control the Mississippi river and its tributaries so as to keep open free intercourse with the trans-Mississippi, whence large supplies for the armies on this side were drawn. He organized an expedition against Baton Rouge during this time, which but for the cholera, which swept off half of the force, and the untimely breaking down of the ram Arkansas' engine when almost within range of that town, would have been a brilliant and complete success.

THE ATTEMPT ON CORINTH.

After this Van Dorn urged General Price, who had been left at Tupelo with the Army of the West when Bragg moved to Chattanooga, to unite all their available forces in Mississippi, carry Corinth by assault, and sweep the enemy out of West Tennessee. This, unfortunately, Price, under his instructions, could not then do. Our combined forces would then have exceeded twenty-five thousand effectives, and there is no doubt as to the results of the movement. Later, after Breckenridge had been detached with six thousand men and Price had lost about four thousand on the Iuka expedition (mainly stragglers), the attempt on Corinth was made. Its works had been greatly strengthened and its garrison greatly increased. Van Dorn attacked with his usual vigor and dash. His left and centre stormed the town, captured all the guns in their front and broke Rosecrans' centre. The division comprising our right wing remained inactive, so that the enemy, believing that our right was merely making a feint, detached Stanley with six thousand fresh men from his left and drove us out of the town.

Never was a general more disappointed than Van Dorn; but no man in all our army was so little shaken in his courage by the result as he was. I think his was the highest courage I have ever known. It rose above every disaster, and he never looked more gallant than when his broken army in utter disorder was streaming through the open woods which then environed Corinth and its formidable defences. However much depression all of us showed and felt, he alone remained unconquered, and if he could have gotten his forces together would have tried it again. But seeing that was impossible, he brought Lovell's Division, which not having assaulted was unbroken, to cover the rear, and moved back to Chewalla, seven miles west of Corinth, encouraging officers and men to reform their broken organizations as we marched along. No sooner did he halt at Che-

walla than he gave orders to move in the morning to attack the enemy at Rienzi. But the condition of two of his three divisions was such that the generals advised against attempting any new aggressive movement until we could reform and refit our commands. My division had marched from Chewalla to attack Corinth with four thousand eight hundred muskets the day but one before. We left in the approaches and the very central defences of Corinth two thousand officers and men killed or wounded, among them were many of my ablest field and company officers. The Missourians had lost almost as heavily ; Lovell's division alone, not having attacked the works at all, came off with but a trifling loss. It was, therefore, decided to move down to Ripley by the route we had so lately come over in such brave array and with such high hopes. But before dawn next morning Van Dorn had moved the cavalry and pioneers on the road to Rienzi, still resolved to capture that place, and march around immediately and attack Corinth from the opposite direction.

A BRILLIANT RETREAT.

The plan was worthy of Charles XII, and might have been successful ; and Van Dorn only abandoned it when convinced that he would inevitably lose his wagon train, and that the army would feel he was rash. A friend said to him finally: "Van Dorn, you are the only man I ever saw who loves danger for its own sake. When any daring enterprise is before you, you cannot adequately estimate the obstacles in your way." He replied: "While I do not admit the correctness of your criticism, I feel how wrong I shall be to imperil this army through my personal peculiarities, after what such a friend as you have told me they are, and I will countermand the orders and move at once on the road to Ripley."

Few commanders have ever been so beset as Van Dorn was in the forks of the Hatchie, and very few could have extricated a beaten army as he did then. Ord, with a force stated at ten thousand men, headed him at the Hatchie bridge, while Rosecrans, with twenty thousand men, was attacking his rear at the Tuscumbia bridge, only five miles off. The whole road between was occupied by a train of near four hundred wagons and a defeated army of about eleven thousand muskets. But Van Dorn was never for a moment dismayed. He repulsed Ord and punished him severely, while he checked Rosecrans at the Tuscumbia until he could turn his train and army

short to the left, and cross the Hatchie by the Boneyard road, without the loss of a wagon.

By 10 P. M. his whole army and train were safely over the Hatchie, and with a full moon to light us on our way we briskly marched for Ripley, where we drew up in line of battle and awaited the enemy, but he not advancing we marched to Holly Springs. When in November Van Dorn checked Grant's advance, he then occupied the works on the Tallahatchie, which he held for a month; Grant's force was sixty thousand, Van Dorn's was sixteen thousand. He then retired behind the Yallabusha to Grenada and awaited Grant's advance until Christmas eve, 1862, when, leaving the army at Grenada under Loring's command, he moved with two thousand horse around Grant's army, swooped down upon Holly Springs, captured the garrison, destroyed three months' stores for sixty thousand men, and defeated Grant's whole campaign and compelled him to abandon Mississippi. From that time Van Dorn resumed his proper *role* as a general of cavalry, in which he had no superior in either army. His extrication of his cavalry division from the bend of Duck river equaled his conduct in the forks of the Hatchie.

VAN DORN AS A CAVALRY COMMANDER.

In the spring of 1863 he was the chief commander of the cavalry of Bragg's army, then at Tullahoma; he had as brigade commanders Armstrong, Jackson, Cosby and Martin, and with about eight thousand men, was preparing to move across the Ohio. His command was bivouacked in the fertile region of Middle Tennessee. His headquarters were at Spring Hill, and almost daily he would engage the enemy with one of his brigades while the other three were carefully drilled. His horses were in fine order and his men in better drill, discipline and spirit than our cavalry had ever been. He was assassinated just as he was about to move on the most important enterprise of his life. I believe that in him we lost the greatest cavalry soldier of his time. His knowledge of roads and country was wonderful. He knew how to care for his men and horses. His own wants were few; his habits simple; he was energetic and enduring; he deferred everything to his military duty; he craved glory beyond everything—high glory; there was no stain of vain glory about anything he ever did or said. As the bravest are ever the gentlest, so was he simple and kind, and gentle as a child. I remember one evening on our ride across Arkansas we stopped at the hospitable house of an old gentleman (Dr. Williams) about one day's march this side

of Van Buren. We were sitting on the portico—Van Dorn and I—when a little child came out to us ; he called her to him, and soon had her confidence, and as she told him, in her child-like way, that she was an orphan, and spoke of her mother, lately dead, his eyes filled with tears, and I noticed that he slipped into her hand the only piece of gold he owned, and asked her to get with it something to remember him by.

The pre-eminent quality of his military nature was that he was unconquerable. Whether defeated or victorious he always controlled his resources. As Napoleon said of De Saix, he was all for war and glory ; and he had a just idea of glory. There was no self-seeking in him, and he would die for duty at any moment. His personal traits were very charming. His person was very handsome ; his manners frank and simple ; with his friends he was genial and sometimes convivial ; but never did I know him to postpone his duty for pleasure, or to pursue conviviality to a degree unbecoming a gentleman. Take him for all in all he was the most gallant soldier I have ever known.

A LETTER FROM COLONEL DILLON.

General D. H. MAURY,

Chairman Executive Committee Southern Historical Society :

Dear General : I take advantage of a few hours' detention here to say, in reply to your inquiry of the 12th instant, that, while my memory is not fresh as to all the details of General Van Dorn's operations between Columbia and Nashville, Tenn., in 1863, or as to the precise composition of his command at that time, yet I remember that it contained the brigades of Forrest, Jackson, Armstrong, Whitfield and Cosby, numbering, perhaps, seven thousand effectives—cavalry and artillery; and I can no doubt give you with tolerable accuracy the main features of the transaction to which you refer.

General Van Dorn arrived at Columbia early in February, 1863, and shortly thereafter (perhaps in March) took up his headquarters at Spring Hill, protecting the left of General Bragg's army and operating against the Federal line of communication so effectively as to confine the enemy closely to their fortified positions at Nashville, Brentwood, Franklin, Triune and other points. Vexed at Van Dorn's frequent attacks and constantly increasing proximity to their line, the enemy repeatedly moved out in force from their strongholds, but could never be coaxed far enough from them to justify any vigorous

attack till some time in May, when General Coburn came out of Franklin with about five thousand men and was enticed to a point near Thompson's Station, where, after a sharp engagement, he surrendered in time to prevent a simultaneous attack in front and rear—Forest's brigade having gotten behind him. On the day following Forest was sent with his own and Armstrong's brigade to attack Brentwood (believed to have been weakened in order to replace the captured garrison of Franklin), and succeeded in beating and capturing the force there (about twelve hundred), together with a large number of horses and many arms of different kinds. Out of this affair came an altercation between Van Dorn and Forrest, which is worthy of note as characteristic of both.

Forrest had reported his success to Van Dorn, who had in turn reported it to Bragg; and he, being in need of just such things as Forest had captured, directed Van Dorn to send them forthwith to him. This order of Bragg's was repeated by Van Dorn to Forrest, who replied that he did not have the captured property, and could not comply with the order. (I always supposed that Forrest's and Armstrong's men appropriated most of the captured property at the moment of capture). To this Van Dorn said: "Either your report to me is incorrect, or your command is in possession of the property, and you must produce and deliver it." Forrest replied indignantly that he was not in the habit of being talked to in that way, and that the time would come when he would demand satisfaction. Van Dorn said, quietly: "My rank shall be no barrier; you can have satisfaction at any time you desire."

Forrest passed his hand thoughtfully across his brow, and replied with a good deal of dignity and grace: "I have been hasty, general, and am sorry for it. I do not fear that anybody will misunderstand me, but the truth is you and I have enough Yankees to fight, without fighting each other, and I hope this matter will be forgotten." Van Dorn said: "You are right, general, and I am sure nobody will ever suspect you of not being ready for any kind of fight at any time. I certainly am willing to drop the matter, and can assure you that I have no feeling about it; but I must insist that my orders shall be obeyed as long as I am your commander. Let us drop the subject, however, as I have work for you to do." The conversation then turned on the subject of a Federal raid which had just been reported to Van Dorn by scouts, and Forrest, being ordered to inter-

cept it, left Van Dorn's presence (I think they never met again) to perform the most wonderful feat in the history of that remarkable war—I refer to the capture of Strait and his command.

A BRILLIANT MOVEMENT.

Very shortly after the departure of Forrest, General Granger having reinforced Franklin, moved out with a force of about ten thousand infantry, and a large body of cavalry and artillery, and Van Dorn retired before him, hoping to repeat the operation against Coburn; but finding Granger's force larger than it was at first supposed, he determined to assume the defensive and take position behind Ruthersford's creek, a tributary of Duck river, with which it unites only a few miles below Columbia. Accordingly he formed his command on the left bank of the creek, which at that point is about four miles from the river at Columbia, and for some distance is nearly parallel with the river, intending to receive Granger's attack there; but heavy rains having fallen on an already swollen river it became past fording in a few hours, and Van Dorn deemed it imprudent, under the circumstances, to risk an engagement between the creek and swollen river, in which, if beaten, he would probably both lose his command, and leave Columbia exposed. He, therefore, decided to turn up the river to a bridge twenty miles distant, cross, and return down the river by a forced march to cover Columbia before the enemy could cross, he (Van Dorn) having forty miles to move and they only four. This bold and dexterous movement was accomplished in spite of the fact that the enemy, seeing his position, pressed vigorously upon Van Dorn's right to force him into the fork; but finding that he had extricated himself and reached Columbia before any preparation could be made by them to cross, they retired immediately, seeming to fear that their absence from Franklin might tempt so daring and expeditious an opponent as Van Dorn to precede them to that point. Van Dorn at once resumed his position at Spring Hill, and his assassination followed very quickly. My recollection is that, during the few months of his brilliant career in Tennessee he captured more men than he had in his own command.

I may not be entirely accurate in all I have said, but substantially it is correct. If, however, you wish to be minute, you had better send this to General Forrest or General Jackson, either of whom can verify it or correct any inaccuracy of my memory if it be at fault. It is deeply to be regretted that the details of Van Dorn's

plans and actions as a cavalry commander in Tennessee, or while covering Pemberton's retreat before Grant to Grenada, and in the signal affair at Holly Springs, fraught as the latter was with results more momentous than those involved in any action of its kind of which I ever knew or heard, should be lost to the history of cavalry; but I fear to trust my memory, and must confine myself to these brief outlines, hoping that some of those who followed him, whose memory is better than mine, may yet do justice to a cavalier whose feats, when written out, must give him a place besides the greatest of those who in time past have ridden to victory or immortality.

Yours truly,

E. DILLON.

Morganton, N. C., *June 16, 1877.*

[From the *Richmond Times*, November 22, 1891.]

THE STAUNTON RIVER FIGHT.

Colonel Farinholt Replies to General Dabney Maury—Certain Alleged Errors Corrected—Another Account of that Famous Engagement—To Whom the Honor of the Victory is Partly Due—Interesting Details.

[The narrative to which Colonel Farinholt excepts appears in this volume, *ante*, pp. 51-57. The intent of General Maury is evident. It is just to him to state that he earnestly endeavored to obtain all the facts attendant upon the "remarkable victory" before publishing his account. The editor had several conversations with him during its preparation. General Maury states that he was anxious to hear from Colonel Farinholt, to whom he wrote, but received no reply from him.]

The following is an account of the battle at Staunton river bridge, prepared by Colonel B. L. Farinholt, in reply to the account of that memorable engagement from the pen of General Dabney H. Maury, and which was recently published in the *Times*:

BALTIMORE, MD., *November 20, 1891.*

General DABNEY H. MAURY:

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to a copy of *The Times*, of Richmond, Va., giving, over your signature, an account of the engagement between the Confederate and Federal forces which took place at Staunton River bridge, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, on the 25th of June, 1864 (you say the 24th).

Believing you would not misrepresent the facts intentionally, and would not knowingly minimize the just deserts of one officer to aggrandize the fame and add to the laurels of another, and feeling sure that after the lapse of so many years you have either misconstrued the conversation you had with Colonel Stanhope Flournoy, or that your remembrance of his account is at this date imperfect, I write to inform you of the facts, and, in justice to myself, place in your hands a correct statement of this engagement.

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

I had been in charge of the post at Staunton River bridge for about forty days prior to the engagement, preparing its defences and organizing and drilling the reserve forces. On the 22d of June, receiving a telegram from General Beauregard, at that time near Petersburg, that a large raiding party of the enemy was out making its way towards the Danville railroad, I at once sent out couriers in every direction calling upon the citizens and all local organizations and soldiers at home "on leave" to come forward and assist in completing the defences of this, the largest and most important bridge on the railroad, well knowing that if it was given up and destroyed, from there to Danville (as the Federal forces succeeded in doing at every depot from Burkeville to Staunton bridge) our wagon train would find it impossible to fill up the long gap until the railroad could be repaired or the rolling stock replaced, and that it would consequently be next to if not quite impossible for General Lee to hold his position in front of Richmond but a short time after such complete destruction of this road, then almost our only artery for supplies from the South.

As evidence of my correct view of the situation at the time I refer you to an order issued by General Lee almost immediately after this fight for the impressment and use of an extra large number of wagons, detailing all that could be spared from other portions of the army, under specially detached vigilant and expert quartermasters and commissaries, to cover this gap in the road from Staunton bridge to Burkeville until it could be repaired.

The defences on both sides of the river, already well under way, were rendered as complete as the limited time after receiving General Beauregard's order, up to the hour of the commencement of the fight, would permit, every position of which I directed and superintended myself, including the rifle-pits on the north and east sides of the Staunton river.

COLONEL COLEMAN'S POSITION.

Your statement says Colonel Coleman assumed command of the forces at the bridge and prepared the defences; on the contrary, Colonel Coleman reported to me for service only a short time before the engagement actually began. I then had two hundred and fifty men in position on the north and east side of the river, having placed them and fully directed them what to do, both in regard to improving their defences, as well as to reserve fire upon the enemy's approach until they could aim with deadly precision and at a close range. This was all done before I had seen Colonel Coleman, and well do I remember the words of gallant old Mr. William Clarke, who remarked when I returned to the defences on the south side of the river that I seemed to be satisfied that we should hold the place against all odds, as I had by the disposition of our forces abandoned all idea of retreat and intended that it was to be victory, death or imprisonment, for, said he, "we are between the devil and the deep sea."

After Colonel Coleman reported to me I placed him in command of two hundred men besides those already on the east side of the river, placing twenty of the two hundred behind heavy timber, crossed so as to leave loopholes for them to fire through, in the form of an A over that end of the bridge, and it was at this point the Rev. Mr. Burke was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell from the enemy's battery.

Colonel Coleman did his duty gallantly and efficiently, and in recognition of which I especially mentioned him in my report to General Lee of the engagement, causing him to give Colonel Coleman due consideration in his congratulatory order to my command.

It was I who sent the message to Colonel Flournoy and many other prominent men throughout that and other adjacent counties, urging them to assemble all men who could bear arms, even temporarily, to assist in this defence.

COLONEL FLOURNOY AND FARMER EDMONDS.

Colonel Flournoy, as did Hon. Paul Edmonds (then at home on leave, now member of Congress from that district), reported to me for any duty I might assign them to, and as each came mounted, and with a goodly number of followers likewise mounted, I sent one to the nearest ford above and the other to the nearest ford below the bridge, each some two miles away, to guard and prevent the enemy

crossing to attack us in the rear. While both of these gentlemen and their commands did most efficient service, neither of them were immediately present while the battle was being fought.

Your report of it, after giving Colonel Coleman the credit of preparing the defences on the north and east side of the river and commanding those forces, says the rest of the command was held in reserve under Colonel Flournoy on the right bank of the river. This work was armed with four six-pounders, which were worked upon the enemy under the command of Captain Marshall.

A GALLANT VIRGINIAN.

Colonel Flournoy was a gentleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, and as he, by special invitation, on two occasions (once at his own house and once at the house of his neighbor, Mr. Clarke), soon after this engagement met me and assisted in entertaining me as a compliment for "the most gallant defence," as he pleased to term it, "made of Staunton river bridge, his home and household goods," I cannot think for a moment Colonel Flournoy would have related to you that he was in command of the forces on either side of the river in this engagement, or that Colonel Coleman would have claimed for himself what your report of this fight does—viz.: that he assumed command, constructed the defences and arranged the plan of battle on the left bank of the river. Colonel Henry Eaton Coleman, I consider, was a man of high sense of honor and a chivalrous, gallant officer. He was my friend. After leaving your office in Washington he came to see me in Baltimore.

Knowing, as he did, my report to General Lee, and General Lee's complimentary reply to me and my command for the disposition of forces and the determination with which we made this fight, Colonel Coleman could not have been my friend and written the friendly letter he did, had he believed me to have claimed any honors due to him.

Colonel R. E. Withers, commandant at Danville at the time, knew all about the fight. He most efficiently aided me with all the men at his command when I telegraphed him the situation, and the Danville contingent constituted a great moral as well as material support, many of them being old soldiers.

I enclose a letter from Colonel Withers, written not long after the battle, but after he had time to know all the facts from the officers of his command, who were engaged under my immediate supervision. I also inclose General R. E. Lee's letter to my command, showing a due appreciation of the gravity of the situation and the invaluable

service rendered at the time by holding the position—the key to all our supplies—against such odds,

Your report says two hundred and fifty old men and boys made this fight against twenty-five hundred of the enemy. This is a mistake; we still have enough credit left, and it may be correctly termed a remarkable victory, when, as I find by reference to my report, we had nine hundred and thirty-eight men—of these only one hundred and fifty veterans, the remainder being the gallant reserves and citizens from adjacent counties, who deserve all the encomiums you have bestowed upon them. In the management of these I was ably assisted by Captain T. T. Boswell, of Mecklenburg. The enemy had six thousand well-trained and splendidly-equipped troops, over three thousand of whom advanced to the charge repeatedly on our small force, being as often disastrously repelled.

ANOTHER MISTAKE.

Your description is in error in stating that "General Wilson made his headquarters on McPhail's lawn, from whence he could view the field of battle and all of its approaches." Really, neither Staunton bridge nor but few of its approaches can be seen from McPhail's residence or lawn, which is (or was in 1864) obstructed from any extensive view by intervening woods.

I had the pleasure of knowing all of the family except Major McPhail, who was absent with his command at the front.

And I designedly had the empty trains frequently run back and forth between our defences and Clover depot, while the enemy were approaching and deploying, our men being instructed to huzza on the arrival of every train, thus giving plausibility to the report of Mrs. McPhail to the Federal commander, and giving him apparently good reason to believe we were rapidly being reinforced.

I do not think, General, that any of us deserve very great credit for doing our duty in what we believe to be right by both instruction and inheritance, but none of us are willing when having done our duty to have our work ascribed to others, and our children deprived of such honor and credit as our contemporaries and posterity think but just to award us.

I am, most respectfully,

B. L. FARINHOLT.

N. B.—I also append extracts from a letter from Captain W. T. Atkins, of Boydton, Va., who most efficiently aided as my adjutant in carrying out the details of the engagement, being himself frequently exposed to the severest fire of the enemy in doing so.

REPORT TO GENERAL LEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

16th July, 1864.

Captain B. L. FARINHOLT,

Commanding at Staunton River Bridge :

Captain : Your report of the repulse of the enemy by the forces under your command on Saturday, 25th ult., at Staunton River bridge has been received. Please express my thanks to the men and officers engaged for the gallantry and determination with which they repelled every assault of the enemy. I regret the painful wound of Colonel Coleman, of the Twelfth North Carolina, who exhibited such a noble example of patriotism and bravery in leaving home, though wounded, and taking an active part in the defence of the post.

Thanking you for the skill and conduct with which you have executed the charge committed to you, I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

COLONEL WITHERS' CONGRATULATIONS.

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE,

DANVILLE, June 27, 1864.

Captain FAIRINHOLT,

Commanding Staunton River Bridge :

Captain : I beg leave to offer you my congratulations on the very handsome and successful defence of your position against a largely superior force of the enemy.

The service you have rendered will be highly appreciated by the whole country.

I am glad to know that some of the companies from this place contributed so essentially to the result.

Please send me an accurate list of the casualties of the command as soon as you can, and a detailed account of the whole affair. Present to the officers and men of your command my high appreciation of the service rendered, and my confident belief that the next party of raiders will give them a "wide berth."

I learn that you have captured a considerable number of repeating rifles, if so you can turn one over to me. I should be glad to get one.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. WITHERS,

Colonel Commanding Post.

WHAT CAPTAIN ATKINS SAYS.

BOYDTON, VA., November 9, 1891.

Colonel B. L. FARINHOLT:

My Dear Sir: Your letter, with a copy of the *Richmond Times* of the 27th of September, containing General Dabney H. Maury's account of the fight at Staunton river bridge in June, 1864, came duly to hand.

Of course it was unintentional, but nevertheless the account does you a great injustice in giving to others the credit of planning and directing what General Maury correctly terms "the most remarkable fight of the war."

I was an active participant in the fight, and probably knew more about its details than any other person except yourself, and very cheerfully give you my recollection of its main features.

* * * * *

From the time I reached the bridge until I left, you were unquestionably in command of all the troops on both sides of the river, directing in person every movement, disposition of the troops and other details of the fight, every officer present looking to you for and obeying your orders.

Colonel H. E. Coleman did not reach the bridge until the morning of the 25th, when he reported to you for duty, and you assigned him to the immediate command of about one hundred and fifty men then placed at the foot of the bridge on the north side of the river.

* * * * *

General Maury also misunderstood Colonel Flournoy as to where he was stationed during the fight. The Colonel, with some mounted men he had raised, was guarding Cole's Ferry, two or three miles above the bridge, to prevent the Federal forces crossing there.

Yours truly,

W. T. ATKINS.

The Memorial Window in Trinity Church, Portsmouth,
Va., to the Confederate Dead of its Congregation.

[This account, which is published by request, was furnished by a former officer of Trinity Church.]

This beautiful stained-glass gift was erected in Trinity Church, in the city of Portsmouth, Va., by the Rev. John Henry Wingfield,

D. D., in memory of the Confederate dead of his congregation. With the purest motives at heart, and never dreaming that any one, North or South, could possibly take offence at so laudable an object, this venerable divine, at his own expense, donated this sacred memorial as an Easter present to his congregation. It was executed in New York city, where it was greatly admired when on exhibition, not a word of disapproval being expressed by any one who saw it. The design represents Rachel weeping at the tomb, on which are inscribed the names of those belonging to the congregation who were killed or died during the war, and under it is a simple explanatory inscription, the substance of which is that it was placed there "in memory of the nine young men of the congregation who lost their lives during the Civil War, between the years 1861-'65, in defending their native State, Virginia, from the invasion of the United States forces."

It was on the morning of Easter Day, April 12, 1868, that the congregation first saw it, everybody appearing to admire it, and not one of the numerous throng on that day left the church or refused to approach the Holy Communion because of its presence. The next day and throughout the following week the window was the subject of much excited talk among the people, in and out of the congregation. To the astonishment of all, the families attached to the United States navy-yard who attended the church took offence at the window, and an indignation meeting was held in the navy-yard, resulting in the vacation of five pews and withdrawal of their occupants from attendance on the services. They reported to Washington that this Southern congregation had, by a tribute of respect to its dead, outraged their honor and insulted their manly pride, and announced their grievance to the military authorities in immediate command. Accordingly, the major in command wrote a letter to the Vestry of Trinity Church as follows :

HEADQUARTERS SUB-DISTRICT OF NORFOLK,
NORFOLK, VA., *April 18th, 1868.*

TO THE VESTRY OF TRINITY CHURCH,

Portsmouth, Va.:

Gentlemen: Information having reached these headquarters that a memorial window has been placed in your Church, commemorative of the dead of your Church "who fell during the late rebellion," in language which has given offence to the Union sentiment, causing

some U. S. naval officers to relinquish their pews, and withdraw from the Church, the major commanding desires you to furnish him with an exact copy of the inscription on the above window for his information.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. W. STONE,
Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

This information was readily furnished to the military authorities by the Registrar, accompanied by the following resolution by the Vestry :

Resolved, That the Vestry of this Church disclaim any intention, in permitting the erection of the memorial window lately placed therein, to give any offence to any person or persons attending upon the services of the Church."

(Signed)

"J. H. D. WINGFIELD,
Associate Rector.

"ARTHUR EMMERSON,
Registrar.

Monday, May 5th, 1868.

The naval officers who made complaint were Captain C. P. R. Rogers, Captain Pattison, Captain George H. Cooper, Chief Engineer Newell, and Lieutenant Marine Corps Hammersly.

The cause of complaint was "the offensive word 'INVASION'" in the inscription. To appease said complainants, the Rector caused the inscription to be covered out of sight, but without the desired effect; whereupon, the aged pastor of the Church concluded that the best way to preserve the peace would be to take the window out; which was accordingly done. Meanwhile an order came from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington to "close the Navy Yard gates if the window was not removed before Saturday night." The Rev. Father Plunkett, the pastor of the Roman Catholic Church in Portsmouth, was visiting some of his parishioners in the Navy-Yard, and read the order, but notified the officials that in anticipation of such a result the window had already been removed. The closing of the Navy-Yard, and thereby throwing out of employment hundreds of citizens who had nothing whatever to do with this matter, meant nothing less than to invite and encourage mob law. Some of the employees in the yard did say that if it was closed they would pull

down the church; but they were deprived of the opportunity to commit the sacrilege, and to carry out to the bitter end this piece of petty tyranny towards a brave but conquered people.

The *Norfolk Virginian*, edited by James Barron Hope, in an editorial headed "O shame! Where is Thy Blush?"—said:

"The memorial window to dead Confederate soldiers has been removed from Trinity Church in Portsmouth, of which in life they were members. This announcement will fall upon the ears of every generous man with a rude shock, and excite the profound disgust of all capable of feeling a noble emotion. We did not expect the chivalrous conduct of the French towards the remains of Sir John Moore, after the battle of Corunna, to be imitated by those in authority; but we did think that a decent regard for the opinions of mankind would have enforced respect for the dead, in whose memory this emblazoned window was put up in the church in which they had worshipped. Few will differ with us when we say that the spirit which compelled its removal would be denounced as full of iconoclastic barbarism, repulsive to the sentiments of all honorable men, and hideous in its suggestions of a ghoul-like cruelty. Nay, we do the barbarians injustice, for they are capable of appreciating the courage of an enemy, and it is only your Falstaff who dishonors the lifeless body of dead Percy. What, then, are we to say of a civilized government—'the best the sun ever shone on'—which can threaten to close its greatest naval station and turn out of employment a large body of workmen, because a private gentleman paid a pious tribute to the memory of gallant men who, impelled by a sense of duty, fell in defence of their native State! The suggestion was brutal. Its only effect will be to endear the memory of the dead to the hearts of the living. All the true men of Virginia will feel that even in defeat they are greater than those who could conceive so ungenerous a thought or threaten so cruel a punishment as that we have mentioned, for the performance of an action pious and commendable in itself. The Washington authorities, by whom this *ukase* was threatened, are put to shame by the larger souls and more Christian temper of the wildest mountaineers, who, even in their savage warfare, could do honor to the dead."

And why this dishonor to the living as well as the dead?

The reason given by the conquerors (with the exception of Major Commanding Smith (who "saw nothing to give offence or to take exception at," to his credit be it said), is that there was *no truth* contained in the word "invasion."

"If this is not used correctly in this inscription, then all our lexicographers have erred in defining it, and we should not be at all surprised to see an order from Washington requiring all dictionaries containing this word to be burned, and no more permitted to be published with it therein. According to all acknowledged authority the word was correctly used. It *was* an "invasion"—whether right or wrong we have in good faith accepted the result without discussion. If a true Christian spirit animated your breasts you would not have censured this noble deed, this highest of all Christian virtues—the memorializing of the sainted dead—but you would have commended it in a spirit which we expected at your hands. Well may it be asked, 'What next?' When the head department of a government claiming to be 'the best in the world,' with sacrilegious hand invades God's temple and snatches from its frescoed walls a monument of Christian love erected to departed worth, because the plain, unvarnished truth is inscribed upon it—when such acts of despotism are resorted to in order to gratify the selfish and *debased* cravings of a vile nature, then may we say that Justice, Mercy and Truth have descended from their thrones, and that tyranny has usurped their places and reigns supreme. It may not be long before our cemeteries are invaded by ruthless hands and the very stones under which rest the ashes of our heroic dead torn from over them and broken into a thousand pieces, and their dry bones dragged from their graves as desecrations and unworthy to sleep in the bosom of their mother earth. Rulers of this Christian land, we blush for you.

Take down your memorial window,
Tenderly take it away,
Lay it aside as a relic,
In its place put another of gray.

In lieu of the gorgeous colors
Which glowed in the sunlight of day,
Let a cold light fall within the church
Through a window of modest gray.

Let it have *no* word of *inscription*,
Never a *hint* of the fray,
Let it cast in the church a twilight
Tender and soft and gray.

Then will the true and the valiant
Pause, when they kneel to pray,
And ask God's rest for the heroes
Whose story is told in gray.

At a meeting of the Vestry of Trinity Church held on Monday, September 17, 1870, on motion the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

" The Vestry request the pastor to cause the memorial window to be put in its place in the church at the expense of the Vestry, and authorize him to draw on the treasurer for the expense thereof." (*Vide Parish Records.*)

The original order from the Secretary of the Navy at Washington was destroyed with other official papers by a fire, which occurred in the navy-yard some years since the restoration of the window to its place in the church.

The First North Carolina Volunteers and the Battle of Bethel.

[This compilation, of special interest to North Carolina veterans, has been furnished the editor by an early field officer of the First North Carolina Regiment, and is published for the value of its contemporaneous detail and as a memorial of a gallant regiment and its distinguished officers.]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *April 19, 1861.*

COLONEL :

You are hereby commanded to organize the Orange Light Infantry (Captain R. J. Ashe), Warrenton Guards (Captain Wade), Hornet Nest Rifles (Captain Williams), Enfield Blues (Captain Bell), Lumberton Guards (Captain Norment), Duplin Rifles (Captain Kenan), Charlotte Greys (Captain Ross), Thomasville Rifles (Captain Miller), Granville Greys (Captain Wortham), Columbus Guards (Captain Ellis), into a regiment, to be designated the " First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers."

The cadets of the North Carolina Military Institute can be attached to this regiment with the consent of their parents and guardians. The seat of war is the designation of the regiment, and Virginia, in all probability, will be the first battle-ground.

The services of this regiment will not exceed six months, but the men should be prepared to keep the field until the war is ended. The grey or blue blouse will be recognized as a suitable uniform.

Arms are now in Raleigh for the use of the regiment, and the men will be furnished with them promptly. The regiment will be moved into Virginia as soon as possible, but will not be led into battle until the field officers are of the opinion that the men are fit for duty. You will order an election for field officers of the regiment on Friday the 3d day of May.

The cause of Virginia is the cause of North Carolina. In our first struggle for liberty she nobly and freely poured out her blood in our defence. We will stand by her now in this our last effort for independence.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Colonel D. H. HILL,
Commanding Camp of Instruction, Raleigh, N. C.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *April 20, 1861.*

General Orders, No. 3.

The volunteer force of the State, not already ordered into active service, are commanded to hold themselves in readiness to march at an hour's notice. The officers are required to send to the Adjutant-General's office a roll of the companies. I am directed by the Governor to call for the enrollment of thirty thousand volunteers.

Organize ; send in the rolls. Commissions and arms will be furnished. Be in readiness to march at a day's notice ; drill by day and by night ; let the citizens equip their men. Some of your brothers are now in the field. The State has reason to be proud of the promptness with which they rallied at the call of the Governor. The decree for our subjugation has gone forth ; the time of our trial has come ; the blow will soon fall ; we must meet it with the whole energies of the State ; we must show to the world that North Carolina will maintain her rights at all hazards.

By order of the commander-in-chief.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

Official :

R. H. RIDDICK,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

RALEIGH, *May 9, 1861.**General Orders, No. 7.*

The following companies of volunteers, now stationed in this city, are hereby organized into a regiment, to be mustered into the service of the State agreeable to such regulations as shall hereby be determined upon, viz. :

1. Edgecombe Guards—Captain John L. Bridgers.
2. Enfield Blues—Captain D. A. Bell.
3. Horner's Nest Rifles—Captain Lewis S. Williams.
4. Burke Rifles—Captain C. M. Avery.
5. Buncombe Rifles—Captain W. W. McDowell.
6. Southern Stars—Captain W. J. Hoke.
7. Randalsburg Rifles—Captain A. A. Erwin.
8. La Fayette Light Infantry—Captain W. G. Matthews.
9. Orange Light Infantry—Captain Richard J. Ashe.

The companies will be arranged in the regiment, and the relative rank of the officers will be fixed when the same shall have been mustered into service.

The commanding officer of the Camp of Instruction will hold an election for field officers of the above regiment at 10 o'clock A. M. the 11th instant.

The companies not already at the camp will repair there at the time designated, where they will be stationed until further ordered.

The following companies will be concentrated at the Camp of Instruction of Weldon, N. C., where they will be organized into a regiment in like manner, viz. :

1. Warrenton Guards—Captain Wade.
2. Granville Greys—Captain George Wortham.
3. Halifax Light Infantry—Captain Whitaker.
4. Cleveland Guards—Captain Aug. W. Burton.
5. Catawba Rifles—Captain T. W. Bradburn.
6. Duplin Rifles—Captain Thomas S. Kenan.
7. Nash Boys—Captain William T. Williams.
8. Warrenton Rifles—Captain Jones.
9. Townsville Guards—Captain Henry E. Coleman.
10. Lumberton Guards—Captain Richard M. Norment.

As soon as all the companies shall have assembled the commanding officers will hold an election for field officers of the regiment.

Such of the above companies as may be stationed in this city will proceed to Weldon, N. C., on Saturday morning, the 11th instant, and report to the commander of the Camp of Instruction.

All orders heretofore issued inconsistent with the foregoing are hereby annulled.

Arms will be issued to the troops as soon as they shall have been organized into regiments.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RALEIGH, *May 12, 1861.*

Special Orders, No. 2.

The following return of the election for field officers for the regiment of volunteers, organized at the Camp of Instruction in this city, pursuant to General Orders, No. 7, from this office, dated May 9, 1861, is published for the information of all concerned:

CAMP OF INSTRUCTION,
RALEIGH, *May 11, 1861.*

To General J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General:

SIR: In accordance with instructions, I hereby transmit the result of the election this day held for field officers of the First North Carolina regiment.

For Colonel.

D. H. Hill received six hundred and fifty-two votes; Charles C. Lee, thirty-nine; C. C. Tew, two; scattering, three.

For Lieutenant-Colonel.

Charles C. Lee received six hundred and fifty-seven votes; Mr. Burgwyn, twenty-nine; D. H. Hill, thirteen; Major Stokes, two; scattering, four.

For Major.

James H. Lane received six hundred and ten votes; Mr. Lovejoy, eighty-three; scattering, five.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. C. LEE,

Major Camp Instruction, Acting Colonel.

The officers elected as above will enter upon their duties accordingly, and all persons placed under their command will respect and obey them accordingly.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,

Adjutant-General.

Officers commissioned as per above date.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

RALEIGH, *May 15, 1861.*

SIR :

You are hereby detailed to muster in the troops of the First regiment this afternoon at 4 o'clock P. M.

A justice of the peace will be requested to be present to administer the necessary oath.

J. F. HOKE,

Adjutant-General.

Colonel C. C. LEE,

Camp of Instruction, Raleigh, N. C.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

RALEIGH, *May 16, 1861.*

Special Orders, No. 5.

COLONEL :

The Randalsburg Rifles (Captain Erwin), not having the number of men required by law, are detached from the First regiment and the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry (Captain Huske), are ordered to supply their place, and will take the same position in the regiment occupied by that company.

Major Lane is detached as mustering officer, to muster into the service of the State the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry.

The La Fayette Light Infantry (Captain Starr), The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry (Captain Huske), and the Southern Stars (Captain Hoke) will leave for Richmond, Va., on Saturday morning, and will have two days' rations of meat and bread for each member of the company. The remaining companies of the regiment will move for the same point on Monday or Tuesday next, and will have a like supply of provisions prepared.

By order of the Governor.

J. F. HOKE,
Adjutant-General.

[From the *Western* (Charlotte, N. C.,) *Democrat*, May 21, 1861.]

FIRST REGIMENT (N. C.) VOLUNTEERS.

This regiment is now complete, and three companies of it left Raleigh on Saturday last for Virginia. The balance will follow on Tuesday. The following are the officers of the regiment:

Daniel H. Hill, colonel.

C. C. Lee, lieutenant-colonel.

J. H. Lane, major.

J. M. Poteat, adjutant.

John Henry Wayt, commissary.

Dr. Peter Hines, surgeon.

Drs. Haywood and Moore, assistant surgeons.

Rev. Edwin A. Yates, chaplain.

Messrs. Wayt and Yates were appointed from the ranks of the Hornets' Nest Riflemen.

A change has been made in the companies composing the regiment. The Fayetteville Independent company has been substituted for the Randalsburg Riflemen, so the regiment stands thus :

A—Edgecombe Guards—Captain Bridgers.

B—Hornets' Nest Rifles—Captain Williams.

C—Charlotte Grays—Captain Ross.

D—Orange Light Infantry—Captain Ashe.

E—Buncombe Riflemen—Captain McDowell.

F—La Fayette Light Infantry—Captain Starr.

G—Burke Rifles—Captain Avery.

H—Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry—Captain Huske.

I—Enfield Blues—Captain Bell.

K—Southern Stars—Captain Hoke.

This regiment is said to be the finest-looking body of men ever assembled in the State.

[*Western Democrat*, May 28, 1861.]

THE FIRST REGIMENT (N. C.) VOLUNTEERS.

Seven companies of this regiment left Raleigh on Tuesday for Richmond, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee (three companies having previously gone forward under Colonel Hill). A large number (mostly the acquaintances of the members of the different companies) assembled at the Raleigh depot to see the regiment off. Among the spectators there were about thirty patriotic Raleigh ladies, who showered bouquets into the ranks of the soldiers and cheered with all their might. The gallant soldiers all seemed to have lighter hearts than their friends who bid them farewell; there were tears in the eyes of many of the spectators, but not one in the eye of a soldier. They left firmly resolved to do their duty, and every man appeared anxious to get nearer to the scene of war. In the day of battle we are confident this regiment will prove an honor to the old North State and to themselves.

The regiment arrived at Petersburg on Tuesday evening, which the Petersburg *Express* notices as follows:

"The remainder of the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, numbering seven companies and over seven hundred men, reached this city last night, in extra trains, about 8 o'clock. For several hours before their arrival large numbers of citizens of all ages, sexes, classes and conditions commenced to congregate, until the appearance of the trains, when the vast square in front of the hotel and the hotel itself were packed completely with anxious, eager beings. The porticos and windows of the hotel were radiant with the beauty and grace of the city, who, with that beautiful patience for which woman is so justly celebrated, waited without murmur or disaffection the arrival of those whom they wished to encourage by all the evidences they could display. But, alas! the lateness of the hour and the hurry of the moment, played havoc with those sweet testimonials of regard and approval, the bouquets, of which we noticed any quantity. To the mutual disappointment of ladies and soldiers, they were compelled to shed their fragrance in the fair hands that gathered and bore them thither.

Without drawing invidious distinctions, we must say that this is the best equipped regiment which has yet made its route through our city. Everything seems to have been provided for them that a soldier could desire—arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, haversacks,

canteens ; in fact nothing is wanting. They were met at the depot by the "Cockade Cadets" and the "Home Cavalry," and left for Richmond about eleven o'clock.

[Correspondence of the *Western Democrat*.]

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, *May 22, 1861.*

MR. EDITOR :

The First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers arrived here last night in good order, health and spirits. We are encamped upon an eminence overlooking and in the suburbs of the city. It is a healthy location—good water, fine shade trees, and everything pleasant. If we remain in a "masterly inactivity" until after the meeting of the Rump Congress in July, we shall at least be blessed with a fine camp.

At this writing (under a big oak, upon a piece of board) I can look over the camp of the Tennessee Regiment and see the flags of thousands of troops waving in the distance. Truly, the South is in earnest and prepared to "do or die."

Although it was night-time when we arrived at Petersburg, the ladies thronged the streets, shook us by the hand, gave us snacks nicely done up in paper, strewed our path with flowers, and called down the blessings of God upon us. Our advance into Virginia was a constant ovation.

The Charlotte boys are well and cheerful, provided with good quarters, good water and plenty to eat.

SOUTHRON.

Since the above letter was written the regiment has been ordered to Yorktown, and left Richmond on Friday night for that place.

[Correspondence of the *Western Democrat*.]

YORKTOWN, VA., *May 26, 1861.*

MR. EDITOR :

The First from North Carolina was ordered to march from Richmond to this place on the 23d instant. We immediately struck our tents for the march, and by railroad and river we reached our present camp, wayworn and weary, on the forenoon of the 25th.

This is the spot where Cornwallis surrendered. His entrenchments and breastworks are here to mark the spot where British arrogance received its death-blow. The town is small, and the site of our encampment a lone and dreary one, but we are near the enemy, being only twenty-six miles from Hampton, where he is posted. A fight here is highly probable, as the enemy can be heavily reinforced at Fortress Monroe or at Hampton. We now occupy the point of danger between the enemy and Richmond. Our colonel and his men are ready for and expecting a fight, in which case you may listen for a good report from the gallant First regiment.

We are all pretty well, and anxious for a brush. There are some regiments here, and General Magruder is commander of the post. A battery is being erected, which will command the passage of York river at this point. A Federal steamer lies in sight ; for what purpose I know not.

The intelligence of the death of Private Julius Sadler reached our camp this (Sabbath) morning, and gave double solemnity to the services held by our chaplain at 10:30 o'clock.

Colonel Hill is a model Christian soldier. He assisted in the exercises of the morning by interlining the hymn for the chaplain. There are many servants of God in our camp. Can such a regiment be conquered? Never !

A pretty good force here would command and successfully defend the eastern entrance to the soil of Virginia. The main land, upon which Fortress Monroe is situated, narrows down at this point to about five miles—that is, the neck of land between York river and James river.

This is not *playing soldier* now ; it is a stern reality.

SOUTHRON.

YORKTOWN, VA., May 27.

We had scarcely got ready to rest at our camp near Richmond before we got orders to move to this place. And I am sorry to say that we lost one of our best soldiers on the way here. Julius Sadler fell from the cars a short time after leaving Richmond, and was instantly killed. It is supposed that he was asleep and precipitated from the platform car. The regiment arrived at this point before hearing of his melancholy fate. The news was received here on Sunday morning, and spread a gloom over our gallant band. At 10 o'clock our chaplain, Rev. Edwin A. Yates, preached an impressive discourse to his

brother soldiers (I say brother soldiers because he is taking an active part in the duties of the camp, and intends to fight as well as pray). Many of our men were affected to tears at the allusions to the death of poor Sadler. Colonel Hill assisted in the services. He is a praying man, and has the confidence and respect of every man of the regiment. All are determined to stand by him to the last. Where he leads none of us will hesitate to follow. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane are also good officers and much beloved. In fact, the men are pleased with all of their officers.

The Lincoln company and the Fayetteville companies have no superiors anywhere. In the latter are two editors, Peter M. and E. J. Hale, Jr., of Fayetteville, and a number of lawyers and doctors. I don't want to be guilty of self-praise, but I must say that our regiment "can't be beat" either in appearance or on the battle-field.

Captain Williams, of the Hornet's Nest Riflemen, is little in stature but big in works. His command is in fine condition, and the men as well as could be expected, considering the frequent changes of water and the mode of camp life.

The "Boy company" under Captain Ross, is praised by all. I understand there is not a soldier in it twenty-one years old. It is probably the only company of boys that has entered active service from south of Virginia. On the day of the battle this gallant little band will do its duty.

We are expecting the enemy to attack this point, and are about ready to give him a warm reception. Every man of them had better "make his peace" before he gets here.

The Virginians everywhere have been very kind to us. Some of the ladies in Richmond made a portion of our tents. Bless the women.

You shall hear from me again.

R.

LETTER FROM MISS MARY G. MASON.

Will Major Lane do me the favor of distributing these prayer-books, as far as they will go, amongst any of his men that will accept them. I did not know that I could get the books until after the regiment had left.

Very truly,

MARY G. MASON.

Raleigh, N. C., *May 24, 1861.*

[*Richmond Dispatch*, Thursday Morning, June 13, 1861.]

Fast Day.

This day, appointed by President Davis as a day of fasting and prayer, will, we trust, be universally observed throughout the Confederate States. We again repeat our hope that all places of business and amusement will be closed. No paper will be issued from this office to-morrow.

The Glorious Victory.

We have the satisfaction to-day of publishing reliable accounts of the glorious triumph of our army on the Peninsula. Our letters are from perfectly reliable sources, several of them being from gentlemen connected with this office—one of them, Mr. H. C. Tinsley, a member of the Howitzers, who was present in the engagement, and, we learn, bore himself gallantly.

It is one of the most extraordinary victories in the annals of war. Four thousand thoroughly drilled and equipped troops routed and driven from the field by only eleven hundred men! Two hundred of the enemy killed, and on our side but one life lost! Does not the hand of God seem manifest in this thing? From the attack upon Fort Sumter to the present moment the preservation of Southern life amidst such murderous assaults as have been made by the enemy seems little less than miraculous. Surely, in the religious exercises of this day, many a heart will exclaim, with devout thanksgiving to God, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy great name be the glory."

The courage and conduct of the noble sons of the South engaged in this battle are beyond all praise. They have crowned the name of their country with imperishable lustre and made their own names immortal. With odds of four to one against them, they have achieved a complete victory, putting their enemies to inglorious flight, and giving the world a brilliant pledge of the manner in which the South can defend its firesides and altars. The North has won its battles on paper—the South is content to achieve hers in the field. Let us invoke our heroic soldiers not to permit this splendid success in any way to relax their vigilance and their energy. Let them be as prudent as they are brave, as vigilant as they are determined, and all is secure. Let them omit no preparation, no watchfulness, no precaution which the presence of the bravest enemy might require.

In one word, let them always "trust in God and keep their powder dry," and our soil will soon be delivered from the boastful braggarts who have dared to pollute it.

FROM YORKTOWN.

[Special Correspondence of the *Dispatch*.]

YORKTOWN, *June 11, 1861.*

An engagement, lasting four hours, took place yesterday (Monday) between five regiments of the troops from Old Point and eleven hundred Confederate troops, consisting of Virginians and North Carolinians under General Magruder, at Bethel Church, York county. Before telling you of the battle I will give you some circumstances preceding it. About two weeks ago a party of three hundred Yankees came up from Hampton and occupied Bethel Church, which position they held a day or two and then retired, leaving written on the walls of the church several inscriptions, such as "Death to the Traitors!" "Down with the Rebels!" &c. To nearly all of these the names of the writers were defiantly signed, and all of the pensmen signed themselves as from New York except one, who was from "Boston, Mass., U. S." To these excursions into the interior, of which this was the boldest, General Magruder determined to put a stop, and accordingly filled the place after the Yankees left with a few companies of his own troops. In addition to this, he determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, and on Wednesday last Standard's battery, of the Howitzer battalion, was ordered down to the church, where it was soon joined by a portion of Brown's battery of the same corps. The North Carolina regiment, under Colonel Hill, was also there, making in all about eleven hundred men and seven howitzer guns.

On Saturday last the first excursion of considerable importance was made. A detachment of two hundred infantry and a howitzer gun under Major Randolph, and one of seventy infantry and another howitzer under Major Lane, of the North Carolina regiment, started, different routes, to cut off a party which had left Hampton. The party was seen and fired at by Major Randolph's detachment, but made such fast time that they escaped. The troops under Major Lane passed within sight of Hampton, and as they turned up

the road to return to Bethel encountered the Yankees, numbering about ninety, who were entrenched behind a fence in the field, protected by a high bank. Our advance guard fired on them, and in another moment the North Carolinians were dashing over the fence in regular French (not New York) zouave style, firing at them in regular squirrel-hunting style. The Yankees fled for their lives, after firing for about three minutes without effect, leaving behind them three dead and a prisoner. The fellow was a stout, ugly fellow from Troy, N. Y. He said that he had nothing against the South, but somebody must be soldiers, and he thought he had as well enlist. None of our men were hurt.

This bold excursion, under the very guns of the enemy, determined the authorities at Old Point to put a stop to it and clean us out from Bethel. This determination was conveyed to us by persons who came from the neighborhood of the enemy. On Monday morning, about six hundred infantry and two guns, under General Magruder, left the camp and proceeded towards Hampton; but after advancing a mile or two, received information that the Yankees were coming in large force. We then retired, and after reaching camp the guns were placed in battery, and the infantry took their places behind their breastwork. Everybody was cool, and all were anxious to give the invaders a good reception.

About nine o'clock the glittering bayonets of the enemy appeared on the hill opposite, and above them waived the Star Spangled Banner. The moment the head of the column advanced far enough to show one or two companies, the Parrot gun of the Howitzer battery opened on them, throwing a shell right into their midst. Their ranks broke in confusion, and the column, or as much of it as we could see, retreated behind two small houses. From their position a fire was opened on us, which was replied to by our battery, which commanded the route of their approach. Our firing was excellent, and the shells scattered in all directions when they burst. They could hardly approach the guns which they were firing for the shells which came from our battery. Within our encampment fell a perfect hail-storm of cannister shot, bullets and balls. Remarkable to say, not one of our men was killed inside of our encampment. Several horses were slain by the shells and bullets.

Finding that bombardment would not answer, the enemy about eleven o'clock tried to carry the position by assault, but met a terrible repulse at the hands of the infantry as he tried to scale the breastworks. The men disregarded sometimes the defences erected

for them, and leaping on the embankment, stood and fired at the Yankees, cutting them down as they came up. One company of the New York Seventh Regiment, under Captain Wardrop, or Winthrop, attempted to take the redoubt on the left. The marsh they crossed was strewn with their bodies. Their captain, a fine looking man, reached the fence, and leaping on a log, waved his sword, crying, "Come on, boys; one charge, and the day is ours." The words were his last, for a Carolina rifle ended his life the next moment, and his men fled in terror back. At the redoubt on the right a company of about three hundred New York zouaves charged one of our guns, but could not stand the fire of the infantry, and retreated precipitately.

During these charges the main body of the enemy on the hill were attempting to concentrate for a general assault, but the shells from the Howitzer battery prevented them. As one regiment would give up the effort another would be marched to the position, but with no better success, for a shell would scatter them like chaff. The men did not seem able to stand fire at all.

About 1 o'clock their guns were silenced, and a few moments after their infantry retreated precipitately down the road to Hampton.

Our cavalry, numbering three companies, went in pursuit, and harassed them down to the edge of Hampton. As they retreated, many of the wounded fell along the road and died, and the whole road to Hampton was strewn with haversacks, overcoats, canteens, muskets, &c., which the men had thrown off in their retreat.

After the battle I visited the position they held. The houses behind which they had been hid had been burnt by our troops. Around the yard were the dead bodies of the men who had been killed by our cannon, mangled in the most frightful manner by the shells. The uniforms on the bodies were very different, and many of them are like those of the Virginia soldiery. A little farther on we came to the point to which they had carried some of their wounded, who had since died. The gay looking uniforms of the New York zouaves contrasted greatly with the pale, fixed faces of their dead owners. Going to the swamp through which they attempted to pass to assault our lines, presented another bloody scene. Bodies dotted the black morass from one end to the other. I saw one boyish, delicate looking fellow lying on the mud, with a bullet-hole through his breast. His hand was pressed on the wound from which his life blood had poured; and the other was clinched in the grass that grew near him. Lying on the ground was a testament which had fallen from his pocket, dabbled with blood. On opening the cover I

found the printed inscription, "Presented to the Defenders of their Country by the New York Bible Society." An United States flag was also stamped on the title page.

Among the haversacks picked up along the route were many letters from the Northern States, asking if they liked the Southern farms and if the Southern barbarians had been whipped out yet.

The force of the enemy brought against us was four thousand, according to the statement of the six prisoners we took. Ours was eleven hundred. Their loss in killed and wounded must be nearly two hundred. Our loss is one killed and three wounded. The fatal case was that of a North Carolinian, who volunteered to fire one of the houses behind which they were stationed. He started from the breastwork to accomplish it, but was shot in the head. He died this morning at the hospital. The wounded are Harry Shook, of Richmond, of Brown's Battery, shot in the wrist; John Werth, of Richmond, of the same battery, shot in the leg, and Lieutenant Hudnall, of the same battery, shot in the foot. None of the wounds are serious.

A Louisiana regiment arrived about one hour after the fight was over. They are a fine-looking set of fellows.

As there was force enough at Old Point to send up to Bethel and surround us, we took up the line of March and came up to Yorktown, where we now are.

I hear to-day that troops from Old Point are now marching up to attack us, but cannot say whether it is so or not.

I should have written you more fully, but the boat was in sight when I commenced, and haste is the order the day, as she leaves after merely touching at her wharf.

T.

[From the *Western Democrat*.]

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 11, 1861.*

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:

A battle was fought near this place on Monday last, and I hastily send you a short account by my friend, Mr. Tiddy, bearer of dispatches to Governor Ellis.

The first great battle for Southern independence has been fought. It is the Lexington of the war. North Carolina and Virginia shoulder the glory of a hard-won field.

A detachment of our force at Yorktown, consisting of the First North Carolina regiment volunteers and some Virginia troops, numbering in all about thirteen hundred, proceeded to Bethel church, fifteen miles below Yorktown, entrenched themselves there, and there were attacked on the morning of Monday, the 10th instant, by forty-five hundred of the enemy, including three hundred of the famous Seventh New York regiment and a regiment of New York zouaves. After a severe conflict of four or five hours, the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter. They left fifteen or twenty dead near our lines. Others lay dead further off, and no doubt they carried off a large number dead, of dying and wounded. Their last and final retreat was in "double-quick," throwing off their knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, &c. Lieutenant-Colonel Wardrop, of the New York regiment, was killed. Private Buhman, of the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, and Private McIver, of the Charlotte Greys, contest the honor of having killed the abolition leader. The Yankee colonel was standing on a log rallying his men, when one of our gallant boys picked him off.

Only five or six of our companies were really engaged in the fight, the ground not permitting the action of more. North Carolina and Virginia forces were all that were engaged. Three companies of cavalry arrived in time to pursue the flying enemy.

A house being in the way of our guns, four of Captain Bridgers' company, the Edgecombe Guards, volunteered to charge right in front of the enemy to burn the house. They faced a murderous fire, but in the attempt one gallant fellow (Wyatt) was shot in the head and died in a few hours. The other three lay down on their backs and returned the fire, and finally succeeded in getting back into their lines. In the meantime the house was set on fire by our guns.

The Hornets' Nest Riflemen, under command of Lieutenants W. A. Owens and T. D. Gillespie (Captain Williams being sick and absent) behaved with great bravery; as did also Captain Ross' company, the Charlotte Greys; these two companies being nearest the point of attack. Indeed, all our men acted nobly, whose praise is in every mouth.

Only one of our whole force was killed and seven wounded. Surely an enemy numbering nearly four to one, raining cannon balls, shell and grape-shot like hail for three mortal hours, and doing such little damage, must have been confounded by that Hand that ever sides with justice and eternal rectitude.

The Fayetteville companies and Lincoln Stars are composed of as good grit as ever shouldered a gun ; and, all in all, our regiment is composed of the finest soldiers in the world, because of their moral and intellectual qualities.

Colonel Hill deserves all the honor that can be heaped upon a noble soldier. His experience, as well as bravery, placing him in the foreground of command. Indeed, our success in putting such a powerful enemy to such a shameful defeat is to be greatly attributed to his coolness and courage. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane are all that we could desire them to be, qualified for their posts and strangers to fear. General Magruder commanded the whole force, and is a brave and daring officer.

One of our guns, which had been disabled by our own gunners, fell into the hands of the enemy ; but they kept it only a few moments, for the Edgecombe Guards charged upon them and recaptured it, driving off fifteen hundred of the enemy.

We took only three prisoners (not having any use for them). I have just conversed with one fellow who is from Vermont. He is only a three months' soldier, and says when the time expires thousands will return home from this unholy war. He reports five thousand men in Fort Monroe and five thousand at Newport News. They are dissatisfied and desert on every opportunity.

Our force returned to Yorktown cheerful and in good spirits ; the wounded being but slightly injured, had a good night's rest and are ready for the enemy again. It is thought a tremendous battle will soon be fought here.

During the battle a company of the enemy's zouaves practiced their tilting and tumbling manœuvres up within a few yards of a masked battery of ours, hoping to scare some of us by their monkey actions ; but when we opened fire the column fell like wheat-straw before a scythe-blade. Many a poor fellow tumbled over for the last time.

The people are flying from the lower end of the Peninsula in crowds, leaving their farms, stock, &c., at the mercy of the enemy, in order to save themselves.

Every man is conscious he is fighting in a just cause, and is determined to know no defeat. Besides, we are not fighting our battles alone ; " And if God be for us, who shall be against us."

Yours truly,

SOUTHRON.

[*Raleigh Standard*, June, 1861.]

OUR RECENT BRILLIANT VICTORY.

The letter of Colonel Hill, in another column, announcing his recent brilliant victory over the enemy, was recurred to in the Convention on Wednesday with every demonstration of joy. On motion of Mr. Badger the Convention unanimously returned its thanks to the Governor for the information communicated of this glorious result, and assured him of its wish to unite with him in such testimonials to Colonel Hill, and the men under his command, as may be thought appropriate and worthy of the State and of them.

Connected with this victory, we cannot refrain from alluding to some incidents suggested by the participation of some of the companies in the conflict. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry was formed in 1793 under the administration of Washington; and it was but fit that it should bear a prominent part in achieving the first decisive triumph on Virginia soil defending the grave of Washington, whom, when in life, it was organized to protect from the assaults of Citizen Genet, of France. The Lafayette Light Infantry, of the same town, was organized a few years ago to perpetuate the memory of Lafayette; and it was but fit that it should "flesh its maiden sword" and achieve its first triumph at Yorktown, the field in which the noble Lafayette earned his brightest laurels and highest military renown. Yorktown—the scene of the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington—is made more memorable by the first victory in this war, achieved mainly by North Carolinians.

Mecklenburg, too, whose citizens raised the first cry of Independence in 1775, was represented by the Hornets' Nest Rifles and the Charlotte Greys. McDowell, the lineal descendant of one of the heroes of King's Mountain, led the Buncombe Rifles; Avery, the grandson of the first Attorney-General of the State, led the Burke Rifles; Ashe, who inherits a revolutionary name, led the Orange Light Infantry; and the gallant Bridgers, leading the Edgecombe Braves, had in his ranks an Owen, whose paternal and maternal grandfathers, Porterfield and Owen, did such signal service on the battle-fields of North and South Carolina in the old revolution. We regret that we lack the necessary information to continue these allusions, but, from the colonel to the private, they *all* bore themselves like heroes. Honor to them now and hereafter! The old State is

proud of them all, and she will look to see the other regiments emulate the conduct of the glorious First, commanded by Colonel Hill.

We cannot close this week's notice of the Bethel regiment more appropriately than by publishing the following

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE FIRST REGIMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA
VOLUNTEERS.

BY LUOLA.

We miss you from the cottage door,
We miss you from the lordly hall,
And bitter tears at parting shed,
For loved ones yet in silence fall.
We miss you at the morning prayer,
We miss you at the noonday meal,
And yearning hearts to you go forth,
When twilight shades around us steal.

The fond young bride all tearfully
Turns from the cottage door away,
Where still she goes, alas! in vain,
To meet her love at close of day.
And o'er helpless little flock,
Does many a wife in silence bend;
With heart too full for words she pleads
That God would peace and safety send.

The widow's heart in broken prayers,
Follows alike through night and day,
The prop of her declining years—
Her absent boy, far, far away!
The blushing maiden fondly dwells
Upon the parting moment, sad,
And prays that Heaven in camp and field,
Would bless and shield her soldier lad.

Ah yes, we miss you, yet no heart
In all the thousand homes you've left,
It matters not how deeply tried,
It matters not how much bereft,
Would bring a son or brother home—
Husband, or lover, would recall;
No! rather on the battle-field
In duty's path we'd have you fall!

On, on, brave hearts, your cause is just
And right and justice must prevail ;
As soon might straws attempt to stay
The torrent wild—the sweeping gale—
As hirelings of the North drive back
Men with such hands and hearts as yours ;
Go meet the invaders at their camp,
Let not their feet defile our shores !

Woe to the craven who shall fail
His country in her hour of need ;
Who turns a deafened ear away
And will not to her rescue speed.
Not to the swift the race is due—
The victory given to the strong—
The “ God of Battles ” is our trust,
We and our cause to Him belong.

There is no word for you like “ fail ; ”
They never, *never* can subdue
Your gallant band, if you to God,
Your country and yourselves are true.

GOV. ELLIS' LETTER TO THE NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

To the Honorable, the President and Members of the Convention.

GENTLEMEN : I have the pleasure herewith to transmit an official dispatch from Colonel D. H. Hill, commanding the First regiment of North Carolina Volunteers near Yorktown, giving a detailed account of the signal victory achieved over the enemy near Hampton, Va., in which the North Carolina regiment bore a prominent and brilliant part.

I would avail myself of this opportunity to ask of the convention the privilege of rendering to the gallant commander of the regiment and the brave officers and men under his command those testimonials of approbation most grateful to a soldier's feelings.

I would respectfully recommend Colonel Hill as worthy of promotion to the rank of brigadier general, and that a full brigade be at once placed under his command.

Other recommendations will be made when further particulars are ascertained.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN W. ELLIS.

GENERAL HILL'S DISPATCH.

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 11, 1861.**Hon. J. W. ELLIS, Governor of North Carolina :*

SIR : I have the honor to report that eight hundred men of my regiment and three hundred and sixty Virginians were engaged for five and a half hours with four and a half regiments of the enemy at Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. The enemy made three distinct and well sustained charges, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Our cavalry pursued them for six miles, when their retreat became a total rout. Fearing that heavy reinforcements would be sent up from Fortress Monroe, we fell back at nightfall upon our works at Yorktown.

I regret to report the loss of one man killed (Private Henry L. Wyatt, Edgecomb Guards) and seven wounded. The loss of the enemy by their own confession was one hundred and fifty, but it may safely be estimated at two hundred and fifty. Our regiment behaved most gallantly. Not a man shrank from his post or showed symptoms of fear.

When more at leisure I will give you a detailed report of operations.

Our Heavenly Father has most wonderfully interposed to shield our heads in the day of battle. Unto His great name be all the praise for our success.

With great respect,

D. H. HILL,
Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

GENERAL HILL'S FULL REPORT.

SIR :

I have the honor to report that, in obedience to orders from the colonel commanding, I marched on the 6th instant with my regiment and four pieces of Major Randolph's battery from Yorktown, on the Hampton road, to Bethel Church, nine miles from Hampton. We reached there after dark on a wet night and slept without tents. Early on the morning of the 7th I made a reconnoissance of the ground, preparatory to fortifying. I found a branch of

Back river on our front and encircling our right flank. On our left was a dense and almost impassable wood, except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The breadth of the road, a thick wood, and narrow cultivated field covered our rear. The nature of the ground determined me to make an inclosed work, and I had the invaluable aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of my regiment, in its plan and construction. Our position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense field immediately in front of it, upon which the masses of the enemy might be readily deployed. Presuming that an attempt would be made to carry the bridge across the stream, a battery was made for its special protection, and Major Randolph placed his guns so as to sweep all the approaches to it. The occupation of two commanding eminences beyond the creek and on our right would have greatly strengthened our position, but our force was too weak to admit of the occupation of more than one of them. A battery was laid out on it for one of Randolph's howitzers. We had only twenty-five spades, six axes and three picks; but these were busily plied all day and night of the 7th and all day on the 8th. On the afternoon of the 8th I learned that a marauding party of the enemy was within a few miles of us. I called for a party of thirty-four men to drive them back. Lieutenant Roberts, of Company F, of my regiment, promptly responded, and in five minutes his command was *en route*. I detached Major Randolph, with one howitzer, to join them. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, First regiment North Carolina volunteers, requested and was granted permission to take command of the whole. After a march of five miles they came across the marauders, busy over the spoils of a plundered house. A shell soon put the plunderers to flight, and they were chased over New Market bridge, where our little force was halted, in consequence of the presence of a considerable body situated on the other side. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee brought in one prisoner. How many of the enemy were killed and wounded is not known. None of our command was hurt. Soon after Lieutenant-Colonel Lee left, a citizen came dashing in with the information that seventy-five marauders were on the Back River road. I called for Captain McDowell's company (E) of the First regiment of North Carolina volunteers, and in three minutes it was in hot pursuit. Lieutenant West, of the Howitzer battalion, with one piece, was detached to join them, and Major Lane, of my regiment, volunteered to assume command of the whole. After a weary march they encountered, dispersed and chased the wretches over the New Market bridge—this

being the second race on the same day over the New Market course, in both of which the Yankees reached the goal first. Major Lane brought in one prisoner. Reliable citizens reported that two cart-loads and one buggy-load of wounded were taken to Hampton. We had not a single man killed or wounded. Colonel Magruder came up that evening and assumed command.

On Sunday, the 9th, a fresh supply of tools enabled us to put more men to work, and when not engaged in religious duties the men worked vigorously on the entrenchments. We were aroused at 3 o'clock on Monday morning for a general advance upon the enemy, and marched three and a half miles, when we learned that the foe, in large force, was within a few hundred yards of us. We fell back hastily upon our entrenchments, and awaited the arrival of our invaders. Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, of the Third Virginia regiment, having come with some one hundred and eighty men, was stationed on the hill on the extreme right, beyond the creek, and Company G, of my regiment, was also thrown over the stream to protect the howitzer under Captain Brown. Captain Bridgers, of Company A, First North Carolina regiment, took post in the dense woods beyond and to the left of the road. Major Montague, with three companies of his battalion, was ordered up from the rear, and took post on our right, beginning at the church and extending along the entire front on that side. This fine body of men and the gallant command of Lieutent-Colonel Stuart worked with great rapidity, and in an hour had constructed temporary shelter against the enemy's fire. Just at 9 o'clock A. M. the heavy columns of the enemy were seen approaching rapidly and in good order, but when Major Randolph opened upon them at 9:15 their organization was completely broken up. The enemy promptly replied with his artillery, firing briskly but wildly. He made an attempt at deployment on our right of the road, under cover of some houses and a paling. He was, however, promptly driven back by our artillery, a Virginia company—the Life Guards—and Companies B and C of my regiment. The enemy attempted no deployment within musketry range during the day, except under cover of woods, fences or paling. Under cover of the trees he moved a strong column to an old ford, some three-quarters of a mile below, where I had placed a picket of some forty men. Colonel Magruder sent Captain Werth's company, of Montague's command, with one howitzer, under Sergeant Crane, to drive back this column, which was done with a sin-

gle shot from the howitzer. Before this a priming wire had been broken in the vent of the howitzer commanded by Captain Brown, and rendered it useless.

A force, estimated at fifteen hundred, was now attempting to out-flank us and get in the rear of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart's small command. He was accordingly directed to fall back, and the whole of our advanced troops were withdrawn. At this critical moment I directed Lieutenant-Colonel Lee to call Captain Bridgers out of the swamp, and ordered him to re-occupy the nearest advanced work, and I ordered Captain Ross, Company C, First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, to the support of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart. These two captains with their companies crossed over to Randolph's battery under a most heavy fire, in a most gallant manner. As Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart had withdrawn, Captain Ross was detained at the church, near Randolph's battery. Captain Bridgers, however, crossed over and drove the Zouaves out the advanced howitzer battery, and re-occupied it. It is impossible to over-estimate this service. It decided the action in our favor.

In obedience to orders from Colonel Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart marched back, and in spite of the presence of a foe ten times his superior in number, resumed in the most heroic manner possession of his intrenchments. A fresh howitzer was carried across and placed in the battery, and Captain Avery, of Company G, was directed to defend it at all hazards.

We were now as secure as at the beginning of the fight, and as yet had no man killed. The enemy finding himself foiled on our right flank, next made his final demonstration on our left. A strong column, supposed to consist of volunteers from different regiments, and under command of Captain Winthrop, aide-de-camp to General Butler, crossed over the creek and appeared at the angle on our left. Those in advance had put on our distinctive badge of a white band around the cap, and they cried out repeatedly, "Don't fire." This ruse was practiced to enable the whole column to get over the creek and form in good order. They now began to cheer most lustily, thinking that our work was open at the gorge, and that they could get in by a sudden rush. Companies B and C, however, dispelled the illusion by a cool, deliberate, and well-directed fire. Colonel Magruder sent over portions of Companies G, C, and H of my regiment to our support, and now began as cool firing on our side as was ever witnessed.

The three field-officers were present, and but few shots were fired without their permission, the men repeatedly saying, "May I fire?" "I think I can bring him." They were all in high glee, and seemed to enjoy it as much as boys do rabbit-shooting. Captain Winthrop, while most gallantly urging on his men, was shot through the heart, when all rushed back with the utmost precipitation. So far as my observation extended, he was the only one of the enemy who exhibited even an approximation to courage during the whole day.

The fight at the angle lasted but twenty minutes. It completely discouraged the enemy, and he made no further effort at assault. The house in front, which had served as a hiding place for the enemy, was now fired by a shell from a howitzer, and the outhouses and palings were soon in a blaze. As all shelter was now taken from him, the enemy called in his troops and started back for Hampton. As he had left sharp-shooters behind him in the woods on our left, the dragoons could not advance until Captain Hoke, of Company K, First North Carolina Volunteers, had thoroughly explored them. As soon as he gave the assurance of the road being clear, Captain Douthat, with some one hundred dragoons, in compliance with Colonel Magruder's orders, pursued. The enemy, in his haste, threw away hundreds of canteens, haversacks, overcoats. &c.; even the dead were thrown out of the wagons. The pursuit soon became a chase, and for the third time the enemy won the race over the New Market course. The bridge was torn up behind him and our dragoons returned to camp. There were not quite eight hundred of my regiment engaged in the fight, and not one-half of these drew trigger during the day. All remained manfully at the posts assigned them, and not a man in my regiment behaved badly. The companies not engaged were as much exposed and rendered equal service with those participating in the fight. They deserve equally the thanks of the country. In fact, it is the most trying ordeal to which soldiers can be subjected to receive a fire which their orders forbid them to return. Had a single company left its post our works would have been exposed; and the constancy and discipline of the unengaged companies cannot be too highly commended. A detachment of fifteen cadets from the North Carolina Military Institute defended the howitzers under Lieutenant Hudnall, and acted with great coolness and determination.

I cannot speak in too high terms of my two field officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and Major Lane. Their services have been of

the highest importance since taking the field to the present moment. My thanks, too, are due in an especial manner to Lieutenant J. M. Poteat, adjutant, and Lieutenant J. M. Ratchford, aide—both of them cadets of the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte. The latter received a contusion in the forehead from a grape-shot, which nearly cost him his life. Captain Bridgers, Company A; Lieutenant Owens, commanding Company B; Captain Ross, Company C; Captain Ashe, Company D; Captain McDowell, Company E; Captain Starr, Company F; Captain Avery, Company G; Captain Huske, Company H; Lieutenant Whittaker, commanding Company I; Captain Hoke, Company K, displayed great coolness, judgment and efficiency. Lieutenant Gregory is highly spoken of by Major Lane for soldierly bearing on the 8th. Lieutenants Cook and McKethan, Company H, crossed over under a heavy fire to the assistance of the troops attacked on the left. So did Lieutenant Cohen, Company C. Lieutenant Hoke has shown great zeal, energy and judgment as an engineer officer on various occasions.

Corporal George Williams, Privates Henry L. Wyatt, Thomas Fallan, and John Thorpe, Company A, volunteered to burn the house which concealed the enemy. They behaved with great gallantry. Wyatt was killed and the other three were recalled.

Sergeant Thomas J. Stewart and Private William McDowell, Company A, reconnoitered the position of the enemy, and went far in advance of our troops. Private J. W. Potts, of Company B, is specially mentioned by his company commander; so are Sergeant William Elmo, Company C; Sergeants C. L. Watts, W. H. McDade, Company D; Sergeant J. M. Young, Corporal John Dinger, Privates G. H. A. Adams, R. V. Gudger, G. W. Werley, John C. Wright, T. Y. Little, J. F. Jenkins, Company E; R. W. Stedman, M. E. Dye, H. E. Benton, J. B. Smith, Company F; G. W. Buhmann, James C. McRae, Company H.

Casualties.—Private Henry L. Wyatt, Company A, mortally wounded; Lieutenant J. W. Ratchford, contusion; Private Council Rodgers, Company H, severely wounded; Private Charles Williams, Company H, severely wounded; Private S. Patterson, Company D, slightly wounded; Private William White, Company K, wounded; Private Peter Poteat, Company G, slightly wounded.

I cannot close this too elaborate report without speaking in the highest terms of admiration of the Howitzer battery and its most accomplished commander, Major Randolph. He has no superior as an artillerist in any country, and his men displayed the utmost skill

and coolness. The left howitzer, under Lieutenant Hudnall, being nearest my works, came under my special notice. Their names are as follows:

Lieutenant Hudnall, commanding, wounded; Sergeant S. B. Hughes, G. H. Pendleton, R. P. Pleasants, William M. Caldwell, George W. Hobson, William McCarthy, H. C. Shook, wounded; L. W. Timberlake, George P. Hughes, John Werth, wounded; D. B. Clark.

Permit me, in conclusion, to pay a well-deserved compliment to the First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers. Their patience under trial, perseverance under toil, and courage under fire, have seldom been surpassed by veteran troops. Often working night and day, sometimes without tents and cooking utensils, a murmur has never escaped them to my knowledge. They have done a large portion of the work on the intrenchments at Yorktown, as well as those at Bethel. Had all of the regiments in the field worked with the same spirit there would not be an assailable point in Virginia. After the battle they shook hands affectionately with the spades, calling them "Clever fellows and good friends."

The men are influenced by high moral and religious sentiments, and their conduct has furnished another example of the great truth that he who fears God will ever do his duty to his country.

The Confederates had in all about twelve hundred men in the action. The enemy had the regiments of Colonel Duryea (zouaves), Colonel Carr, Colonel Allen, Colonel Bendix, and Colonel Waldrop (Massachusetts) from Old Point Comfort, and five companies of Phelps' regiment from Newport News. We had never more than three hundred actively engaged at any one time. The Confederate loss was eleven wounded; of these, one mortally. The enemy must have lost some three hundred. I could not, without great disparagement of their courage, place their loss at a lower figure. It is inconceivable that five thousand men should make so precipitate a retreat without having sustained at least this much of a reverse.

Let us devoutly thank the living God for His wonderful interposition in our favor, and evince our gratitude by the exemplariness of our lives.

With respect,

D. H. HILL,

Colonel First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers.

Colonel J. B. MAGRUDER,

Commander York Line.

[Correspondence of the *Richmond Dispatch*.]

THE PRISONERS CAPTURED NEAR YORKTOWN.

YORKTOWN, VA., *June 25, 1861.*

In a late issue of your paper I notice a communication over the signature of "Musketeer," about which I desire to say a word. After speaking of the detachment that was sent out by Colonel Hill from Bethel Church the Saturday before the battle of the 10th June, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, he says: "Colonel Lee's command took one prisoner, and this was the first capture made in the skirmishes preliminary to and provocative of the battle of Bethel Church." In the first place, the detachment that left camp under Colonel Lee, being composed of a part of Company F and one howitzer of the Richmond battalion, did not capture a prisoner at all. The fellow was run down and taken by a party of mounted men under the command of a gentleman of the name of Phillips, who joined Colonel Lee's detachment somewhere on the road. I do not doubt that "Musketeer's" friends would have killed and taken a goodly number of Yankees; but the truth is they did not get within three-quarters of a mile of them, and therefore the infantry who did not fire a shot cannot claim the Yankee as their prize or even that of the regiment. In the second place, I have Colonel Hill's word for it that the skirmish of the same day, much nearer Hampton, in which the advance guard of Major Lane's detachment, under command of Lieutenant Gregory, killed and wounded some fifteen or twenty of the enemy and took one prisoner, was the true cause of the attack and consequent discomfiture of the enemy on Monday, the 10th of June.

The Colonel told the officers of the company, the evening after the battle of Bethel, that we alone were responsible for the day's work, and that he had learned from the Rev. Mr. Adams, a Baptist clergyman of Hampton, that he saw two carts and a buggy loaded with killed and wounded, Saturday evening after the skirmish, going into Hampton.

We claim, in accordance with these facts, that the detachment under command of Major Lane, consisting of the whole of Company E, First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, and a howitzer under Lieutenant John M. West (by-the-way, as clever a fellow as

ever fired a gun), by their dash almost into the enemy's stronghold, provoked the battle at Bethel Church, and that the first prisoner captured by the regiment was the one taken by their advance squad.

COMPANY E.

[The *North Carolina Presbyterian*, Fayetteville, N. C., Saturday, September 21, 1861.]

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

We give the following extracts from a letter received by a friend in this place, giving interesting and reliable information from the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, in Virginia :

SHIP POINT, VA., *September 3, 1861.*

DEAR —:

I am glad to say I am in excellent health, and have been, except for a few days, ever since I have been in the service, and the sick of our company and regiment are improving.

Last evening was a joyful one to the First North Carolina Regiment. Near night I heard loud shouting throughout the entire camp, and on inquiring the cause, found it was because of the arrival of our much-loved General Hill, who has been absent from us some five or six weeks, trying to regain his health, which had been much impaired by his constant and arduous duties at Yorktown. He looks quite feeble, but I find him early this morning on his horse, and I venture to say that horse will not be unsaddled until his rider has carefully examined every nook and corner in and around Ship Point. Last night about 8 o'clock the General found his tent literally surrounded by over eight hundred men, who gave three loud, long and lasting cheers for General Hill, and then called him out. He said he had been outflanked and surrounded, and must surrender. He was glad to be with us once more. In his late sickness he had probably suffered more than he had in all his life before; but nothing troubled him more than his being compelled to be away from his regiment. He wanted to be with them in their sickness and camp trials, and if they got into an engagement, he wanted to be there to *show them how to dodge*. We had whipped the Yankees once, and could do it again, if we put our trust in God and keep our powder dry. He was afraid there was too much disposition to place our trust in man. Too many said I will do this; we can do that.

This was all wrong, for if we did not trust in Him who does all things well, bravery and daring would avail but little. It was true we had bad news from North Carolina; but this must not discourage us, for we must learn to expect and endure reverses. We had been too prone to underrate the courage of our enemies. Their cause was bad; *that* alone made them cowards, and in such a cause we, too, would be cowards. He knew the commander at Newport News, and a braver man he never knew. After a few other well-timed remarks, he closed by thanking us for the honor we had done him. Three cheers for Lieutenant Colonel Lee were then given, and he, too, favored us with a few remarks, saying that he had been with us *every day*, and that we had done our duty while under his command. He was glad to be an officer of the North Carolina First; and if in the future we did as well as we had done in the past, he would always be proud of us. Had Major Lane been here, he, too, would have been called out, for *everybody* likes Lane. Like General Marion, he is a little man, but he has a big soul.

We are much tickled to see how certain newspapers in North Carolina represent us as in a destitute and starving condition. You ought to be here to see how *fast* we are starving, with plenty of flour, meal, rice and bacon, to say nothing of potatoes and fish of all kinds, both plenty and cheap. The truth is, I have just eaten so heartily of fine large sheep-head (equal to our finest shad) that I am almost too lazy to finish this letter.

The sick of our regiment are surprised to find the papers place them in such a destitute condition; neglected by their officers and uncared for by the physicians. This is news to them, for no man who has ever seen service can say that the sick of this regiment have not fared as well and better than is usual in the army. Since we have been here, every two companies have a physician specially detailed for service in those companies alone, and this, too, in addition to the regular physicians of the regiment. They have all done their duty nobly, and deserve and will receive the lasting thanks of the men. Another item of news is, we have been over-worked and compelled to endure long marches. Like the rest, I have only to say our friends in North Carolina found this out *before we did*. Since the battle of Bethel we don't mind a little dirt digging. It is a good sauce for our rations, and besides, too, these embankments are sometimes very convenient, and we dig at them with a hearty good will, for we did not come to Virginia to keep our hands in our pockets.

We have another item of late and reliable news from these same papers. Some scribbler from Raleigh tells us that we have never received our pay because of the ignorance or neglect of the officers of the regiment. Now, the truth is, the officers are the only men in the regiment who draw *no rations*, and have been compelled to pay their way ever since they left home, to say nothing of a hundred other petty expenses to which they have been subjected. The author of such a contemptible charge has either told a wilful falsehood, or is guilty of *pitiabie ignorance*. Our regiment has fared as well as any in the field, for we have in North Carolina friends who have been liberal and kind, and if the Yankees give us a chance, we will try to exhibit our gratitude in a *striking manner*.

I am glad to have to add that Dr. D. McL. Graham, private in Company H, has been appointed second assistant surgeon of our Regiment, a position he justly merited and will fill satisfactorily, for his constant attention to the sick has endeared him to every man in his company. I like to see privates elevated, who started from home on \$11 per month, and did not wait, like some, to get offices before they started.

Yours,

H. Mc. K.

[For the (Fayetteville) *Observer*.]

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, YORK COUNTY, VA.,
September 9, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

The First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers being formed for dress parade this afternoon, Mr. John W. Baker, Jr., in the name and on behalf of the ladies of Fayetteville, presented to them a very handsome Confederate flag, and accompanied the presentation with the following remarks :

Officers and Ladies of the

First Regiment North Carolina Volunteers :

It is with mingled feelings of pride and pleasure that I find myself addressing a North Carolina regiment upon the soil of Virginia—the home of Washington—and that, too, near the battle-field of Yorktown, where in the days of the Revolution the clarion voice of the Father of his Country was heard, leading our noble sires to glory, to

victory and renown. Aye, it was on this spot, in the days that tried men's souls, that the smoke of battle might have been seen ascending from the valley and the hill top ; it was here that Cornwallis, the pet of the lion King of Great Britain, surrendered his sword to the leader of that little Spartan band who were then in mortal strife for their homes, their firesides and for liberty, that inestimable boon which they have given us as an inheritance, and which we so highly prize, that anathema would be pronounced upon any degenerate son who would essay to name its equivalent.

Is it not, my friends, a remarkable coincidence that you are here to-day, in this boasted age of progress in civil and religious liberty, near the same spot, prompted by the same motives and actuated by the same feelings that animated the breasts of your noble ancestors, in making red with blood the field of Yorktown and consecrating it to liberty, and as it was their mission then so it is yours to-day to lay bleaching upon the plains of Virginia the bones of the invader who is seeking to rob you of your birthright, to subjugate, devastate, lay waste and utterly destroy, aye, everything that is near and dear to the heart of an American freeman. Continue, my friends, to meet them as you have begun upon the threshold ; meet them, as I know you will do, like men ; let their blood be upon their own hands ; let their graves be in Virginia.

As to how you have acquitted yourselves as soldiers thus far, I must be permitted to say that you have discharged your every duty with a conscientious regard for the welfare of your country, which will ever endear you to every true Southron. With characteristic patience and cheerfulness you have submitted to the many hardships and inconveniences which must ever be attendant upon the tented field ; and you have yielded implicit confidence and obedience to the orders of your superior officers, which is the first duty of soldiers, and by so doing you have gained the applause of our entire army as being one of the best disciplined, best officered regiments now in the tented field ; and your many friends at home feel that while you have a Magruder, a Hill, a Lee, a Lane, *et als* of the same stamp to lead you, that they have nothing to fear. The results of the battle of Bethel have spoken, and do speak for themselves ; it was then that all the resources of your minds were called into requisition, and there was naught that you would not have cheerfully sacrificed to attain the ends of your superior officers, and give success and *eclat* to the Confederate arms. And I trust I may be pardoned for mentioning

the fact that I but echo the public sentiment when I say, that nobler men, more accomplished gentlemen, and purer patriots, were never known to draw a sword or shoulder a musket in defence of any country. And permit me in behalf of the ladies of the town of Fayetteville, whom I have the honor to represent on this occasion, to offer you their profoundest gratitude for the protection that you have thus far given to our homes and our liberties; they thank you for your patriotic courage, your heroic gallantry and your noble daring, exhibited upon the battle-field of Bethel; they congratulate you, whose glorious privilege it was to participate in that ever to be remembered struggle; and they desire to assure you that Bethel Church will ever stand as a monument to the unflinching courage and bravery of the twin sister States of Virginia and North Carolina; and that it will be the pride and boast of your children in all time to come to say that on the memorable 10th of June, 1861, my father was at Bethel. Need I tell you that the struggle in which you are engaged is one of gigantic importance, and that the single issue presented to you is literally "liberty or death;" need I remind you that in this contest the God of battles has already given you unmistakable evidence that He is with you—"and if He be for you who can be against you." Need I say to you that at dewy morn and sultry eve the prayers of loved ones at home are offered up to the throne on high to guide, protect and defend each and every one of you, and if it be His will, when you have accomplished your mission here, that you may return in safety to the bosoms of your families and friends, whose hearthstones have been made desolate by the foot-fall of the invader—homes in the sunny South, where the best feelings of our nature have been wont to cluster. And as an earnest that you have the approving smiles, tender sympathies and undying confidence of those noble Spartan women that you have left behind, they present to you this beautiful regimental flag, upon which you will find inscribed (by authority of the Old North State) the word "Bethel," the talismanic influence of which simple word must ever inspire you with renewed vigor and courage; and they desire that you never cease to strike while Southern soil is polluted by the foot-prints of the invader; and, if needs be, that the ample folds of this flag may float gaily o'er the dome of the Federal Capitol.

The standard-bearer was then ordered to advance and receive the flag, the regiment being at a "present arms," and the Adjutant, on behalf of the officers and soldiers, officially responded as follows:

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, *September 9, 1861.*

The officers and men of the First Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, gratefully acknowledge the kind remembrance in which the ladies of Fayetteville have held them.

No proof was needed to any Southern soldier that Southern women possess as well the zeal and patriotism which prompted such a gift, as the taste and skill which its workmanship displays.

It is much, however, in alleviation of the necessary hardships of the service, far the greatest of which is the separation from our homes, and the fair spirits which minister there, to know that we are not forgotten, but that the pure and lovely women, whom it is our greatest glory to protect, are mindful of us in our absence.

Something, perhaps, the regiment has done; more, if the opportunity occurs, it will gladly do, to justify, if possible, the estimation which this gift evinces.

The fair donors may rest assured that the regiment will return with the flag to North Carolina, if the regiment itself returns.

CHARLES C. LEE, *Colonel,*
For the First Regiment.

[From Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch*, September 14, 1861.]

CAMP FAYETTEVILLE, BELOW YORKTOWN,
September 11, 1861.

The facility and dispatch with which you get off the latest news makes your paper a very acceptable visitor to our camp, and I therefore presume upon your columns for an item.

General D. H. Hill having taken command of his brigade, an election was held for field-officers of the First North Carolina Regiment Volunteers. Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Lee was elected colonel; Major James H. Lane, lieutenant-colonel,* and Lieutenant R. F. Hoke, of Company K, major, with singular unanimity.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Lane was soon after unanimously and unexpectedly to himself elected colonel of the Twenty-eighth North Carolina Infantry. Upon severing his honored connection with the First Regiment, its officers in testimony of their regard for him socially and officially, presented him with a handsome sword, saddle and bridle, and two pieces of silver plate.

Major Lane received a complimentary vote for colonel, and was elected lieutenant-colonel almost unanimously. He is deservedly the most popular man, perhaps, in the regiment, and is every way worthy the honor conferred by his promotion. He possesses the necessary qualifications to make an officer the idol of his men, viz.: theory and practice of military science, firmness in discipline, with the affable manners and sociality of a gentleman. The Peninsula war has developed a great deal of fine talent, and in no man more than in Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Lane.

"Camp Fayetteville" is about six miles below Yorktown, named in honor of the ladies of Fayetteville, North Carolina, who presented the First Regiment Volunteers with a handsome flag. The presentation was made by a young gentleman from Fayetteville in a set speech; but, in nearly his own words, "Old Virginny tangle-leg" had so mixed his ideas, that the flag had to speak for itself, which it did most gallantly, by flaunting its beautiful folds against the breeze. All honor to the ladies; bless their souls.

Sickness abating rapidly, and preparations going on to stop the career of the Yankees. Hill and his brigade will make their marks.

The officers of our regiment have made up a purse of \$225 for the old lady who brought us valuable information on the morning of the Bethel fight.

X. Y. Z.

ECHOES FROM HAMPTON ROADS.

[The writer of the following, the Rev. R. C. Foute, participated in the scenes he so vividly depicts as a midshipman on the "Virginia."]

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hip-hip, hurrah! from thousands of throats. With waving handkerchiefs, and the wildest shouts of joy, and mad delight the battle-scarred "Virginia" steamed slowly back to her moorings at the Gosport Navy-yard, after her famous encounter with the United States fleet in Hampton Roads on that ever-memorable 9th of March, 1862. No conqueror of ancient Rome ever enjoyed a prouder triumph than that which greeted us. The whole populace swarmed out into the streets, and packed the wharves, while hundreds of boats flying the "Stars and Bars," and tugs and steamers innumerable filled the harbor; and the batteries on shore thundered

out their deep diapason in a grand chorus of sound that rent the very heavens above. And no wonder. No vessel ever accomplished so great things before or since in so brief a time. For this first cruise of the "Virginia," it must be remembered, began on Saturday, the 8th of March, and ended Sunday afternoon; scarce *thirty-four hours!* During that time she had been under the concentrated fire of more than a hundred guns for nearly twelve hours, and as a result she was a sight to behold. The huge smoke-stack was perforated like a pepper-box. Everything aloft was swept away like stubble. While her solid wrought-iron armor-plating was battered and scarred in nearly a score of places, the most serious of which came from the one hundred and eighty pound shots of the "Monitor." But for all this she was not disabled. She returned to the navy-yard chiefly for the purpose of taking on board a supply of steel-pointed, armor-piercing shot for use against the "Monitor;" which up to that moment was "an unknown quantity" in the annals of naval warfare.

In our first engagement with the "Monitor" our magazines contained only *shell* and a few *round shots* for heating; as we were prepared to give battle to *wooden vessels* only, never once expecting to meet another "iron-clad" on our cruise around Hampton Roads. We went into the dry-dock at once. The one thing now for the "Virginia" to do was to destroy the "Monitor." We believed it could be done. But how? This was the question that occupied officers and crew on watch and off watch continually. What was to be done with the "Monitor?" Well, I'll tell you what we decided to do with her, *capture her alive!* With this express object in view, and for this very purpose, we organized a boarding party, consisting of four divisions, and each division assigned to its own special part of the work. Volunteers were called for to join in the undertaking. So daring was the enterprise regarded that no one was compelled to join in it.

I can remember now, through the mists of thirty years, how we youngsters in the midshipmens' mess confidently expected to return from our next engagement with the "Monitor" *in tow as our prisoner!* Then with our two iron-clads we would quietly proceed to capture New York and Boston, and everything else on the coast that dared to oppose us. Inspired by this hope, and full of confidence, we exerted ourselves to the uttermost, and spared no pains to make the expedition a success. The boarding party numbered

about fifty, and every man was drilled in his own particular part like a veteran, during all the time we spent in the dry-dock.

The plan was very simple, and seemed entirely practicable, provided we should not all be blown out of the water before it could be carried into execution. Any how we were prepared to try it; and it was this: We had four of our smaller gunboats ready to take the party, some of each division on each vessel. One division was provided with grappling-irons and lines; another with wedges and mallets; another with tarpaulins, and the fourth chloroform, hand grenades, etc. I venture the assertion that no other expedition ever started into battle similarly armed. Well, the idea was for all four of these vessels to pounce down on the "Monitor" at the same time; on a given signal, and from different directions, all hands were to rush on board, wedge the turret so as to prevent its revolving, then scale its sides, deluge the interior with chloroform by breaking the bottles on the upper deck, and then cover the turret and pilot-house with tarpaulins, and wait for the crew to surrender.

On the 11th day of April, just one month after the fight in Hampton Roads, we got under way and steamed down the river again "eager for the fray," and confidently expecting to carry out our plan of "*boarding*" before night. But the little "cheese-box"—"Monitor"—as the sailors called it, never gave us a chance. She had orders to stay where she was; and that was—"out of reach." So we saved our chloroform and—our necks.

These two pioneers of modern naval warfare—the "Virginia" and the "Monitor"—never exchanged shots again, although within sight of each other for weeks. And a few months later they were both destroyed; the former having been burned by her own crew, and the latter foundering at sea off Cape Hatteras, on her way to Charleston.

R. C. FOUTE.

Thanksgiving Service on the "Virginia," March 10, 1862.

[The following has been furnished by a participant in the impressive exercises chronicled.]

It would seem that everything had already been said that history would care to remember of this famous iron-clad monster of the ocean; and yet the labors of the future historical compiler would be

incomplete without the following account of a most impressive scene that occurred on board of the Confederate steam frigate *Virginia* (*nee* *Merrimac*, U. S. N.) at the Gosport Confederate States Navy Yard, in grateful acknowledgment to Almighty God for the distinguished victory gained in Hampton Roads on Saturday and Sunday, the 8th and 9th days of March, 1862. This most appropriate and solemn service of praise and grateful adoration was offered on the gun-deck of the steamer, at the special request of the officers and crew—all hands being there assembled—at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday, March 10th, by the Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, the assistant rector of Trinity Church, Portsmouth, Va.

THE ADDRESS.

et.

"My brave and distinguished friends :

"If there be an ambition in the soul of man more prominent or more esteemed among men than another, it is that of deep and earnest gratitude for blessings vouchsafed. It is that one universal thread which binds all hearts in one, uniting that one to the heart of Him who sits the enthroned Potentate of the Universe. If ever there was a time which called loudly for the exhibition of this holy emotion, it is the great and illustrious present. If ever there were individuals or a people who should anxiously desire to manifest it in words and deeds by some public and appropriate exercise, *you* are the men ; *we*, the citizens of the Confederate States of America, are the people. The present is undoubtedly an occasion when, after some special manner, we should render to Him who presides over the destinies of nations, and who is the Sovereign Ruler of events, the sacrificial offering of praise and grateful adoration. For, over and above the ordinary occurrences of this most wicked and unrighteous war which call forth our gratitude to the great God of heaven and earth, this is a signal mercy—an extraordinary, if not miraculous deliverance. And as we set up in conspicuous places the statues of heroes and of illustrious patriots who have well deserved the praise and honor of their fellow-countrymen, thus upholding their memory to future generations, and inciting others to the imitation of their valorous deeds, just so should we, as it were, in the loftiest and securest apartments of the soul, erect mementoes of the gracious dealings of a kind and watchful Providence, in order that our spirits, surveying the brilliant record of past distinguished ser-

vices, may be kept always attuned to praise and gratitude. Then, undoubtedly, as we have already stated, the mercy for which we are at this time assembled to express our thanksgiving with the voice of grateful adoration deserves to be classed amongst the special and extraordinary mercies of Jehovah's merciful and gracious providence. When, a few days ago, at the suggestion of our highly-esteemed President, we observed a day of solemn fasting, humiliation and prayer, on account of our recent disasters, men's hearts sank within them, and there was a dread at every throb of the electric wire, lest it should bring to us fresh tidings of calamitous reverse and defeat. We had heard of the surrender of our little army and the destruction of a portion of our utterly inadequate fleet at Roanoke, while the dispatches from the far West were sadly disheartening. Truly were our spirits downcast and disquited. But now, now! how suddenly all is changed! The sunshine of a favoring Providence beams upon every countenance! Our arms have been marvellously crowned with a brilliant success! A handful of men, as it were, have defeated thousands! Heroes have suddenly arisen who have made themselves names high up on the monuments of fame, which shall never, never perish! Officers and crews have alike shown themselves equal to the most fearful emergencies! And the happy result is that the fierce weapons of our insolent invaders are broken; the enemies' mighty ships are spoiled; our long-blockaded port is once again thrown open, and our hearts are filled with joy and gratitude at the great and glorious victory!

"And now, whom are we to thank for all this? Doubtless I may take upon myself the liberty of expressing, on the part of the people, their acknowledgment to you, individually and collectively for this distinguished and valorous deed. Our Government cannot be too lavish in tendering the thanks of the nation to the wise and gallant men who, by their undaunted bravery and their prudential counsels and by their unhesitating devotion to their country's sacred cause, have rolled back the tide of invasion from our immediate shores. But thine hand, O Lord God Almighty! and Thine alone hath really brought about this happy result! Thine, O Lord, is the greatness! Thine, O Lord, is the power! Thine, O Lord, is the victory! Thine, O Lord, is the majesty! And, therefore, are we now assembled to bring before the Lord our God the glorious tribute of our praise and thanksgiving.

"I invite you, therefore, my brave friends, without any further remarks, to join me in this act of gratitude to the Almighty, who has

afforded you the opportunity to render such distinguished service to your country, and to the cause of justice and true liberty. Lift up your hearts in sincerity and truth, that the words of your mouth may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord, your Saviour and vindicator. In his infinite mercy and goodness the most blessed and glorious Lord God has preserved your life from every harm. When death-shots were falling around you thick and fast and heavy, He rescued you from the jaws of fearful destruction. Let us, therefore, humbly present ourselves before His Divine Majesty to offer the sacrifice of grateful praise and adoration, remembering in your prayers your own individual preservation, and forgetting not the sufferings of your wounded officers and companions in arms, and the sorrows of the afflicted friends and relatives of those who have gallantly fallen upon the altar of their country."

Hereupon followed suitable prayers⁴ (original and from the Book of Common Prayer) of Thanksgiving for the victory; of supplication in behalf of the wounded, and the bereaved friends and relatives of the heroic dead; and a general prayer in behalf of the Confederate States, their rulers, and their valiant men of war—all falling to the deck upon their knees and bowing their heads in reverence and godly fear. During this solemn and most impressive scene, while the earnest voice of the young divine was pouring forth eloquent words of gratitude and praise into the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth, the weather-beaten faces of many of the gallant seamen were observed to be bathed in tears, and trembling with emotions. Surely, I thought, as I turned away from such an affecting scene, God cannot refuse to accept such an act of thanksgiving; our cause cannot but prosper when the men who are engaged in it recognize the hand of the Almighty in each event, and trust entirely to His guidance, protection, and blessing.

SPECTATOR.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, November 29, 1891.]

HOW MAJOR J. N. OPIE LED A CHARGE.

A Graphic Story of a Dash Through the Federal Cavalry at Brandy Station.

What I relate are facts which actually befell me; no shenanagin about it. The greatest cavalry battle ever fought on the American continent took place at Brandy Station on the 9th of June, 1863.

At early dawn the Federal advance guard crossed the Rappahannock river, and charged our outposts with such vigor that they entered our camp at their heels. Most of my regiment, Sixth Virginia, had turned their horses out the evening before, so that not more than fifty of us were prepared to mount. Our reveille was the crack of the pistol and carbine of the foe. These fifty men were quickly mounted, formed, and ordered to charge. Not a moment was to be lost, as some of the enemy's advance were in our artillery camp.

UN UNTAMED HORSE.

I was the unfortunate possessor of an untamed and untamable *Buchephalus* that Alexander might have ridden, but that no rider on earth could control. I had experienced this on three former occasions. But what could I do, charge or not charge, that was the question. Although I knew full well that my wild charger would lead the van, of course I must charge. In our front was a heavily-wooded forest of pine scrub and black jack, through which ran a narrow country road. No time was to be lost, therefore there was little ceremony. The usual commands—trot march, gallop, charge—were omitted, and the gallant Shumate, who mustered the fifty, simply yelled "Charge," and away we flew down the winding road through that dark and dismal forest, all yelling like so many Comanche Indians. As the arrow from the bended bow flew my fiery horse. I had taken the precaution to put a jaw-breaking bit on his bridle, but it was of no avail.

A. FURIOUS RIDE.

He bowed his neck, and placing his mouth against his breast I was helpless, and away he fairly flew. What must I do to be saved? What could I do? Jump. No; pull off the road I could not; stop I could not. Away, away we went; my horse seemed wild with fury. I looked around, but there was no one in sight. We had left the others far behind. I knew that in a few seconds one poor and solitary cavalryman would be rushing into the midst of the foe. Oh, how I pulled, and how often I said whoa, whoa, sir, may be imagined, but all in vain.

A CAVALRY LINE.

As the cyclone sweeps over the prairie flew my mad horse. One moment more and I see drawn up across my path a double line of Federal cavalry. A moment more and we will break that line or fall

in the unwilling effort. It may be, I thought, they will see my predicament and let me through; it may be they will not fire; but how could they know that my horse was running away.

THE HORSE KILLED.

They must have thought the devil was coming, for up went at least a hundred carbines, a crash, a cloud of smoke, and with one terrible plunge and a groan my furious steed fell in the woods, pierced by several balls. How I escaped God only knows. In a few moments I heard our boys come thundering down the road. A volley from the Federal line, but onward they went, and I mounting a horse belonging to a lieutenant of Company H, who was killed here, joined in. We broke this regiment, the Eighth New York, Lieutenant Owen Allen killing its brave commander, Colonel Davis. Then came the English Illinois, and quicker than some of us came we went.

THE DASH.

That night after the battle was over—for it lasted all day—the boys overwhelmed me with compliments. Never saw such dash! such courage! Charles O'Malley, Murat! and so on. But what was the laughter and merriment when I innocently observed, confound it, boys, my horse ran away with me.

JOHN N. OPIE.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, September 13, 1891.]

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Its Number—Troops Furnished by States—Its Losses by States, and
Contrasted with Grant's Forces in 1865.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you please answer the following questions in your Sunday's issue:

1. What State furnished most troops to the cause, on a basis of population and irrespective of population?
 2. Did any one State furnish one hundred and twenty-eight thousand to the Southern Confederacy; if so, what State?
 3. What was the total number of the Confederate forces?
 4. Which State lost most in killed and wounded during the war?
- An answer to the above will be very much appreciated by an

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

To get information to answer this question we wrote to General Marcus J. Wright, agent of the War Department, in the collection and compilation of Confederate records, and he answered as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
PUBLICATION OFFICE WAR RECORDS '61-'65,
WASHINGTON, *September 9, 1891.*

The questions propounded by your correspondent are difficult, and in the present light of official information cannot be answered accurately.

We know of but one official statement of the forces of the Confederate army ever made. This was a report of General S. Cooper, adjutant and inspector-general, made march 1, 1862. The total of Confederate forces as reported by him at that date, including armed and organized militia, was three hundred and forty thousand two hundred and fifty—grand total officers and men.

I think it probable that the Confederate Government had more troops at that date than at any time during the war.

In this report Virginia has three battallions for the war—fifteen hundred; for twelve months, seventy-one regiments and nine battalions, two regiments, a number of battalions of artillery, and, in the language of the report, "many independent companies, nine regiments, and one battalion cavalry, &c." Virginia militia is put down at seven thousand, making a grand total of fifty-five thousand four hundred and fifty of regular troops (for twelve months and the war) and seven thousand militia.

Tennessee is credited in this report with one regiment for the war, fifty-three twelve-months' regiments, one regiment and eleven battalions of cavalry, and a number of artillery companies.

I give you the two highest.

The best estimate which has been made of the total number of Confederate troops during the war is from six to seven hundred thousand.

As to what State lost the most in killed, wounded, and missing during the war I cannot answer. When all the reports, which will be published in the War Records volumes, which have been obtained shall be published an approximate estimate may be made.

Very truly yours,

MARCUS J. WRIGHT.

The great disparity between the forces of Grant and Lee in 1865 is exhibited in the following reminiscence of Hon. Thomas S. Bocock, who died August 5, 1891, near Appomattox Courthouse, Virginia. It is a report in the *Dispatch* of August 15, 1891, of an interview with Dr. J. D. Pendleton, clerk of the Senate of Virginia:

Some time during the earlier part of 1865 General John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War of the Confederate States, invited the Virginia delegation in the House of Representatives to meet him at the War Department for the purpose of holding a conference with them on a matter of grave importance, in which they were vitally interested. Mr. Bocock was then Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress and accompanied the delegation.

LEE'S FORCES AND GRANT'S.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Bocock and some friends were invited to a supper at the Exchange Hotel to be given by the sheriff of one of the upper counties, but the sheriff who had been fighting "the tiger," had lost his thousands of "Confederate shucks," and failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Bocock and Dr. Pendleton were present, however, and a few other invited guests. Mr. Bocock was a fine talker, and while the evening waned entertained the gentlemen with an account of the visit of the Virginia delegation in Congress to Secretary-of-War Breckinridge in his office at the War Department. General Breckinridge said that General Robert E. Lee had written to President Davis stating that he only had on his rolls about forty-six thousand men fit for duty; that General Grant's forces were of such superiority in numbers that he could make a united attack along his (Lee's) entire line from Richmond to his right flank in Dinwiddie county and yet have a sufficient force to turn his flank and attack his rear. These considerations made one of two things imperative—either to have reinforcements or retire with his army from the State of Virginia and surrender the Confederate capital.

HOW MATTERS STOOD.

As to reinforcements the Secretary explained that the trans-Mississippi troops refused to leave their State. Louisiana was in possession of the enemy and no aid could be expected from that quarter, and Governor Brown, of Georgia, was raising trouble about

having Georgia troops leave the State while it was invaded by the enemy, to say nothing of the desertions from General Joe Johnston's army while retreating before Sherman's victorious march to the sea.

"When General Johnston was told this by me," said Dr. Pendleton, who was in the city several days last week, "he declared that the statement of his men deserting was without foundation of fact."

General Breckinridge then asked the delegation what advice they had to offer.

MR. BOCOCK'S ADVICE.

Mr. Bockock, who acted as spokesman, asked General Breckinridge what proportion of the Army of Northern Virginia did the Virginia troops constitute?

To this General Breckinridge replied that the greater portion of General Lee's army were Virginians.

Mr. Bockock then asked to what point did the Confederate Government propose to remove and make a stand, and General Breckinridge replied: "To some point in Northern Georgia," as this seemed to be the most eligible rallying ground.

Speaker Bockock then proceeded to give his reasons in opposition to the proposed evacuation of Virginia, and, among other facts, cited the statement of the Secretary concerning the action of the trans-Mississippi troops and the desertion of the Georgians as the Confederate army fell back in their State, and left their homes in the hands of the enemy. He claimed that the same reasons would obtain among the Virginia troops, and that it would be impolitic to surrender the State to the Federal troops without another struggle.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

The next day Senators R. M. T. Hunter and Allen T. Caperton met General Breckenridge, and he laid the same condition of affairs before them. Whatever advice they may have given in those dark days of the Confederacy is not stated, but it is certain that the struggle, forlorn as it was, was continued, and that the knowledge of its utter hopelessness was well known to General Robert E. Lee and the Confederate Government in the early part of 1865, several months before the decisive day of Appomattox.

[From the *Richmond Times*, November 1, 1891.

A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Who Acknowledged no Command and Knew no Fear—Old Hines of the Second Howitzers—A Most Unique Character—The Poorest Soldier, the Greatest Plunderer, and One of the Bravest of Men.

Lee's immortal army contained many heroes, but only one "Old Hines," and he was a member of the Second company of Richmond Howitzers. "Old Hines" was unique, a separate and independent command by himself, a kind of "imperium in imperio." In person he was of low and squatty figure, stoop-shouldered, very bow-legged, and possessed an enormous aquiline nose and a cocked eye, a shrewd smile generally played over his smoothly-shaved face. In addition he was "deaf as a post" and had seen at least seventy-five winters. In spite of all this he was strong as an ox and tough as a mule. How he ever became a member of that famous battery was a mystery to me. Nobody knew whence he came or what was his nationality. "Old Hines" had only two associates—Mills and Otto, two Germans—messmates of his, who spoke very little English but a great deal of Dutch. "Old Hines" himself never talked at all, and never performed any duty in camp or on the field. Put him on guard and he would deliberately walk back to his mess. Remonstrances were vain, he could not hear explanations out of order, he would not talk, put him in the guard-house he was happy; release him he was equally so. "Old Hines" detested shoes, and generally went barefooted winter and summer; in consequence his feet were as hard and tough as leather. When the boys wanted a little fun they would give "Old Hines" a little "hard tack" or some corn meal to induce him to dance out the fire of his mess. If the gift was sufficient he would tuck up his pants to the knee, give a war whoop and jump with bare feet into the fire, kicking the smouldering embers in every direction, performing a pyrotechnic war dance that would have made a Comanche Indian envious; this was delightful to the boys, but not to Otto and Mills, as they had to rekindle the fire.

A SLEEPLESS MAN.

Apparently "Old Hines" never slept at all, but was up all night cooking and eating—he did all the cooking and most of the eating

for his mess. He was also a singer, but never sang but one song, or rather the refrain of one, which was, "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me;" this he was humming all the time in a low voice. "Old Hines" never missed a battle or shirked a fight, but he never did any fighting.

When the fighting commenced he would begin to hunt for plunder all over the field. No danger daunted him, nothing came amiss in the way of clothing or camp equipage; friend and foe fared alike. Gathering up his booty he would seat himself on the ground in the most exposed situation near the battery, and calmly proceed to overhauling and mending the overcoats and other garments he had picked up, singing the while "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me." The thunder of artillery and rattle of musketry were nothing to "Old Hines." Guns dismounted, caissons blown up in thirty yards of him were matters of indifference. If a shell burst very near him, "Old Hines" would cock up his eye, give a vigorous shake of the head, troll out "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me," and proceed to sew on a button or mend a rent place in the garment.

A USEFUL NON-COMBATANT.

While "Old Hines" never did any fighting, he was useful; he was an inspiration and a perpetual joy to those who did. Everybody knew him—cavalry, infantry and artillery, all smiled when "Old Hines" took up his position. As the fighting grew heavier and the bullets flew thicker, "Old Hines'" spirits arose in proportion, he would ply his needle with greater industry and sing "Shoo, Fly" with redoubled energy.

HINES AND FREDERICKSBURG.

"Old Hines" and Fredericksburg, the grotesque and dramatic, are inseparably linked in my memory. When the fogs lifted from the banks of the Rappahannock the grandest battle-scene ever witnessed on this continent was revealed. The broad plain, level as a floor, stretching from the river to the position held by Lee and extending for miles to the right and left was literally blackened by the advancing lines of battle of Burnside's splendid army. In our front, covering the left flank of the advancing Federal infantry, were massed the field-batteries of the enemy, which we were soon to engage, long lines of cavalry protected their left flank, while Stuart's

cavalry hovered in their front and protected our right. Far as the vision could extend to our left in the direction of Fredericksburg the blue-coated divisions were advancing to the attack, while the sun's rays glanced from ranks bright with steel, with flashing swords and glistening bayonets. It was a sight to stir the heart and quicken the pulse of every beholder. We had halted in a road before going into action. I looked to the right, and there, a few yards from the road, seated on the ground, was "Old Hines" with his pack close by. He had made up a fire, taken off his shoes, turned his back to the panorama, and was slicing off huge hunks of "corn dodger," which were disappearing in his capacious jaws.

A NOTABLE ARTILLERY DUEL.

Just then there was a commotion on our right. Stuart, the "Prince of Cavalrymen," his black plume dancing in the air, dashed up with Pelham closely followed by the staff. Then was executed a novel manœuvre to us—a charge of artillery upon artillery. Cannoneers scrambled on guns and caissons, and under lash and spur the whole battalion thundered across that field and took position in pistol range of the enemy's batteries. Then commenced the fiercest and longest sustained artillery duel of the war, prolonged as it was away into the night. The great guns of the enemy posted on the "Stafford heights" across the river, began a terrific cannonade, firing over the heads of their advancing troops, and now the batteries in our front and our own joined in the "orchestra of battle." On left, on right and in centre cannon growled and grumbled and roared like wild beasts for their prey. Cannon speaks to cannon, growl answers growl, roar answers roar—an inferno of wild beasts. Shot and shell, shrapnel and cannister whizz and shriek and rend and tear. Trees are battered and torn to pieces; horses maimed and mangled, are struggling in dumb agony over dead and dying men; caissons are blown up, guns dismounted, and the earth rocks and trembles to the hoarse bellowing of artillery. On our left the long, rolling volleys of musketry told that Burnside was grappling with Lee's matchless infantry, to be hurled back again and again in defeat and death. And then that crashing, deafening sound—like the roar of some mighty conflagration—a thousand buildings toppling and falling into volcanoes of fire, the forked tongues of lightning that blast and wither and burn. Hecla, Vesuvius and Ætna vomiting fire and smoke and death. And then that "yell," louder,

louder and nearer, that told of battle lost and victory won. Silence, "silence" "alas for the fallen brave."

A COOL PROCEEDING.

I turned and looked to the rear of the battery, on the top of a perfect pyramid of overcoats, blankets, knapsacks and frying pans, "Old Hines" was seated, with his legs crossed, "tailor-fashion," sewing away for dear life, and right in the range of a dozen batteries. I had very improvidently thrown away in the morning a very heavy but good overcoat, rather than lug it through the fight, which I was then regretting. The fire in our front having slackened, I walked over to "Old Hines." He had put on my overcoat and was sewing a button on some other garment. I plead hard for my coat, but in vain. Just then a shot from the enemy came bounding along, passing through two of the horses to the caisson, and not missing us very far. "Old Hines" cocked up his eye at me, and, with a grin and chuckle, said "Shoo, Fly, don't bother me," and I didn't any more. That night as we left the field, the batteries in our front having been almost silenced, we fired an occasional parting shot. Riding along by my gun I passed "Old Hines," trudging along under a pile of plunder towering at least six feet above his head. He reminded me of the pictures of Atlas with the world on his shoulders. In a few minutes I heard a tremendous crash. I looked back and saw some reckless cavalryman had ridden over "Old Hines," bag and baggage. "Old Hines" scrambled to his feet and said "I'll be durned," that was all. I was avenged.

OLD HINES COURT-MARTIALED.

While in winter quarters, near Bowling Green, Caroline county, "Old Hines" was court-martialed. When Christmas day dawned upon us "Old Hines" was missing. No one could tell when or whither he had gone; his plunder had vanished, too. Some said his mess-mates had killed him in revenge for dancing out the fire and for washing his face in the bread-tray, which was one of his amusements; others said he had deserted. Several days elapsed and no tidings of the lost one. At length word came from Bowling Green that "Old Hines" had rented the best room in the hotel there, and was living like a lord. A guard was dispatched for him, and he was found in his room in the hotel, seated before a roaring fire with

a bottle of apple brandy on one side and a box of cigars on the other. This was too much for a Confederate soldier—even for “Old Hines.” He was marched back to camp under the guard. In a few days he was hauled up before a court-martial then sitting. Major Henry S. Carter, a tobacconist, now of our city, then an officer of the Third Howitzers, was one of the court. Charges and specifications having been preferred, “Old Hines” arose, and with a wave of the hand, said: “Gemmen, I don’t make no practice of leaving camp, but I allus keeps Christmas—I allus does.” This was the longest speech “Old Hines” had ever been known to make, and it electrified the court. He was sentenced to remain in camp one week, and wear suspended around his neck a board on which was written, “Absent from the camp without leave.” It so happened that the very next day, when the sentence was to go into effect, the battery received marching orders, and “Old Hines” and the sentence were forgotten. After marching about five miles, “Old Hines,” bringing up the rear with his plunder, he suddenly stopped and remarked, “I’ll be durned if I ain’t forgot that thing them gemmen give me,” wheeling around he trudged back to camp for his board, which he wore suspended from his neck for six months or more, apparently delighted.

TAKEN PRISONER.

Towards the latter part of the war, while trudging along under a mountain of plunder which completely hid him from view, he was pounced upon by the enemy and taken off to prison. I have been told by some Howitzer, who was a prisoner with him, that “Old Hines” was a great mystery to his captors—he would not tell what company, battalion, regiment or corps he belonged to, because he never knew. To his honor, it may be said, he persistently refused to “take the oath,” and while other and younger men around him were taking it to avoid the horrors of prison, “Old Hines” remained true to his colors. Doubtless, he has long since “been gathered to his fathers,” but hundreds in this city and elsewhere would like to know what became of “Old Hines,” of whom it may be said there never was a poorer soldier, a greater plunderer, or a braver man.

EX. OFF.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, December 20, 1891.]

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

RECOLLECTIONS OF IT, AND BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Sunday, December 13th, was the anniversary of the first battle of Fredericksburg, and looking back through the dim vista of the past that memorable event, with the bombardment of the 10th, is vividly recalled. It was a stormy and distressing time to many of the old residents of the old town, who were unable to leave the place when the Federal General Burnside notified them that he would bombard their homes. Many were compelled to remain within the town. A few of the residents gathered together what few articles they could carry with them, and leaving the city, located wherever they could find shelter within the lines of Lee's army, back of the town. Well do I remember with what cheerful resignation the female portion of the refugees accepted the trying conditions forced upon them by the abandonment of their homes, and how, after the battle had been fought and the victory won by the gallant and heroic Confederate army, they returned to their pillaged homes, and gathering together what was left by the thieving soldiery of the Federal army, cheerfully accepted the hard results. The day of the battle was a beautiful one, and the writer, occupying a position on a point of wooded land, midway between Hamilton's Crossing and Marye's Heights, could plainly see that Warren's portion of the battle-field where Warner's corps of Federal troops made the charge to capture Lee's position at Hamilton's Crossing. The Fredericksburg battery of artillery, commanded by Major Carter Braxton, occupied a point across the railroad under the heavy artillery that was planted on the hills above.

A FIELD OF CARNAGE.

The charge of the Federal troops across the field, in front of Marye's Heights, could be plainly seen from the location I occupied, and I saw the lines of Warren's troops melt away and reform under the murderous fire that met them from the guns they were endeavoring to capture. I did not then visit this portion of the battle-field, but on the following day after the Federals had been driven back across the Rappahannock, fearfully slaughtered and beaten, I walked over that portion of the field fronting "Marye's Heights," where

that gallant little band of Mississippians were posted behind the stone wall at the foot of the heights, within front of Meagher's Irish brigade, which charged up through Fredericksburg and completely decimated them. The slaughter at this point was fearful, and I could walk upon dead bodies the entire distance in front of this position.

Night stopped this memorable battle, and the vanquished Federals withdrew from the front of the victorious Lee.

JACKSON'S PROPOSITION.

Those that were not killed in front of Marye's Heights, with the remnants of Warren's and other corps, were huddled in the streets of Fredericksburg, demoralized and panic stricken, and it was at this time that General Jackson proposed to General Lee to turn the coats of his men inside out, so that they could distinguish each other, enter the town, and drive the Federals into the river. General Lee's consideration for the women and children that were compelled to remain within the Federal lines prevented this movement, and during the night Burnside withdrew his defeated army to the north side of the Rappahannock. I have heard it claimed by the Federals that there were no non-combatants in the town during the bombardment, but this is not true. My uncle, an old man over sixty years of age, was killed at the time. A cannon ball carried away one of his legs, and he died shortly after being shot.

G. McG.

RETURN OF A CONFEDERATE FLAG TO ITS ORIGINAL OWNER.

The *Washington Post* December 20, 1891 published the correspondence which is here subjoined. In an editorial headed "Literature for Patriots," in its issue of the following day, a sentiment is sounded which should find universal echo. After an expression that the correspondence "makes instructive and encouraging reading," the *Post* continues:

General Colby, now a prominent and distinguished assistant to the Attorney-General, was among the most gallant officers of the Union army during the war between the States. On scores of desperate and bloody fields he made good his title to the respect and admiration of his countrymen. That he is as magnanimous in peace as he was intrepid in war the tone of his letter to General

Maury makes abundantly evident. On the other hand, General Maury has an excellent record from the day he left West Point until the present time. In 1859 he compiled the tactics for mounted riflemen, which for many years afterward were followed by the United States cavalry. A Virginian and a devoted Southerner, he took his place with his own people in a war that he had no hand in provoking. After the surrender and the restoration of the imperiled Union he returned at once to peaceful pursuits, and, among other occupations, organized and conducted the Southern Historical Society. Ten years later he gave to the national war records' office the vast and valuable collection of historical material which the society had accumulated. In 1879 General Maury set on foot the movement for the development and coherent organization of the militia of the country, and has ever since been one of the most active members of the executive committee of the National Guard Association of America.

In a word, General Maury is as devoted and patriotic a citizen and as genuine a representative of a class, to-day, as is his distinguished correspondent, General Colby. He compressed into a single sentence the feeling of all the brave and honorable men, who, like him, fought in defence of their profound convictions when he wrote to General Colby and said: "When next we fight, General, it will be side by side."

It is pleasant and reassuring to read such letters as were interchanged between these two gallant survivors of the war of thirty years ago. The return to General Maury of the tattered Confederate flag that floated over his headquarters constitutes only the vehicle for an utterance of sentiments that do honor to American manhood. Such restorations have been frequent during the past twenty years, and in every instance they have been productive of the happiest results. They have brought out the fact that gallant men are very much alike in every quality that goes to make good citizens, and they show that the glory and perpetuity of the Union stand in no peril at the hands of those who took up arms for the Confederacy in 1861.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *December 18, 1891.*

General DABNEY H. MAURY, Richmond, Va.:

SIR: I present you herewith the Confederate flag, which was taken April 12, 1865, at Mobile, Ala., on the surrender of that city to the

Federal troops. You will remember that Spanish Fort was captured April 2d, Fort Blakely taken by charge April 9th, and Mobile occupied by the Union forces April 12th, and that this old, tattered, bullet-pierced and torn banner floated over your headquarters during all those days, weeks, and months at the close of the great rebellion, and that it really waved over the last great battle-field of the Southern Confederacy.

I was informed that this flag was made and presented to you as the Confederate general in command of the Department of Alabama by the patriotic ladies of Mobile, to take the place of a former larger one that had been totally destroyed by a shell; certainly the scantiness of material, as well as its home-made appearance, would indicate that such was the case, which, I presume, will be verified by your recollection.

Accept this conquered flag, and with it the friendly hand of one who wore the blue, and let it be a token of that amity which should possess the hearts of all good citizens, and bind the North and South together in a strong and lasting union, under the loved banner of our common country.

I was on the other side and served with the Union forces at the places mentioned, taking part in the closing victories and entering the city at its surrender. I have kept the flag all these years, and now turn it over to you with feelings of peace and good will and with such thronging memories as come only to those who participated in the terrible struggle of those "days of darkness and glory."

Believe me, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. W. COLBY.

WASHINGTON CITY, *December 19, 1891.*

DEAR GENERAL COLBY:

I have received with very great pleasure my old flag, the Confederate flag, which as you say, floated over the last great battlefield of the war between the States.

Your kindly letter which accompanied it has given me more pleasure, if possible, than your restoration of the flag.

Your generous act and manly words give strong evidence of the high character of the men who fought for the Union, and may be an example to those who, having no heart for manly warfare, can only revile and hate us who fought for our Confederate homes.

I shall, with your approval, transfer this old flag to the Governor of Alabama, who, like yourself, was a gallant soldier in the great war which has placed on record the fiercest battles ever fought.

When we fight again, General, it will be side by side.

May you have many happy returns of this season of peace and good will you have so happily illustrated.

With high respect and warmest wishes for your happiness and prosperity, I am

Sincerely yours,

DABNEY H. MAURY.

To General L. W. COLBY,
Department of Justice.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, October 13, 1891.]

FEEDING PAROLED CONFEDERATES.

An Order Upon Which Sixty-five Thousand Rations Were Drawn.

Major Thomas E. Ballard, United States deputy marshal, yesterday showed a *Dispatch* reporter the original of the following order, which has never been published before, and which was one of the last orders issued by a Confederate officer at Appomattox:

OFFICE CHIEF COMMISSARY, A. N. V., *April 11, 1865.*

Major Thomas E. Ballard, C. S.:

You will assume the duties of looking to the supplying with food the troops of the Army of Northern Virginia until they shall have been sent off from their present positions. You will also see the C. S.'s of the Federal army as to the arrangement *en route* for food for the men on the way to their homes. The C. S.'s attached to troops of course must accompany their respective commands.

R. G. COLE,
Lieutenant-Colonel.

As Major Ballard replaced the time-worn document tenderly in an equally time-worn pocket-book, he remarked with a smile of satisfaction: "And I didn't play small either; I drew from the United States Government for our boys sixty-five thousand rations. I hadn't had anything to eat for so long I was a little greedy."

[From the Louisville, Ky., *Courier Journal*, September 9, 1891.]

MRS. HENRIETTA H. MORGAN.

DEATH OF A MOTHER OF SOLDIERS.

The death of Mrs. Henrietta H. Morgan, of Lexington, which occurred in that city on Monday, September 7, 1891, removes from life a woman who, while not having an eventful career, as the world goes, nevertheless exercised a great influence in Kentucky history. Had she lived until December she would have been eighty-six years of age. She was always a healthy woman, but for the last few years had not been in good health. The immediate cause of her death was a stroke of paralysis, which, had it not been for a more than usually enfeebled condition, would probably have affected her but little.

Mrs. Morgan was the daughter of Mr. John W. Hunt, of Lexington, who was one of Kentucky's most prosperous merchants, and the first man in the State to accumulate a fortune of one million dollars. At his death he left a large estate to be divided among a large family. Mr. A. D. Hunt, formerly a banker in Louisville, but later of New Orleans; Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, once a leading merchant here; Dr. Robert Hunt, formerly of Louisville, but later of New Orleans, and Frank K. Hunt, of Lexington, were her brothers. Mrs. Hanna, of Frankfort; Mrs. Strother, of St. Louis; Mrs. Reynolds, of Frankfort, were her sisters. The latter was the mother of J. W. Hunt Reynolds, the once noted turfman and horse owner.

Her children numbered six sons and two daughters. One of the daughters was the wife of General A. P. Hill, of Virginia, and the other married General Basil W. Duke, of this city. Her sons were General John H. Morgan, Calvin C., Richard C., Charlton H., Thomas H. and Frank H. Morgan. All of them, and her two sons-in-law, entered the Confederate army, and of the number her most famous son, General John H. Morgan, Tom Morgan and General Hill were killed in battle, or rather the great cavalry leader was shot down at Greenville, Tenn., after surrender. All the others were wounded at various times, and all were prisoners during the course of the war. Tom was but seventeen years old when he enlisted in the Second Kentucky Infantry at Camp Boone. He was transferred from that regiment to the command of his brother, the general, and was but nineteen years old when he was killed. Frank,

the youngest, was but fifteen when he enlisted. Calvin, Dick and Charlton were all officers, and there was not one among them who did not do his duty.

Mrs. Morgan was devoted to the Confederate cause, and the death of her sons and son-in-law had a deep effect upon her and affected her health. During the latter part of her life her chief pleasure was found in contemplating the portraits of her sons and General Hill and war relics in her possession, of which she had a large number.

Mrs. Morgan's husband, Calvin C. Morgan, was a brother of Samuel D. Morgan, of Nashville, one of the first merchants of that city. When driven further South by the Federal occupancy of Nashville, Samuel devoted a great deal of time and money to the aid of Tennessee and Kentucky soldiers in the hospitals. Calvin was a highly cultivated and educated man and well known throughout Kentucky.

Mrs. Morgan herself was universally beloved. She was widely known and esteemed, and thoroughly unselfish, with a disposition that endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Her death causes widespread regret.

Mrs. Duke has gone to Lexington, and General Duke will follow to-day. The funeral will take place from the family residence in Lexington to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, the interment being in the cemetery where General Morgan's remains rest.

[From the *Enquirer-Sun*, Columbus, Georgia, October 4, 1891.]

The Surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.

A Graphic Narrative by a Participant, now a Merchant of Columbus, Georgia.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *September 30, 1891.*

In passing through Virginia *en route* to New York recently, I met a gentleman, now a minister of the Episcopal church, who during the late war was a captain of artillery in the Confederate army. As we were in a Pullman palace car, dashing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the contrast between such a mode of travel and surroundings, with the former weary and hungry marches through many of the same places which we observed during the journey, was very impressive. Talk, talk, talk was freely interchanged, and many, many a battle scene recalled, with fresh memories of the elation inspired by the victories won upon the one hand and the sad-

ness often felt at the loss of some noble comrade whose life blood had gone forth for the cause we were defending upon the other. Leaving Lynchburg for Charlottesville and standing on the platform of the car and looking toward the hills of Appomattox, the scenes of the "surrender of Lee to Grant" April 9, 1865, came vividly to mind. For a long time forgotten as a dream, they reappeared with lifelike freshness.

That was a panorama to stir the soul to its deepest depths. Lee, with his grand army of Northern Virginia reduced to about 8,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry and artillery, hungry almost to famishing, having been for days without rations, ill clad but resolute to the last, on that Sunday morning that will be immortal in history, found the army of General Grant (numbering about 100,000) investing every road near us, leaving only surrender or inevitable destruction. The smoke of battle drifted away, the booming guns were hushed. White flags of truce appeared.

Along the road which our line of battle crossed, while our men were resting on the ground, General Lee rode forth with some members of his staff, passing our command—the Second Georgia battalion—and it was whispered along the line, "our grand old hero has gone to the front to make terms for our surrender." Doubt, sadness, gloom, settled upon our hearts.

Two hours, perhaps, or more and our General came riding slowly back. Soon as he reached our line, many of the soldiers gathered about him, and eager inquiries from numbers of them came, "General, are we surrendered?"

The answer seemed to give him pain. "Yes, my men, you are surrendered. The odds against us was too great. I would not lead you into fruitless slaughter. Private property will be respected; officers will retain their side arms and horses. All will be paroled and transported to your homes, and may you find your families and loved ones well. Good-bye, my men, good-bye." With tears flowing down his face, and dropping his bridle reins on his horse's neck, shaking hands right and left, he rode out from our midst, and the face of one of the grandest heroes of all time we never saw again. Old soldiers, battle-scarred by many fields of blood and carnage, dropped on the ground and wept.

May the patriotism, self-sacrifice, toil and blood, so nobly lavished by both sides in that fearful war, become the common heritage of a united, just, generous, and noble people.

And now I hope I may be pardoned in placing upon record a few items in the history of that time. Friday, April 7, (preceding the surrender on Sunday, April 9,) Sorrel's brigade, Georgia Troops, (formerly Wright's,) under command at the time of Colonel G. E. Tayloe, formed a part of the rear guard of Lee's army. Before noon near Farmville, Va., the enemy pressed us closely, deployed into line of battle for attack, and our brigade was quickly deployed to resist it. From noon till night we maintained our line, driving back two heavy assaults, inflicting much loss upon the enemy and ourselves sustaining great damage. About dusk, in front of the Second Georgia battalion (which comprised four companies, the Macon Volunteers and Floyd Rifles of Macon, the Spaulding Grays of Griffin, and the City Light Guards of Columbus,) a flag of truce was observed by G. J. Peacock, lieutenant commanding City Light Guards, and its approach reported to Major C. J. Moffett, commanding Second Georgia battalion, and he advanced to the front probably thirty paces and called out the inquiry, "What is wanted?" The answer was given, "Important dispatches from General Grant to General Lee." Major Moffett replied: "Stand where you are till I communicate."

A messenger was sent quickly to Colonel Tayloe, commanding brigade, and A. H. Perry, A. A. General of the brigade, came soon to our line, and with Major Moffett, went out to the flag of truce, and received the dispatch which was hurried to brigade headquarters and thence to General Lee. This dispatch, it was afterward developed, was the demand from General Grant to General Lee, for the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

About midnight our brigade, according to orders, silently left our line of battle and marched in column toward Appomattox Courthouse, and on Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, while deployed to the left of the road, the right of our battalion (Second Georgia) resting on the road, General Lee passed to our front to meet General Grant and negotiate the terms of surrender. Thus the fact appears that through the lines of the Second Georgia battalion passed the demand for the surrender of Lee's army, Friday, April 7 (about night), and Sunday, April 9 (about noon), General Lee passed to the front by the same command for negotiating terms of surrender.

Many particulars of this eventful day can be found in "Southern Historical Papers," Volume XV, obtainable of the publishers, Richmond, Va.

Yours truly,

G. J. PEACOCK.

GENERALS LEE AND LONG.**Tributes to their Memory.**

At the annual meeting of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, held on the 27th day of October, 1891, on motion of Judge George L. Christian, a committee of three was appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General William H. F. Lee, who died October 15, 1891. The committee, after retirement, reported the following :

The Virginia division of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia cannot hold this first meeting since the happening of that sad event without spreading on its records a brief memorial of their sorrow at the death of our late president, comrade and friend, General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee.

General Lee took a deep interest in the formation and perpetuation of this Association, because he saw among the other efforts of its members an earnest desire to keep alive the memories of deeds of valor and devotion to duty, which can only fade from the mind of the craven and coward, and which will ever live when patriotism and heroism find a place in the hearts of men.

He was its second honored president, the first being another honored member of the same great family, on whom Virginia has so often leaned for support, and this office General Lee filled so acceptably that it was with sincere regret the Association learned of his determination to retire from it.

It is not our purpose here to record in detail the many splendid virtues and achievements of our dead comrade, but only to pay an humble tribute of affection to his memory. To say that our former president was a "worthy son of an illustrious sire," General Robert Edward Lee, is, in our opinion, to exhaust the language of eulogy on every attribute of manhood, and those of us who knew him, know how well he measured up to the requirements of this the very highest type of human character known to us.

He inherited then from his great father and his illustrious line many elements of greatness and genius. But not content with these innate virtues, he added his own well-directed efforts in the line of duty, patriotism and valor, and these together have not only enshrined him in the hearts of every true man and woman in our Southland, but have won for him a name worthy of a place in that splendid galaxy of which his father's will ever be with us the central orb.

Therefore, be it

Resolved, first. That in the death of General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, Virginia and the whole South mourn the loss of a soldier and citizen of whose character and career, in war and in peace, they are justly proud and will ever strive to honor.

Secondly. That in his death this Association has lost a comrade who most worthily filled its highest office; one whose dignity of character, modesty and real nobility of soul commanded our veneration and esteem, and who in the administration of his office so attached to him those associated with him as to make them feel in his death the loss of a dear friend.

Third. That these resolutions be spread on our minutes and published, and that a copy be forwarded to the family of General Lee with the assurance of our deepest sympathies in their and our common bereavement.

The committee who drafted the above resolutions were: Messrs. George L. Christian, chairman; Dabney H. Maury, William B. Taliaferro.

TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL LONG.

At the same meeting, on motion of Mr. Micajah Woods, a committee of three was appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General A. L. Long, who reported the following:

The undersigned committee, appointed to prepare resolutions to the memory of General Long, respectfully report as follows:

Resolved, That in the death of Brigadier-General Armistead Lindsay Long, which occurred at his home in Charlottesville, Va., April 29, 1891, this Association lost one of its most distinguished and able members, and the South one of its most loyal, gifted and gallant defenders.

Resolved, That we recognize in General Long a character too remarkable to be disposed of by the mere commonplace resolutions which so often answer the demands of duty on such an occasion as this, and wishing to give expression to our emotions we desire to so emphasize them by reference to history that future generations may learn from the minutes of this meeting something of the life and public services of our deceased comrade and friend.

Resolved, That as soon as the South was threatened by invasion from the North in 1861, General Long resigned the commission which he held in the army of the Union, and accepted service in the army of the Confederate States, which was then being organized for

the defense of the South and his native State. In severing his connection with the Union army, he fully and entirely withdrew his allegiance and loyalty from the Union and gave it with sincerity and devotion to the South, and from the beginning to the end he labored and fought for the independence of the South, the sovereignty of the States and the freedom of the people. He distinguished himself by zeal and gallantry as a member of the military family of our immortal chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, as brigadier-general and chief of artillery of the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, he received the commendations of his commanding general, the admiration of the army, and the gratitude of the people. When fortune withheld her favor, and fate gave the victory to our enemy, General Long still adhered with loyal faith to the cause and to the people with whom his fortune had been cast; and, when afflicted and broken in health and overhung by the gloom of physical blindness, he scanned the past with a mental vision of rare intensity and brightness, and collected and arranged a record of the events of that great war, which will go down through the ages as a monument to his genius and a glorious defense of the people whom he so loyally and earnestly served.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, and that the secretary be instructed to send a copy to the widow and family of General Long.

The committee who drafted these resolutions were Hon. P. W. McKinney, chairman, and Messrs. Thomas L. Rosser, and John B. Purcell.

Attest :

THOMAS ELLETT,

Secretary of the Association Army of Northern Virginia.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, October 14, 1891.]

THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Its Visitors and Staff—Academic and Military—1848-1861—Associates of
General T. J. Jackson.

SPOKANE FALLS.

To the Editor of the Dispatch :

Will you inform some friends of your paper who were the professors at the Virginia Military Institute in the years 1848, 1849 and

1850; also when Stonewall Jackson first entered the Institute as a professor, and what branches he taught?

We have a lot of rusty Virginians out here who have lost their reckoning, several who were of the class of 1861, and left with Colonel Allan to join the Confederate army.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM IDAHO.

At the July meeting of the Board of Visitors in 1851 Thomas J. Jackson was added to the Academic Board as professor of natural and experimental philosophy and instructor of artillery, with the rank of major.

The other information asked for is as follows:

1848.—Board of Visitors: General Corbin Braxton, president of board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); General P. C. Johnson, Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenbergen, Colonel George W. Munford, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., Colonel George W. Thompson, William H. Terrill, Esq., General E. P. Scott.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major John T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Captain Thomas H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering, Architecture and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Physical Sciences, Instructor of Tactics and Commandant of Cadets; Lieutenant R. E. Colston, Assistant Professor of French; Lieutenant J. Q. Marr, Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Military Staff: H. M. Estell, M. D., surgeon; T. H. Williamson, treasurer; J. Q. Marr, adjutant; W. S. Eskridge, steward.

1849.—Board of Visitors: General Corbin Braxton, president of Board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenbergen, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., General E. P. Scott, Hon. John S. Barbour, Sr., William W. Crump, Esq., Colonel D. B. Layne, and Colonel Harvey George.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major John T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Captain Thomas H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering and Architecture and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Physical Sciences, Instructor of

Tactics, and Commandant of Cadets; Lieutenant R. E. Colston, Instructor in French Language; Lieutenant R. E. Rodes, Assistant Professor of Physical Sciences and Tactics.

Military Staff: H. M. Estell, M. D., surgeon; R. E. Colston, treasurer; R. E. Rodes, adjutant; C. B. Williams, quartermaster; J. T. Gibbs, commissary and steward.

1850.—Board of Visitors: General Braxton, president of board; General William H. Richardson, adjutant-general (*ex-officio*); Philip St. George Cocke, Esq., General P. H. Steenberg, Charles J. Faulkner, Esq., William W. Crump, Esq., General D. B. Layne, Colonel Harvey George, John S. Carlisle, Esq., E. C. Robertson, Esq.

Academic Staff: Colonel Francis H. Smith, Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics; Major J. T. L. Preston, A. M., Professor of Languages and English Literature; Major T. H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering and Drawing; Major William Gilham, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, and Commandant of Cadets; Captain R. E. Colston, Instructor in French Language; Captain R. E. Rodes, Assistant Instructor of Tactics and Assistant Instructor of Chemistry; Lieutenant J. W. Massie, Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

Military staff unchanged from 1849.

COLONEL THEODORE O'HARA.

Sketch of a Distinguished Kentuckian From an Army Officer's Pen—A Brilliant Military Career Given Up for Literature and the Press.

Theodore O'Hara was a singular man in some respects, and while he was undoubtedly a man of a good deal of genius, he did not appear to have that stability which is necessary to secure success. He did not stick close enough to any one pursuit to master it in all of its details. When a mere child he was taken by his parents to Ireland, where his father, Kane O'Hara, was born, and being rather precocious, was noticed a great deal by his relatives. He used to be given a good drink of Irish whiskey, and then placed on a table, where he would make speeches and recite, to the infinite amusement of his listeners. With true Irish love of fun he was cheered on, and generally carried the whole house with him. When grown to manhood he could recite remarkably well, and generally chose some scene from Aytoun's "Songs of the Scottish Cavaliers." He could hold an audience spell-bound.

His father taught school at Shelbyville, Ky., for a time, and afterward removed to Frankfort. Theodore attended the school, where he was a bright scholar, though full of mischief and assisted the other students in getting their lessons, doing sums for them and helping in various ways.

O'Hara became a captain in the Second Regiment of Cavalry in 1855, and while on the march from Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to Texas, in the fall and winter of 1855-'56, was attentive to his company. One evening after the regiment had halted for the night, where there was some tall, dry grass, a fire broke out, and it required the utmost endeavors of the officers and men to save the tents and baggage wagons. Captain O'Hara was very busy and remarkably efficient. He pushed forward those who were slow in their movements, and accomplished a good deal in a short time. Some of his men did not move forward as promptly as he thought they ought to do, when he went after them with a will, and gave some of them a complete overhauling. He was naturally quick and industrious, and infused some of his life into his men. He could not bear to see so much property in danger of destruction without making a great effort to save it. He seemed to have new life on that occasion, and won many compliments on his good behavior. Where all worked faithfully, the conduct of O'Hara stood out prominently, and Colonel Albert Sydney Johnston spoke highly of his efforts. A fire of this kind in the dry grass and cane is sometimes very destructive.

O'Hara's company was halted at the Clear Fork of the Brazos river, at was subsequently known as Camp Cooper, to watch the Comanche Indians, who had a reservation near by. These wily redskins would sometimes break away in spite of all efforts to keep them on their own ground, and then there was widespread terror in the infant settlements along the frontier. O'Hara was out on several scouts, and once, while travelling with a small escort between Camp Cooper and Fort Mason, came near being attacked by a party of roving Indians, greatly superior in numbers, but fortunately made his escape, and reached the fort in safety. Those were dangerous times.

Captain O'Hara had a fund of humor, and often displayed it before his acquaintances in a good-natured way. He had among his friends a gentleman from Michigan, and once, when in this playful mood, said: "I am fond of Michigan, it is the home of two of my

best friends—General Cass, who is the greatest statesman in the world, and Mr. W——, who is the poorest.” Mr. W. saw the point at once, and joined in the merriment it occasioned. On the march to Texas he had a negro woman for a cook, who was sometimes very free in her criticisms, affording great amusement to her listeners, and no one could help hearing her, as her cooking place was only a short distance off.

Captain Charles E. Travis, son of William B. Travis, the hero of the Alamo, in Texas, was also a captain in the regiment, and was tried at Fort Mason for something which occurred at Jefferson Barracks. O'Hara was an important witness at this trial. While at Fort Mason a fight occurred with some Indians, who had murdered a white man and a negro boy on the Cibolo, which gave O'Hara great pleasure, and under date of April 2, 1856, he wrote to B. Gratz Brown, then editing the St. Louis *Democrat*, as follows :

“The captain charged up the hill, and a volley from his carbines was the first notification to the savages that their avenger of their late barbarities was near. The Indians, completely surprised and panic-struck by the suddenness and fury of the assault, offered but little resistance. They fled in all directions, leaving several dead, and their camp and all their property behind. Captain Brackett pursued them in every direction with his men as long as he could track them, and doubtless many more were wounded and perhaps killed. The camp which Captain Brackett captured was quite an argosy of valuable property which those Indians had robbed from the whites, as well as of the various things which constitute the legitimate property of the savages in the way of arms, implements, ornaments, etc. Captain Brackett returned to Fort Mason loaded down with the spoils and trophies of victory, and has no doubt received, as he well deserved, abundant congratulations and applause for having so handsomely performed one of the most successful and brilliant exploits which the annals of our border warfare with the savages record.”

This letter is given as a specimen of O'Hara's style, and because very few letters of his are known to exist. He was a clear writer, and expressed his views well on all subjects. It is strange there are so few of his letters, as he wrote a great deal at one time or another, but seems to have treasured up nothing. He was contented while in the army with doing his duty well, and cared more for that than anything else. He was a natural writer, and had been an editor, or

associate editor, in Frankfort or Louisville. The surroundings of Camp Cooper did not suit him, and he sighed for the good things to be found in Louisville. He liked hotel life, where all the luxuries are easily attainable, and was fond of getting up late, after working well into the night before. He was a natural soldier, and took kindly to duty, but the restraints of the regular army were not so much to his fancy. He had been assistant quartermaster, with the rank of captain, in June, 1846, during the Mexican war, and was quartermaster of General Pillow's division in the Valley of Mexico, and received the brevet of major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, on August 20, 1847, and was disbanded, after the close of the war, in October, 1848. He had also been in the Cuban expedition under General Lopez, and at Cardenas was very seriously wounded. This was in May, 1850, so a military life was no new thing to him, and he liked its excitement, but he did not like the monotony of a frontier post, and grew very restless under it. There was not novelty enough about it. His violin served to while away many an hour, and he became quite proficient on that instrument. His studies, too, gave him occupation, and he kept up with the literature of the day.

Captain O'Hara was extremely neat in his personal appearance, and took great pains with himself. When his second lieutenant reported to him in Louisville, he was greatly struck with O'Hara's neatness. Between these two men a warm friendship commenced, which was continued ever afterward. Nothing was too good for O'Hara in the lieutenant's opinion, and he could not do him too much honor. O'Hara made many friends; he was of a genial, sunny disposition, and was inclined to look on the bright side of everything. He had a decided taste for literature, and had been well educated, his father paying particular attention to that. He was well acquainted with the English classics, and understood Greek and Latin very well. He had a strong military bent, as has been seen, and was a capable officer; but, with all this, he preferred to be a newspaper man, and was perfectly at home writing for the daily press. He was clear and forcible, and, when inclined, could weave into his productions much poetry and grace. Could he have been satisfied with the plodding work of an editor, he would have been successful; but he could not bear for a considerable time the restraints and exactions of that calling. When he set about writing anything he threw his whole mind into it, and evolved a shapely production.

In fact, he could not keep away from the journalistic profession, nor would he work at it with sufficient assiduity to make it wholesome and acceptable to himself. This was unfortunate, perhaps, but he was not a bitter partisan, though he had strong political notions, and disliked controversy. He had very few personal enemies. He was frank, upright, and just to every one, and no one ever heard of a dishonorable action ever done by him.

Captain O'Hara was hospitable to the last degree. He generally kept some supplies from Kentucky, and after a long march sat down in front of his tent to enjoy himself and entertain such acquaintances as might favor him with a call. He was always genial, always pleasant, and it was a pleasure to listen to his conversation. His experience had been varied, and his talk was interspersed with anecdotes of men he had met. He knew many of the prominent characters of our country, and had listened to most of the best speakers. He had a famous memory, and had stored his mind with many gems. It was necessary to know O'Hara some time before his many good qualities could be appreciated. There was no jealousy in his disposition. The men under his command were very fond of him, and he treated them with uniform kindness. He was a very brave, winsome man; an excellent converser and good listener. He always felt a sympathy for the sorrows and misfortunes of others. He had a great deal of insight into men's true characters, and seemed to understand them at a glance. His thoughts did not go back to the Cuban expedition with any particular satisfaction, although he had been honored with the commission of colonel. He came to look upon it as a hare-brained scheme, which had little chance of success from the start, most of the members of it having been completely duped by its leader, General Narciso Lopez.

When O'Hara wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," he did not think he was writing for posterity; he wrote it for a particular occasion, and thought no more about it. That occasion was the burial of the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, in Mexico, in the cemetery of Frankfort, Ky. It was a funeral of great solemnity, and the best people of the land were present. At that time O'Hara was editing a newspaper in Frankfort, Ky., and, of course, made the best effort he could, and no one can say it was not a grand one. He seems to have thrown his soul into the work, and produced one of the finest pieces in the English language. How long he was working at it no one at this day knows, perhaps, for as

an editor he was kept busy pretty much all of the time. In Kentucky Mr. Prentice was looked upon as the poet, and O'Hara's brilliant production flashed like a meteor over the State. It satisfies in every respect, and may be pronounced perfect.

Colonel O'Hara was born near Danville, Ky., on the 11th of February, 1820, and graduated at St. Joseph College, Bardstown. For a time he was editor of the *Mobile Register*, and afterward editorially connected with the *Louisville Times* and the *Frankfort Yeoman*. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He made several addresses in Kentucky which were well received, and he became known as an orator of much eloquence. His speeches were prepared with great care, and evinced close acquaintance with the best American models. His diction was flowery and at the same time clear, giving his hearers to understand that he had studied the matter in hand in all of its bearings, and was able to throw light upon it. It was always pleasant to hear him speak, as he was never loud, harsh or unkind. He believed in several things with the utmost intensity, but never wished to push his views upon the minds of others, where they were not wanted. He had been reared with great care, and his kind disposition made him many friends. His father had laid out a broad career for him, and instilled in his mind noble sentiments of truth and honor. He was quite indifferent about money matters, perhaps too much so for his own good, in these days when money is such a power in the land. He was content to let life run on, taking little heed of the future.

Colonel O'Hara resigned his commission December 1, 1856, and returned to Kentucky, where he remained a short time, and then went to Washington city. He subsequently went to Alabama, and when the civil war broke out became lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Regiment of Alabama Volunteers, and served under his old commander, General Albert Sydney Johnston. There seems always to have been a feeling of warm friendship between these two men, and Colonel O'Hara was very near General Johnston when the latter was fatally struck by a bullet at the battle of Shiloh. He helped him off his horse, and did what he could for him, but it availed nothing, as the general died in a short time, no surgeon being readily found on the field. With the death of his chief, O'Hara lost one of his most influential friends. Later he served as inspector-general for some time, being thorough in his work and performing it conscientiously. He was acting adjutant-general for Major-General John C. Breckin-

ridge at the battles of Stone's river in front of Murfreesboro in December, 1862, and January, 1863, conducting himself in such a way as to win the thanks of his commander, who says in his report: "I cannot close without expressing my obligations to the gentlemen of my staff. This is no formal acknowledgment. I can never forget that during all the operations they were ever prompt and cheerful by night and day in conveying orders, conducting to their positions regiments and brigades, rallying troops on the field, and, indeed, in the discharge of every duty. It gives me pleasure to name Colonel O'Hara." Several others are specially mentioned by General Breckinridge.

At the close of the war Colonel O'Hara returned to Alabama, and for a time engaged in business, in which he seems to have been successful but a fire swept away his accumulations. He kept up bravely against adversities, but did not again get much of a start. He died near Guerryton, Bullock county, Ala., June 6, 1867. In 1872 his remains were removed to Frankfort, Ky., in accordance with a resolution of the Kentucky State Legislature, and now repose near the remains of those in whose honor he wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead." A monument has been erected over his grave, on which is inscribed the first stanza of that celebrated poem. He is held in kind remembrance by the people of his native State, who are justly proud of him, not only on account of his integrity as a soldier, but on account of the lasting fame of his matchless verses. He was a true and faithful man, sincere and just in every respect.—*General Albert G. Brackett, U. S. A., in Louisville Courier-Journal, August, 1891.*

ROLL OF THE STUART HORSE ARTILLERY,
(McGregor's Battery)
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The first commander of the famous Stuart Horse Artillery, was the gallant John Pelham, subsequently known as the "Boy Major"—the "bravest of the brave."

The roll has been kindly furnished by Mr. J. C. Smith, of Richmond, Va., formerly Bugler of the battery, who prepared it from memory in 1883. Whilst it is to be regretted that the roll is not a perfect one, yet in the absence of such, it merits preservation. Perhaps its publication may elicit a perfect roll.

Captain, William M. McGregor.

First Lieutenant, Charles E. Ford.

Second Lieutenant, Ro. Burwell.

Second Lieutenant, Wilmer Brown.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

Adams,	Dinwiddie, W.,
Avery, (deserted at Culpeper C. H.)	Dinwiddie, M.,
Anderson,	Dominck,
Brown, J. T., <i>Sergeant</i> ,	Ewing,
Brown,	Evans,
Blassingame,	Freeman,
Brieux,	Fleiner,
Butterly,	Flannigan, W. W.,
Bollinger,	Gleason,
Bini,	Guillemot, C. J. <i>Orderly Sergeant</i> ,
Brooks,	Hitt,
Bagiacaluppo,	Hunter,
Byron,	Holmes, James, <i>Sergeant</i> ,
Ball,	Holmes,
Carr,	Hammond,
Carrico,	Irving, Carter,
Cardwell,	Irving, Jesse,
Cross, (deserted,)	Lawrence,
Carrington,	Lucas,
Chamberlaine,	Link,
Corneau,	Larking,
Chichester, A., <i>Sergeant</i> ,	Lumpkin,
Chichester, D. M.,	Levy,
Coon.	McGregor, Jesse,
Cook, J. D., <i>Sergeant</i> ,	McCaffrey,
Cook, J. E.,	Moore, H. L.,
Crook, (deserted,)	Montenegro,
Constantini,	McClellan;
Cochran,	O'Brien, O., <i>Sergeant</i> ,
Davis,	Prime, <i>Sergeant</i> ,
DeMaine,	Pearce,
Doggett,	Paoli,
Petty,	Rassini,

Roberts,	Romain,
Ryan, (boy)	Smith, 1st.,
Smith, 2d.,	Smith, 3d.,
Smith, J. C., <i>Bugler</i> ,	Shirley, <i>First Sergeant</i> ,
Shreve, George, <i>Sergeant</i> ,	Simpson, N. V.,
Shields,	Spallorensi,
Sully,	Shilling,
Turner,	Tutt, Phillip
Tapp,	Vinne, Peter,
Wingfield,	Winn,
Yallapo—89.	

A PLAN TO ESCAPE

In 1863, from the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island.*

The following papers are preserved between the leaves of a manuscript diary of Captain L. W. Allen, covering a period of captivity in the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, Ohio,* from November 16, 1863, to March 17, 1864, inclusive.

* In Volume VI, *Virginia Historical Collections*, New Series, of the Virginia Historical Society, *Miscellaneous Papers*, 1672-1865 is included a "Memorial of the Federal Prison on Johnson's Island, 1862-1864, containing a list of prisoners of war from the Confederate States Army, and of the deaths among them, with 'Prison Lays,' by distinguished officers," and the "*Papers*," Volume XVIII, includes an account of "Escape of Prisoners from Johnson's Island," December 31, 1863, pp. 428-431. The date of escape it appears, should be January 1, 1864, as under date of January 2d, Captain Allen records the thermometer registering "from 20° to 30° below zero," "more intensely cold the Yankees say than it has been for sixteen years," and "that the report is this morning that five men made their escape last night over the wall." Under the date of January 3d, he writes: "The 'Bull Pen' is in great excitement over the report that on night before last and last night several of the prisoners made their escape; some of whom, almost frozen, have been recaptured, but others have not been. Large numbers have been planning to get away on the ice, but the weather is too *intensely cold* to hope that Southerners can possibly stand the severity of the weather and get away. One got over to the main land opposite the Island, known as Danbury township, where he passed as an English sailor, and was kindly taken care of by the citizens. He was greatly frost-bitten but was to have been carried to the railroad to-day, but in the pursuit of others he was caught by the Yankee guard. It would seem futile to attempt to escape from the Island in such weather as we now have."

From the diary, which is in the Collections of the Southern Historical Society, it appears that the writer was a minister of the Baptist Church, and a citizen of Caroline county, Va., who, at the age of sixty years, raised and largely equipped with his own means a cavalry company, of Godwin's battalion, of which he was elected captain. A spirit of exalted patriotism and of deep piety pervades the record. Captain Allen was captured at Gloucester Point, Va., July 20, 1863; transferred from Johnson's Island to Point Lookout, Maryland, in February, 1864, and, it is inferred, was exchanged in the month of April following.

The "Plan of Escape," it appears, was submitted by Captain Allen early in the month of December, 1863.

PLAN OF ESCAPE.

Any plan of escape involves the necessity of organizing the prisoners in such a manner as will make them the most formidable and reliable, and may be regarded as embracing the following considerations :

- I. Get out of the Enclosure.
- II. Capture the Garrison.
- III. Escape from the Island.
- IV. Return to the South.

I. Get out of the Enclosure.

This is to be done in one of two ways, or by both combined.

1. *By storming.* This may be done by tearing down the plank enclosure, or by steps or ladders to climb over it, or by ripping off plank.

2. *By bribing.* This, I think, is practicable to some extent, by which the gates may be opened, or planks or posts loosened or removed, &c.

This being affected--

II. Capture the Garrison.

This will involve great danger and much loss of life, for the problem must be considered. How can fifteen hundred or two thousand *unarmed* men capture eight hundred or one thousand *armed* men and *disarm* them.

Allowing this to be accomplished.

III. How Can we Escape from the Island?

This is to be done in one of *three* ways.

1. By crossing on the ice to the main land.
 2. By securing the steamer here and going to Sandusky, and there procure other transportation.
 3. By being furnished transportation from friends on the outside.
- The first two of these plans have serious, if not insurmountable objections and difficulty.

1. For the ice to be strong enough to cross on it will require such *cold* weather as utterly to unfit most of the prisoners to travel when they get to the main land.

2. It may be *possible* to capture the little steamer, but she can only take a small portion of the men and no plan must be entertained which does not provide for the absolute safety of all of our wounded and disabled comrades.

No surprise of the garrison can be effected without the firing of guns, and this will give the Sanduskians notice. They having an armory and arms, one thousand men can be got under arms to receive us before we could steam from here or cross over on the ice.

3. The most hopeful plan of escape from the island is to secure outside aid.

IV. How Shall we Return South?

In one of *three* ways.

1. By reaching the main land, procuring horses and marching through Ohio to Pittsburg or Wheeling, or through Kentucky to Virginia, or Tennessee, or Georgia.

2. By reaching the main land and moving up towards Toledo, or the Straits, to Canada.

3. By crossing the lake to Canada.

When it is remembered that in the late gubernatorial election in Ohio the aggregate vote was upwards of four hundred and fifty-five thousand men; three-fourths of whom we may safely conclude are capable of bearing arms, to say nothing of the many garrisons and camps in the State, together with the great distance to be travelled in this inclement season, the very poor equipments of the prisoners, the whole trip to be performed among a most hostile population, all being taken together, make these plans most difficult and dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

The *third*, to wit: Outside aid is the only one which may be considered practicable.

The conclusions at which I arrive from the above views are :

1. At least twelve hundred or fifteen hundred should be organized of the very best, truest and most trusty of the prisoners ; each block to have at least one hundred men *sworn* to attempt any plan which may be sanctioned by the board of officers, that they will succeed or die in the attempt.

This one hundred men to be divided into *two*, or *three*, or *four* equal companies, under the command of brave, discreet and competent officers to be appointed by the commander of blocks, sanctioned by their respective corps commanders.

2. The most liberal use should be made of money, &c., in attempts to bribe ; the full amount in no case to be paid in advance, and that this delicate and important duty should be entrusted specifically to one or two discreet men. This and all other matters should be conducted with the greatest caution, prudence and secrecy.

3. The details of the plan when adopted shall be entrusted for arrangement and execution to the commander in-chief.

4. Some one should be sent to Richmond, and secure the aid of our government to send us outside help.

5. In case we shall be successful in effecting our escape the organization hereby effected and acknowledged shall continue in force, and all who escape shall be under the control of the board of officers till we shall land on southern soil, or shall find it necessary to dissolve the organization.

6. In the mean time if the weakening of the forces here, or any other circumstances shall arise by which the providence of God opens a way for our escape, we should not wait for the aid of our government, but rely upon ourselves.

I respectfully submit these hasty thoughts to the sound and better judgment of the board of officers, &c.

L. W. ALLEN, *Captain*.

The paper of Captain Allen met with serious consideration, which resulted in the following

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Whereas the present posture of affairs in regard to the exchange of prisoners between the United States and the Confederate States governments leaves us but little hope of a speedy exchange, and whereas it is the privilege and duty of the Confederate prisoners of

war confined on this Island to make their escape from imprisonment, and to adopt any plan by which so desirable an object promises to be successful ; and whereas for the more effectual accomplishment of the proposed plan, we hereby agree to the following plan of organization of the Confederate officers here confined :

1. The plan to be adopted shall embrace the whole or such part of the prisoners as it may be deemed necessary for harmony, efficiency and success.

2. The whole organization shall be under the command of *Major-General Isaac R. Trimble*, of Maryland, as commander-in-chief of all the forces thus organized.

3. Corps commanders shall be appointed to the command of the twelve blocks respectfully, viz. :

General J. J. Archer, Maryland, to the command of blocks one, three and five ; *W. N. R. Beall*, Arkansas, to the command of blocks seven, nine and eleven ; *Colonel R. S. Clarke*, *Eighth Kentucky Cavalry*, to the command of blocks ten, twelve and thirteen. *Colonel J. Miles*, *Thirty-ninth Mississippi*, corps commander.

4. Each block shall be under the command of an officer, who shall organize companies or squads in each room or mess. Each company or squad to be under the command of a captain, who shall keep his men ready at any moment to carry out the orders and commands of their superiors in rank and position of their organization.

5. Block one shall be under the command of General J. R. Jones, Virginia ; two, of Colonel D. Howard Smith, Kentucky ; three, of Colonel B. D. Fry, Alabama ; four, of Colonel L. M. Lewis, Missouri ; five, of Colonel D. M. Shannon, Texas ; seven, of *A. G. Godwin*, North Carolina ; eight, of Captain L. W. Allen, Virginia ; ninth, of General J. W. Frayser, Tennessee ; ten, of Colonel R. M. Powell, Texas ; eleven, of Colonel J. R. Herbert, Maryland ; twelve, of *Captain Johnson*, Kentucky, and thirteen, *General M. Jefferson Thompson*, Missouri.

6. The commander-in-chief, the corps commanders, and of each block respectively, shall constitute a board of officers, who shall direct, arrange and superintend the formation of all plans and arrangements otherwise, concerning the escape of prisoners from this prison and of their return to the Confederate States, leaving all details of executing said plans to the direction of the commander-in-chief.

7. Commanders of corps shall be authorized to administer to subordinate commanders the following oaths (the form of oath is not given), and they in turn shall administer them to each recruit.

The outer page of Captain Allen's "Plan" bears the following memorandum:

Plan of escape from Johnson's Island prison drawn by myself, but before any action was taken, the Governor-General of Canada, informed Lord Lyons, British Minister at Washington, of a plot forming in Canada by the companions and friends of the Confederate States Army for our rescue, and he informed Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. The Island was strongly fortified and the garrison greatly increased, so that all hope from that source had to be abandoned.

Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War of the Confederate States, informed me after I got home, that had the news of the "Canada Plot" been delayed two days longer, the fleet from Canada would have attempted our deliverance.

December 17-19 [1863], our plan of organization was completed, a few days after this plan of escape was written.

L. W. ALLEN.

February 8, 1863, Captain Allen records the organization of the Order of the Brotherhood of the Southern Cross; its object that of union amongst the officers and men of our army, and Major General J. R. Trimble, of Maryland, was elected General; Colonel John Critcher, of Virginia, Lieutenant-General; Colonel Miles, of Louisiana, Colonel Cantwell, of North Carolina, Colonel Maxwell, of Florida, Colonel Shannon, of Texas, Colonel George, of Alabama, Colonel George, of Tennessee, Colonel D. H. Smith, of Kentucky, Colonel L. M. Davis, of Missouri, General Beall, of Arkansas, General Archer, of Maryland, Colonel Provence, of South Carolina, [rank or official position not stated] Major Hall, company secretary, Captain L. W. Allen, of Virginia, recording secretary, Captain W. F. Dunnaway, of Virginia, assistant secretary; Colonel Wood, of Alabama, Treasurer; Captain T. E. Betts, of Virginia, assistant treasurer.

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WM. S. PIERSON, COMMAND-
ANT OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

For two years ending January 1, 1864:

The whole number of prisoners has been.....	6,410
Of which there have been exchanged.....	2,983
Discharged on oath, allegiance, parole, etc.....	302
Transferred to other prisons.....	363
Deaths.....	149
Shot by sentinel.....	1
Report at this time.....	2,612
	<hr/> 6,410

WM. S. PIERSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman Battalion, Commanding.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, June 14, 1891.]

THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL.

Thrilling Incidents of, by a Private Soldier—"I Say, Men! for God's Sake
Let Us Stop and Fight Them Right Here"—The Song that
Saved an Army.

The Confederate soldier gave four of the best years of his life to a cause that was too poor to pay him and did not live long enough to honor him. Often clothed in rags and frequently suffering the pangs of hunger he was pushed on in the discharge of his duty by *patriotism*, a fickle and uncertain master, whose very name was changed by defeat into that of a crime, for which, if he has been forgiven, he has also been forgotten. If we take into consideration the fact that all he has, or ever had, as the fruits of his privations and hard-fought battles, is stored up, not in this world's goods or even in the gratitude of his fellow-man, but in his memory alone, surely he may be indulged in the weakness an old soldier has for boring other people by fighting his battles over again. And this is my excuse for attempting to scribble my recollection of some of the incidents connected with the battle of Fisher's Hill. I hope this may meet the eye of some of my old comrades in arms, whom I am sure will recognize the picture.

THE POSITION.

The morning of September 22, 1864, two days after our defeat at Winchester, found General Early's little army occupying the posi-

tion known as Fisher's Hill, with its right resting on or near the Massanutta mountains, while the extreme left of his infantry line reached no further than the termination of the ridge of Fisher's Hill, in the direction of North mountain. The interval was protected only by a small body of cavalry.

There may be some inaccuracies in the above description, but that was the situation as it appeared to me—a private soldier occupying the humble position of "No. 6," or fuse-cutter, in Captain Massey's battery of artillery. While a private soldier's opportunity for knowing the general arrangement or disposition of the whole army at the commencement of or during an engagement is very limited, yet it must be confessed that the veterans of the Confederate army had all become generals in experience at the time of which I write.

The battery to which I belonged was placed in position on the top of a high hill at the extreme left of the infantry line. The army having arrived on the ground and been placed in position the day before, the men had fortified to the best of their ability with the poor tools they had to work with. General Ramseur had been put in command of the division of the heroic and invincible Rodes, who had fallen two days before at Winchester. This division occupied the breastworks to the right and left of our battery. That General Ramseur was as brave a man as ever drew a sword in defence of the South no one can deny, but that he was wanting in those qualities which could estimate the numbers or penetrate the designs of the enemy had been but too apparent on several previous occasions.*

AWAITING THE ATTACK.

All having been done that the time and means at our disposal would enable us to do to strengthen our position we waited for the coming of the enemy, knowing then that he outnumbered us at least four to one. With the defeat of two days before still fresh in our minds, with our ranks thinned by the absence of so many of our brave boys whose bodies were left on the field at Winchester, is it any wonder that the private soldiers began to look around and to examine with a critical eye our means, or rather our want of means, of defence? The gap left open between us and the North mountain was seen at once, and the men, experienced as they were, came to the conclusion that the real attack would not be made in our

*The editor should not be held for this criticism, which he does not endorse.

front but on our left flank. General Ramseur, who, as I have mentioned, was in command on that part of the line, did not anticipate any flank movement of the enemy. He had ordered his skirmishers to the front and placed them in position on a hill about half a mile in front of the line of battle. They made temporary fortification by piling up some fence-rails fifteen or twenty yards apart. This was all in plain sight of the line of battle, as the country in front of us was open. This line of skirmishers was composed of men selected by General Rodes for that purpose and never required to do any other duty. Braver men and better marksmen could not be found in the army, and bravely did they sustain their reputation that day.

OPENING COMPLIMENTS.

The enemy saluted us with his three-inch rifle guns pretty early in the day from a distance too great for us to reply to with our twelve-pounder Napoleons, and continued to pay his respects to us in that way until 12 or 1 o'clock, when he showed a heavy body of infantry in our front. A line of battle was sent forward at a double-quick to dislodge our skirmishers behind the rail-piles, whom we, of course, expected to see swept away without any trouble.

GALLANT SKIRMISHERS.

But to our surprise and admiration, and amid the cheers of the whole line of battle half a mile behind them, they manfully held their ground, although a storm of bullets was rapidly thinning out this little band of tried and true men. Each little puff of white smoke that arose from behind the rail-piles told the tale almost surely of the fate of one advancing foeman. Nearly every shot must have told, for the line of battle halted, wavered, and fell back in disorder. Then the wild yell that went up from our lines must have made that little band of Spartans feel good. I felt like I could have hugged every one of them. But well they knew, as did every soldier who saw the situation, that this could not last. The enemy's artillery had gotten their range and was tearing up the piles of rails. Another heavy line of battle was thrown against them and the poor fellows had to give way and run half a mile to get inside our lines. To run that distance in an open field under fire is a fearful thing to do. Many of them never lived to reach the line, and many of those who did, not a few were wounded. One poor fellow fell over the breast-works by me with the blood spurting from a bullet-wound in his head. The above was a little battle in itself. This is the un-

written history. These things the historian will never record. And yet they constitute the real history of the war.

While the interesting preliminary engagement which I have attempted to describe was going on in our front an important movement was in progress on our left, which was to end disastrously to our little army on that eventful day. While this movement seemed to be a complete surprise to those in command on that part of the line it had been generally spoken of by the veteran private soldiers *in* the line as a movement of such obvious advantage to the enemy that he certainly would not neglect it. And so it proved.

THE FLANK MOVEMENT.

As General Ramseur passed along the line some member of our battery called his attention to what seemed to be a column of men moving along on the side of North mountain, to which the General replied carelessly that he "supposed it was nothing but a fence row," but the same time he threw his field-glass up to his eyes and looked for a few moments and exclaimed: "My God! Two lines of the enemy's infantry!" But even then no disposition that I could see was made to meet this flank movement. Perhaps there were no troops to spare for that purpose. The heavy body of infantry in our front continued to move up so slowly as to make it evident to my mind that they were only brought to hold our attention until the troops moving to our left were in a position to strike us immediately on our left flank, which it did not take them long to do. Several heavy volleys of musketry were heard to the left and rear and a few minutes afterward our little squad of cavalry broke through the woods near our position and did not tarry long enough to tell us the news. An effectual attempt was then made to get our infantry from behind the breastworks to meet this attack on the left, but it was too late. A large body of the enemy had commenced to pour their fire into us from that direction, while heavy masses of infantry were now advancing rapidly from the front. In the mean time a remarkable change had taken place in the battery to which I belonged.

TWO GUNS LEFT.

All the guns except two had been limbered up and taken to the rear, together with the limbers and caissons belonging to the two pieces which had been left on the line. The ammunition had been poured out on the ground behind each of these guns. I have never

been able to account for the singular order, except on the supposition that these two pieces, together with the cannoneers belonging to them, were left to be sacrificed—to be fought to the last, and by that means to give the infantry and other troops on that part of the line a chance to get out of the trap. After this unsuccessful attempt to change front under such a heavy cross-fire our infantry had been withdrawn, and the two pieces of artillery, with the detachments of cannoneers necessary to work them, were left alone. Of course I had no means of ascertaining the number, but I believe that at the least ten thousand of the enemy's infantry were advancing on us from two different directions.

THICK WITH BULLETS.

The air seemed to be thick with bullets. It may perhaps be thought strange that twelve or fourteen men would stay there under such circumstances, but we had been trained to stand to our guns until we had orders to leave them, or they had been taken by the enemy.

One of our guns had been pulled out of the breastworks and was pointing down the line of now empty fortifications to our left, and was pouring canister into the ranks of the advancing Yankees, with as much vim as if we could have hoped to drive them back, and the other gun was hurling shell with equal rapidity into the line of battle which was closing in on us from the front. This was a strange looking battle. Two guns fighting perhaps ten thousand men. It was very much like the combat between David and Goliath; except that Goliath had so many lives this time that David's "smooth stones" made very little impression. Our cannister was now gone and I was sitting on a pile of ammunition behind the gun giving out shells and case-shot in which no fuse had been fixed, because the enemy was now so close on us that fuse could not be used to any advantage.

CRITICAL MOMENTS.

"Number four" fell dead across me and the pile of ammunition on which I was sitting. I unbuckled the box of friction-primers from around him, fastened it around myself, and slipped in his place; and if my recollection serves me right only three men were then left at the gun. We did not have time to fire but a few more rounds when we heard the voice of our captain calling to us to make an attempt to pull one of the pieces off by hand. We seized a prolong which

he had fixed on to the trail and pulled the gun down the hill perhaps one hundred yards, when the captain, seeing the Yankees were so close on us that we must have been killed or captured in a minute or two more, ordered us to leave the gun and save ourselves if we could.

The first glance at the situation seemed to show that this was an impossibility. We were surrounded. They were behind us, on our right, and in front, but we noticed that the line of battle which was now advancing rapidly on our left (it had been our front) had not reached our deserted breastworks by one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. That gap afforded us the only chance to escape. There was nothing left for us but to surrender at once or "run the gauntlet." We chose the latter, so jumping over the breastworks we commenced the race. If we could make it before the gap was closed up there might be some chance for us. Fortunately the firing had ceased because of the danger of killing their own men.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

So the race was to the swiftest, that time. It has been said that there are times in war when "soldiers' legs are more valuable than their guns," and so it proved for us then. We soon made the top of the next hill, where we got into the woods and felt ourselves safe for the time. But the adventures of the day were not over. I have yet to relate an incident showing the conspicuous bravery of the men composing a small remnant of a Louisiana brigade, which had been formerly under the command of General Hays. There did not seem to be over one hundred men left in it at that time. It had been our fortune to fight "side by side" with these men in several preceding battles of the same year, and I had never seen them waver or give an inch.

Having become separated from the few members of my own command who had been with me up to that time, I overtook these Louisianians, who were retiring slowly (and if I should tell the exact truth I would also say sorrowfully) from the field. As I overtook them I was surprised and also much affected by seeing one of them behind his comrades crying like a child, and with the tears running down his face he called to those in front of him, "I say, men, for God's sake let us stop and fight them right here! We are ruined forever." Of course they did not stop, for it would have been madness for a hundred men to attempt to make a stand against the whole Yankee army in broad daylight. I soon left them, but was destined

to see these brave men again that evening under circumstances that made my heart warm towards them and caused me to think if our whole army had been composed of such men, then it might truly be said that "we might all be killed, but never could be conquered."

I hurried on in the direction of the turnpike, where I hoped to fall in with some of our troops, who might have spirit enough left to make some sort of stand against the victorious enemy, and at least try to prevent our demoralized army from being entirely destroyed. Nor was I disappointed. As I approached the pike the sun was setting. I could see two pieces of artillery coming up the road. These proved to be of Captain Kirkpatrick's battery, from Amherst county. I again met with two members of my own company at that point, and we hurried on to get with the section of artillery which had halted and commenced to unlimber just as we arrived on the ground. Five or six hundred yards distant a heavy mass of the enemy's cavalry was drawn up as if preparing to make a charge, and if that charge had been made, a large portion of our army must have been made prisoners, scattered and demoralized as the men were.

The two pieces of artillery having been unlimbered and pointed to the front, I and the two men spoken of joined the cannoneers and took our places at the guns. It did seem to be the most extreme folly for two pieces of artillery alone to attempt to stop the advance of thousands of men flushed with victory; but circumstances favored us, and proved that the "battle is not always to the strong." Darkness was rapidly approaching. We opened fire, and never were the "iron messengers of death" hurled in quicker succession from the throats of two guns.

THE SONG THAT SAVED THE ARMY.

Darkness was fast coming on, and objects at a distance were growing indistinct. Our numbers were few, but our lung-power was good, and we made the hills ring with the regular old hair-raising "rebel yell," which was answered with a cheer just behind us, and my heart grew to double its usual size when I looked and saw the glorious old Louisianians coming to our support at a double-quick. They divided as they came up, and taking position on each side of the guns they made their muskets sing the sweetest little song (to us) that ever fell on mortal ears, being a fit accompaniment to the bass notes of our two twelve-pounder Napoleons. The enemy made no charge that night, and our little army was saved.

JOHN H. LANE.

GENERAL W. S. WALKER AT CHAPULTEPEC.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, July 1, 1883.]

General Joe Johnston tells a thrilling story of our General W. S. Walker and his daring at Chapultepec, in the Mexican war. He says : " Walker, who was then a young lieutenant, was, I thought, the handsomest man I ever saw as he led his men to the charge. Of perfect feature, slender frame, and the carriage of a thoroughbred, he was the picture of a soldier. As his men swept on in the charge, rushing past a battery that might have swept them from the face of the earth, Walker soon went to the front. He was the first man to scale the heights, and was about to seize the Mexican colors, run them down, and put the Stars and Stripes in their place. Just as he had his hand on the flag-staff, Major Seymour, of Connecticut, rushed up, and with rare inborn courtesy, Walker stepped aside and allowed his senior officer to take the honor. It made Major Seymour so much reputation that he was frequently suggested as a candidate for the presidency. Walker was the first to the flagstaff, and might have had the glory as well as not." I asked General Walker about this incident. He said : " Of course I remember it well. Indeed, General Johnston, who was the lieutenant-colonel of our regiment, and drilled and fought it, wrote me a note saying : ' If ever a similar thing occurs, and you lose sight of yourself, please remember your regiment.' " General Walker said further : " There is a curious sequel to that story. When my leg was shot off during the late war, I was put in a Federal hospital. Near me was a Federal officer who had also lost his leg. He had fought in the Mexican war, and was, I think, in Major Seymour's regiment. He was talking one day about Chapultepec, and said that Captain Kimball, of his regiment, told him that just before Seymour reached the flagstaff a young lieutenant had raised his sword to cut down the flag. He cried ; ' Let the Major take down the flag,' and the lieutenant gave way. ' I have often wondered,' said he, ' who that lieutenant was.' He was astonished when I disclosed the facts. My reaching the flag first was due to my superior activity. I was then a gymnast. As we crossed the wall Captain Howard was ahead of me. As we fought our way along, I moved toward the castle, a squad of men following. In the octagonal room of the castle was a group of Mexican officers and soldiers. I cried, *Rendio las armas*, which was about all the Spanish I knew.

My men started to fire, but the Mexicans surrendered. As I hurried to where the flag floated I had three captured swords in my hand. I was about to cut the flag-rope, when some one called, 'Let the Major pull down the flag.' By an impulse I stepped aside, the Major's sword flashed, and I hurried on with my men to another part of the fight. I suppose I missed a big chance, as they say, but I don't think it pays to worry about it."

A CONFEDERATE SURVIVOR WHO LED A FEDERAL CHARGE.

Major J. W. McClung, of San Francisco, tells a *Globe-Democrat* correspondent: I think I am the only survivor of the Confederacy who led a Federal charge. This singular thing I did, and here's how it was: It was at the battle of Selma. I was carrying orders and had to pass straight through the town. It was terribly hot and I had my coat off. We had captured a wagon train a few days before, and out of the spoils I had appropriated a brand new Federal cavalry hat, so I did not look unlike a Yankee officer.

In the main street of Selma I met an aid named Brown—a gallant fellow. He shouted to me that our line had been broken and that Armstrong was falling back, and told me to get out or I'd be taken. Just then Armstrong and his staff galloped past, and the general recognizing us, called out: "You must hurry out of this, gentlemen. They are close on our heels."

Brown had a dispatch for Colonel Johnson, and he said he would wait and deliver it if he died for it. While we were talking, pistols in hand, a column of Federal cavalry swung into the street where we stood, coming full tilt. We were so taken by surprise that we could not get away. Brown had on a new uniform that had just run the blockade, and he was a good target. Half a dozen troopers dashed out from the line to catch him.

We were riding for our lives, Brown a little in the lead, so that it looked as though I was chasing him. The pursuers passed me and overhauled Brown, and I caught a glimpse of him as I passed, down on his back working his revolver, with a group of the enemy about him, all shooting down at him and cutting at him with their sabers.

By this time I was at the head of the column, which had not slackened its mad pace. For at least a mile I rode at their head, exchanging remarks about the retreat of the "Rebs," and joining in the cries of "Hurry; let's catch Armstrong." As we came to a side street that ran right down to the river, I dashed out and swerved sharply, and then I rode for dear life. In a second they were after me, and the bullets sang all around me.

I never halted, but plunged off a low pier into the water, and swam straight across to where our people were trying to form a new front. The water was torn by a perfect rain of bullets, but I was not scratched, and my horse was only slightly wounded. I would like much to know the name of my Federal commander.

GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.

Reminiscences of the Famous Leader by Dr. Hunter McGuire, Chief Surgeon of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following sketch of the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Hunter McGuire, with his highly interesting reminiscences of his friend and commander, General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, appeared in the issue of the *Richmond Dispatch* of July 19, 1891, preceding the unveiling at Lexington, Va., on July 21st of the bronze statue by the Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine, of the great soldier:

CHARACTERISTICS OF JACKSON AS DESCRIBED BY HIS CHIEF SURGEON, DR. HUNTER M'GUIRE.

Owing to his habits of observation, his excellent memory, and his close association with Jackson, there is perhaps no other man living who has more vivid impressions of the great soldier than Dr. Hunter McGuire, or is better prepared to talk upon his phases of character. Dr. McGuire was with Jackson from Harper's Ferry until the fatal 10th of May, 1863, and so indissolubly is his name associated with Jackson in the public mind that a sketch of the distinguished southern surgeon, in addition to his own modest references to himself, is almost a necessary preface to the interviews with him published below.

DR. HUNTER HOLMES M'GUIRE.

Hunter Holmes McGuire, M. D., LL. D., was born in Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. He first studied medicine at the Winchester Medical College, where he graduated in 1855. The following year he matriculated in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, but sickness compelled him to return home before the end of the session. He was offered and accepted the position of professor of anatomy in the Winchester Medical College the following year and held it until 1858, when he again returned to Philadelphia, where, assisted by Drs. Lockett and Pancoast, he held a large quiz class.

In 1859 when the body of John Brown was taken through Philadelphia there was a great outcry against all southerners, and the feeling became so bitter that many southern students proposed to return South. Dr. McGuire was a leader in the movement, and in December of the same year, after passing through many exciting scenes, arrived in Richmond at the head of three hundred students. They were greeted with great enthusiasm, and the Medical College of Virginia agreed to matriculate them without charge.

At the outbreak of the war Dr. McGuire volunteered as a private, and marched with his regiment, as he states in the interview, to Harper's Ferry, but on May 4, 1861, was commissioned as a surgeon and assigned to duty as medical director of the Army of the Shenandoah, then under command of General T. J. Jackson.

When General Joseph E. Johnston took command he served under him until July 1st, when at the request of Jackson, he was assigned to him as brigade surgeon of what was the future Stonewall brigade. Dr. McGuire remained in this position until Jackson took command of the army of the Valley, when he became medical director.

When Jackson received the wound at Chancellorsville, which ultimately proved fatal, Dr. McGuire was naturally the attending surgeon, and found it necessary to amputate his arm. He did all that a skilful physician and tender friend could do to alleviate his suffering, but at the end of ten days the great chieftain died of pleuro-pneumonia.

After his death Dr. McGuire served as chief surgeon of the Second corps of the Army of Northern Virginia until the close of the war.

In November, 1865, Dr. McGuire removed to this city, having been elected to fill the chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Virginia. This position he held for over ten years, when his growing practice compelled him to resign it.

The skill and talents of Dr. McGuire have been recognized in a flattering manner in all sections of the country. Among the many positions of eminence he has held, may be mentioned the presidency of the Association of Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Navy, of the Virginia Medical Society, of the American Surgical Association, and of the Southern Surgical and Gynæcological Association. He is emeritus professor of surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, and has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by both the University of North Carolina and the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He is now chief surgeon of St. Luke's Home for the Sick.

Dr. McGuire married Mary Stuart, daughter of Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Staunton, Va., who was secretary of the Interior under President Filmore.

HIS OPINION OF THE STATUE OF JACKSON.

So generally has been Dr. McGuire's intimate relations with Jackson recognized that, in connection with Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, he was requested by the Jackson Memorial Association to pass upon the sculptor's work, and these gentlemen addressed the following letter to the President of the Association:

"In compliance with your request that we should give you our impression of the statue of General T. J. Jackson, which is now completed, so far as the clay model is concerned, we beg leave to say that we have repeatedly visited the studio of Mr. Valentine while the work was in progress and since it was finished, and we regard it, both in conception and in detail, equal in merit with the recumbent statue of General Lee. It represents General Jackson in an attitude suggestive of strength and determination, looking off in the distance with an expression of quiet confidence. The posture is easy and natural, and yet there is a certain dignity in the bearing almost majestic. There is nothing dramatic or exaggerated either in the design or in the execution of the work, but it is one which, in our judgment, will gratify those who knew General Jackson as a good likeness and noble delineation of the man; while to those who never saw him it will convey an impression which will satisfy the expectation awak-

ened by one whose character and achievements touched the imagination of the world, and created the ideal of a true soldier of the country and of the Cross."

When the *Dispatch* representative visited Dr. McGuire's office he was engaged in preparing for his trip to Europe, but despite the demands on him in a business and professional way, he cheerfully accorded the time necessary for the interview.

DR. M'GUIRE'S REMINISCENCES.

"Where did you first see Jackson?" asked the reporter as soon as the Doctor had consented to be interviewed.

"I went to Harper's Ferry," said the Doctor, "as a member of Company F, Second Virginia Regiment, and soon after, for the first time in my life, I saw Jackson. At that time he was a colonel. He was then commanding the army at Harper's Ferry, which was known as the army of the Shenandoah. Soon after reaching Harper's Ferry I was commissioned by Governor Letcher, who then commanded the Virginia forces, as medical director of that army. When I reported to General Jackson for duty he looked at me a long time without speaking a word, and presently said: 'You can go back to your quarters and wait there until you hear from me.'

"I went back to my quarters and didn't hear from him for a week, when one evening I was announced at dress-parade as medical director of the army.

"Some months afterwards, when I asked the General the cause of this delay, he said that I looked so young that he had sent to Richmond to see if there wasn't some mistake.

"Not long after this General Joe Johnston succeeded Colonel Jackson in command of the army, and the latter was given command of all the Virginia forces at Harper's Ferry. Shortly after General Johnston took command I was relieved from duty by some regular old army surgeon. Jackson asked then that I should be assigned to his command.

"When General Joe Johnston came up to supersede Jackson, he came without any written authority from the Confederate Government. Jackson declined to turn the army over to him, and made him wait until he could get the orders from Richmond before he permitted him to assume command.

"Some months afterwards when I asked Jackson what he would have done if Johnston had insisted upon taking command without proper authority, he smiled and said: 'I would have put him in the guard-house.'

JACKSON DESCRIBED.

"Can you give me a description of General Jackson?" asked the reporter.

"In person Jackson was a tall man, six feet high, angular, strong, with rather large feet and hands," was the reply. "He rather strided along as he walked, taking long steps and swinging his body a little. There was something firm and decided, however, even in his gait. His eyes were dark blue, large, and piercing. He looked straight at you and through you almost as he talked. His nose was aquiline, his nostrils thin and mobile. His mouth was broad, his lips very thin. Generally they were compressed. He spoke in terse, short sentences, always to the point. There was never any circumlocution about what he had to say. His hair was brown and inclined to auburn. His beard was brown. He was as gentle and kind as a woman to those that he loved. There was sometimes a softness and tenderness about him that was very striking. Under every and all circumstances he never forgot that he was a Christian and acted up to his Christian faith unswervingly, and yet he was not a bigoted denominationalist.

"At one time just before the fight at Chancellorsville we were ordered to send to the rear all surplus baggage. All tents were discarded except those necessary for office duty. We were allowed at the headquarters only one tent, and that to take care of the papers. A Catholic priest belonging to one of the Louisiana brigades sent up his resignation because he was not permitted to have a tent, which he thought necessary to the proper performance of his office.

"I said to General Jackson that I was very sorry to give up Father ——; that he was one of the most useful chaplains in the service. He replied: 'If that is the case he shall have a tent.' And so far as I know this Roman Catholic priest was the only man in the corps who had one.

"In my opinion those people who have made General Jackson a narrow-minded, bigoted Presbyterian have belittled him. He was a true Presbyterian and Christian, but not a narrow one. I remember one night he was in my tent very near Charleston, W. Va. It was a bitter cold, snowy night and he was sitting by the fire that I had

made. He said to me: 'I would not give one-thousandth part of my chances for Heaven for all the earthly reputation I have or can make.'

RELATIONS WITH MR. DAVIS.

"Was Jackson intimate with President Davis? When did you see him for the first time?" queried the scribe.

"The first time General Jackson ever saw President Davis was at First Manassas," replied Dr. McGuire. "The enemy had been routed and the wounded brought back to the field hospital which I had made for Jackson's brigade. Out of about eighteen hundred shot that day in our army six hundred or more were out of Jackson's brigade, and he himself had come back to the hospital wounded. The place was on the banks of the little stream of water just this side of the Lewis house. Hundreds of men had come back, the fight being over, to see about their wounded comrades, so there were really several thousand people gathered in and about that hospital. President Davis had gotten off the cars with his staff at Manassas Junction and ridden as fast as he could to the field of battle. He had been told along the route by stragglers that we were defeated. He came on down the little hill which led to this stream in a rapid gallop, stopped when he got to the stream and looked around at this great crowd of soldiers. His face was deadly pale and his eyes flashing. He stood up in his stirrups, glanced over the crowd, and said: 'I am President Davis; all of you who are able follow me back to the field.'

"Jackson was a little deaf, and didn't know who Davis was or what he had said until I told him. He stood up at once, took off his cap and saluted the President and said: 'We have whipped them; they ran like dogs. Give me ten thousand men and I will take Washington city to-morrow.'"

"You said that General Jackson was wounded at First Manassas. Can you tell me how he was hurt?"

"When Jackson made the celebrated charge with his brigade which turned the fortunes of the day, he raised his left hand above his head to encourage the troops, and while in this position the middle finger of the hand was struck just below the articulation between the first and second phalanges. The ball struck the finger a little to one side, broke it, and carried off a small piece of the bone. He remained upon the field wounded as he was till the fight was over, and then wanted to take a part in the pursuit, but was peremptorily ordered

back to the hospital by the general commanding. On his way to the rear the wound pained him so much that he stopped at the first hospital he came to, and the surgeon there proposed to cut the finger off; but while the doctor looked for his instruments and for a moment turned his back, the General silently mounted his horse, rode off, and soon afterwards found me.

WAITED HIS TURN.

"I was busily engaged with the wounded, but when I saw him coming I left them and asked if he was seriously hurt. 'No,' he answered, 'not half as badly as many here, and I will wait.' And he forthwith sat down on the bank of a little stream near by and positively declined any assistance until 'his turn came.' We compromised, however, and he agreed to let me attend to him after I had finished the case I was dressing when he arrived. I determined to save the finger if possible, and placed a splint along the palmar surface to support the fragments, retained it in position by a strip or two of adhesive plaster, covered the wound with lint, and told him to keep it wet with cold water. He carefully followed this advice. I think he had a kind of fancy for this kind of hydropathic treatment, and I have frequently seen him occupied for several hours pouring cup after cup of water over his hand with that patience and perseverance for which he was so remarkable. Passive motion was instituted about the twentieth day and carefully continued. The motion of the joint improved for several months after the wound had healed, and in the end the deformity was very trifling.

LIKE A CORPORAL ON GUARD.

"The next time he saw President Davis, so far as I know, was at the Poindexter house," continued the speaker, "after the battle of Malvern Hill. I had gone in the room to get some information from General Jackson after McClellan had retreated from Malvern Hill to Harrison's Landing, when I found in the room Lee, Longstreet, and Jackson, looking over some maps spread on the dining-room table. After awhile President Davis came in. General Lee greeted him very warmly. 'Why, President,' he said, 'I am delighted to see you,' and the meeting was very cordial. After he had finished shaking hands with General Lee, he turned to General Longstreet and his greeting here was just as cordial as with General Lee. He then turned and looked, as one may say, interrogatively at General Jackson.

“When Mr. Davis first entered the room I recognized him and told General Jackson who he was. General Jackson believed that during the campaign through Bath and Romney with General Loring President Davis had treated him badly. Indeed, the treatment that General Jackson received from Mr. Davis on that occasion made him resign his commission, and this resignation was only prevented from going into effect by very strenuous efforts on the part of Governor Letcher. There were other things which made Jackson think that Mr. Davis had treated him unfairly. He had made some men whom Jackson ranked outrank him as lieutenant-general, and there were many other circumstances which caused Jackson to feel rather resentful towards Mr. Davis, so when I told him who the visitor was he stood bolt upright like a corporal on guard looking at Mr. Davis. Not a muscle in his body moved. General Lee, seeing that Mr. Davis didn't know General Jackson, said: ‘Why, President, don't you know Stonewall Jackson? This is our Stonewall Jackson.’ Mr. Davis started to greet him, evidently as warmly as those he had just left, but the appearance of Jackson stopped him, and when he got about a yard Mr. Davis halted and Jackson immediately brought his hand up to the side of his head in military salute. Mr. Davis bowed and went back to the other company in the room.

“The next time he had any communication with Mr. Davis was when he was dying. It was about midday on Sunday when I received a telegram from President Davis asking me to tell him how General Jackson was and sending some exceedingly kind and courteous messages to him. I sat down on the bed and read him this telegram. J. Randolph Tucker, who was helping to nurse the General, was in the room at the time. There was a silence for a few seconds afterwards, and then he turned to me and said: ‘Tell Mr. Davis I thank him—he is very kind.’

“Dr. Jones, in some of his admirable papers, states that Jackson, when he left our army at Frederick's Hall, on the way then to join Lee and begin the campaign against McClellan, saw Mr. Davis as he passed through Richmond. I had frequent talks with Jackson about the long ride which he took with only one courier from Frederick's Hall to some point near Mechanicsville, and I am very sure he did not meet with Mr. Davis on that trip.

LONGSTREET'S CRITICISM.

“I have been induced to begin the writing of my personal recol-

lections of Stonewall Jackson, partly because of some stories that have been told about him. Longstreet, in one of his articles in the *Century Magazine*, complains bitterly of Jackson not coming to his help when he fought the battle of Frazer's Farm. He states that Jackson owed him a great deal; that he had gone to his rescue at the Second Manassas by forced marches, reaching there and saving his army. He forgot when he was writing that the Second Manassas was a year after the Frazer's Farm fight; but he complains that Jackson was within a few miles of Frazer's Farm, just on the other side of the Chickahominy, and could easily have joined him in that fight.

"It was a brave and bloody fight that Longstreet made there. General Lee and Mr. Davis were both with General Longstreet in that battle. General Lee had ordered General Jackson to stay on the far side of Chickahominy, not knowing even then whether McClellan was going to Yorktown or the James river. Thinking it probable that he would go towards West Point and Yorktown, where his supplies were all stored, General Lee ordered Jackson to stay on that side and attack McClellan if he crossed in the direction of Yorktown. General Longstreet must have known this. If General Lee or President Davis thought the order ought to be changed they could have summoned Jackson at once to Frazer's Farm, but no order came, and I don't understand how Longstreet could have been so unjust to Jackson.

A GROSS ANACHRONISM.

"I wrote an article at the time to the *Century* myself asking them to make the correction as I have given it above, and they declined to do it. They seemed eager then only to publish something disparaging to the South. It is a gross anachronism, anyhow, that Longstreet should have said that he had helped Jackson repeatedly when in great straits, and then stated in detail the incidents of Second Manassas. The truth is, we left Generals Lee and Longstreet near Jeffersonton Monday morning about daylight. We crossed the river, went around the right flank of Pope, and that night encamped at Salem. We made that march so noiselessly, carrying no wagons, no wheel vehicles except cannon and ambulances, that Pope had no idea that we were coming. So strict were the orders about silence that that evening near Salem when the men were coming into bivouac they were instructed that if they saw Jackson they should

not cheer, and as he rode along the line every man had his hat off, waving it in the air, along the whole great column of soldiers, cheering Jackson by this enthusiastic but silent salute. Tuesday night we struck Bristow station, just this side of Manassas Junction, captured and destroyed four or five trains of cars, and that night Stuart, with some cavalry and infantry, took Manassas Junction.

"All day Wednesday we fought the advance of Pope's army, Ewell doing most of the work.

"Thursday we took our position between Manassas Junction and Thoroughfare Gap and terrific fighting occurred.

"On the morning of Friday we resisted the advance of Pope's immense army, and late Friday afternoon Longstreet got up and joined in the fight. He took four days to come over a way that we had opened for him in two.

"I never shall forget Jackson's anxiety that Longstreet should get up. Late Thursday night I rode with him a mile or two in the rear of our line of battle towards Thoroughfare Gap. I saw him get down off his horse and put his ear to the ground to listen if he could hear Longstreet's column advancing. I never shall forget the sad look of the man that night as he gazed towards Thoroughfare Gap, wishing for Longstreet to come. That night I told him of the number of killed—intimate personal friends of ours—of Baylor and Neff and Botts, and I added presently: 'We have only won this day by hard fighting.' He was full of emotion when he turned around to me and said: 'No, sir, we have won this day by the blessing of Almighty God.' "

THE SCENE AT MANASSAS.

"I would like to hear your story of how Jackson got the name of 'Stonewall,' said the reporter.

"The Stonewall brigade arrived at Manassas Junction late in the evening of July 20, 1861," replied the Doctor. "We got there after dark, camped alongside the road, and next morning at daylight started to march in the direction of the sound of the firing. When Jackson and his brigade arrived very near the field of battle he met Bee's brigade coming back in great disorder. The men had evidently been badly whipped. Jackson carried his men on through these disorganized troops and formed it in line of battle upon the hill. He had been there but a few minutes when a violent attack was made upon him by the Federals. Bee, in encouraging his troops to reform and go back to the battle-field, cried out: 'There stands

Jackson like a stone wall—rally behind the Virginians.’ This is the way the name Stonewall originated.

“Jackson always insisted in talking to me that the name belonged to the brigade and not to him.

“After he was wounded at Chancellorsville, and when I spoke to him of the death of General Paxton, and the remarkable behavior of the Stonewall brigade on the field the day before, he said: ‘The men who belonged to that brigade will some day be proud to say to their children, ‘I was one of the Stonewall brigade.’

HE FOUND HER BOY FOR HER.

“To show Jackson’s great kindness and consideration for even poor and ignorant people, I remember an incident which happened in the Valley of Virginia while the troops were marching up the Valley turnpike.

“As Jackson rode along with his staff he was accosted by a poor, plain country woman to know if he was ‘Mr. Jackson’ and if the troops in the road were his ‘company.’ She had brought two or three pair of stockings and some little provisions for her son, who, she told General Jackson, was in his ‘company.’ The army then probably consisted of thirty thousand men. It was of course made up of divisions, brigades, and regiments, and a great many companies, but this woman only knew that her son ‘John’ belonged to Jackson’s ‘company,’ and she expressed a great deal of surprise when General Jackson told her that he didn’t know her boy. ‘What,’ she said, ‘don’t you know John ——? He has been with you a year, and I brought him these socks and something to eat.’ She began to cry bitterly.

“Some members of the staff were disposed to laugh, but Jackson stopped them; got down from his horse and tried to explain to the woman how it was impossible that he should know her son, a simple private in the ranks, but she persisted he must know him, and she must see him, and that she had spent a great deal of time in fixing these things for him. He asked her what county the boy came from. He sent for Colonel Pendleton and asked him what companies were in his army from that county. He then sent three or four couriers to each one of the companies from that county, and found the boy and brought him to the woman, who gave him the presents she had for him. Probably he spent an hour altogether in doing this deed of real charity.

A VISIT TO THE DYING GREGG.

"I remember when General Gregg, of South Carolina, was shot at Fredericksburg, an interesting incident occurred. General Jackson had had some misunderstanding with Gregg—what it was I have forgotten; but the night after this gallant soldier and splendid gentleman was mortally wounded, I told General Jackson, as I usually did, as far as I knew, of friends and prominent men killed and wounded. I had gotten to headquarters right late and found the General awake. Among others I mentioned General Gregg's case. He said: 'I wish you would go back and see him. Tell him I want you to see him.' I demurred a little, saying it had not been very long since I had seen him; that he was mortally wounded and that there was nothing to be done for him. He said: 'I wish you would go and see him; tell him I sent you.' So I mounted my horse and rode to the the Yerby house and saw General Gregg, who was slowly getting worse, and delivered the message. I had hardly gotten out of the room into the hall when I met General Jackson, who must have ridden very close behind me to have reached there so soon. He stopped me, asked about General Gregg, and went into the room to see him. No one else was in the room. What passed between these two officers no one will ever know. I waited for him and rode back to camp with him. He did not speak a word on the way. When we got to the camp he looked up at the sky for a moment and said: 'How horrible is war!' I said: 'Horrible, yes; but we have been invaded. What can we do?' 'Do!' he said, and his manner was savage and his voice ringing. 'Do? Thrash them!' If he had lived we would have done it."

A FIRM BELIEVER IN STATES' RIGHTS.

"Was Jackson outspoken in his expressions of opinion regarding the cause for which the South fought?" asked the reporter.

"Jackson believed in States' rights, he believed in the sovereignty of Virginia; he believed that she had reserved the right to secede when she joined the Union, and that the North had no right of any kind to force Virginia back into the Union," replied Dr. McGuire with enthusiasm. "He believed that when the people of the North came down South and stole our property, ran off the slaves bought from the people of the North, and paid for, burned down the houses and barns of this people, insulted our defenceless women, hung and

imprisoned our helpless old men, behaved like an organized band of cut-throats and robbers (as they often did), that they should be treated like highwaymen and assassins. He hated no individual northerner—not one so far as I know, but he hated the whole northern race. He told me once that he had but one objection to General Lee, and that was that he did not hate the Yankees bad enough ; that Lee was the only man he knew that he would follow blindfolded.

“The cry that he (Jackson) had been educated at West Point and was indebted to the Federal Government, was to him a farce. Who more than his own State made West Point? Who contributed to her glory as much as the men of Virginia and the south? Whose names in the wars of 1812 and 1848 live in history to-day?

“His allegiance was to his State. He loved it better than his fame or life, better than everything else on the face of this earth save his own honor, and anything or anybody that impeded the establishment of her sovereignty would be swept aside if it was in his power.

HIS HIGH OPINION OF NAPOLEON.

“In listening to Jackson talking of Napoleon Bonaparte, as I often did, I was struck with the fact that he regarded him as the greatest general that ever lived. One day I asked him something about Waterloo. He had been over the field, inspected the ground, and spent several days in studying the plan of battle. I asked who had shown the greatest generalship there, Napoleon or Wellington? He said, ‘Decidedly, Napoleon.’ I said, ‘Well, why was he whipped, then?’ He replied, ‘I can only explain it by telling you that I think God intended him to stop right there.’”

“Did he exert much vigilance regarding the movements of the enemy?” was the next question asked.

“Jackson’s knowledge of what the enemy were doing or about to do was sometimes very wonderful. I have already stated what he said to President Davis at First Manassas, and it turned out afterwards that he was right, and that with the number of men he asked for he could easily have captured Washington.

JACKSON’S PLAN AT FREDERICKSBURG.

“At Fredericksburg when he wanted to make an attack upon Burnside in the night, as I knew he did, he realized the demoralization of the Federal army and how easily they might have been driven into the river. He had made all of his arrangements to

attack Burnside. He intended first to push forward his artillery, and after that to let them go to the rear and the infantry to charge. What we found out afterwards showed that if the attack had been made by Jackson as he proposed the Federal army would have been drowned or surrendered.

"Another evidence of his apparently intuitive knowledge of what was going on in the enemy's ranks was at Malvern Hill. Late in the night of the last day's fight I found him asleep by the side of a tree and his faithful servant Jim making some coffee for him to be ready when he awoke. While I was there several general officers came up and said that their commands were mobilized, and that if McClellan made an attack in the morning they would have no organized force with which to resist him. It was proposed presently to wake General Jackson up, and some one made the attempt, but when he went to sleep he was the most difficult man to arouse I ever saw. I have seen his servant pull his boots off and remove his clothes without waking him up, and so here at Malvern Hill on this night it was almost impossible to arouse him. At last some one got him up into a sitting posture and held him there, and another one yelled into his ear something about the condition of our army, its inability to resist attack next morning, etc. He answered: 'Please let me sleep; there will be no enemy there in the morning,' and so it turned out.

"This faculty of knowing what they were doing was a great point with Jackson. I remember at Chantilly, after the Second Manassas, a battle was fought in a torrent of rain, that an aide-de-camp came up and said to General Jackson: 'General A. P. Hill asks permission to retire; his ammunition is wet.'"

"'Give my compliments to General Hill,' said Jackson, 'and tell him the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his—stay where he is.'

"Not only this, but he estimated the character of the commander opposing him. I remember the night before the battle of Cedar Run I asked him if it was probable that we would fight the next day. He answered me: 'Banks is in front of me, and he is always ready to fight,' and then he laughed and said, 'and he generally gets whipped.'"

"By the way, Doctor," said the reporter, "did he have much sense of humor? Was he fond of joking?"

"He was a difficult man to joke with," replied the narrator, "and it was not a safe thing always to try it, but occasionally when he did see a joke he would laugh very heartily about it. When he did

laugh he generally threw his head up, opened his mouth pretty wide, but made no noise. I used to tell him some little jokes that were going on in the army, but they had to be very plain ones for him to see them. I remember once he asked me to tell Major Hawks, who was chief commissary of his corps, to send to our mess some chickens if he could get them. The Major told me to tell General Jackson that he had none; that the *Hawks* had eaten them all.

HIS ADMIRATION FOR EARLY.

"There was a story in the army about General Early, for whose soldierly qualifications Jackson had great admiration. In the winter of 1862 and 1863, Early had command of the troops low down on the Rappahannock river. He had some guns on a high embankment trained to shoot at the enemy's gunboats if they made their appearance a mile or two down the river. The muzzles of the guns were lifted very high in order to carry a ball that far. It was told in camp that Early one day while inspecting the guns found a soldier sighting one of them which pointed to the top of a tree in the neighborhood. After sighting it for some time and very carefully, he turned to General Early and asked him, 'if there was any squirrel up that tree?' It was said the atmosphere was blue around there for a little while in consequence of General Early's reply. Whether the incident was true or not I don't know; but I know General Jackson enjoyed the story very much.

"For a short time during the Fredericksburg fight we had an armistice, during which both sides were busy gathering up their dead and wounded. While out there I saw a ragged, miserable-looking Confederate soldier, who seemed to have lost his command, and was roaming idly about, searching for something. Presently he found a new Springfield musket which had been dropped by some Federal soldier killed possibly a few hours before. He picked it up, sighted it, examined it with the greatest minuteness, cocked it, tried the trigger, saw that his own cartridge would fit it, and then, after great deliberation and some little hesitation, threw his old musket down and shouldered his new one.

WANTED HIS BOOTS.

"A Federal major, who had charge of the ambulances on that side rode in front of this soldier, ordered him to put down the gun, saying that the truce was to permit a removal of the dead and wounded

only, and that it was agreed that no arms should be touched. The Confederate scanned the Federal major from head to foot, moved a little to one side, and started on. The Federal officer rode in front of him again, and demanded this time more peremptorily that he should put down the gun. The Confederate looked at him as if inspecting him, and without speaking marched on. For a third time the major got in front of the soldier and threateningly demanded that he should put the gun down. The old Confederate looked at him very hard, examined him minutely and quietly, and then said: 'That's a monstrous fine pa'r of boots you got on; if you don't look out I'll git 'em befo' night.' I don't think the Confederate's brain had ever comprehended or entertained the major's demand. His mind was occupied entirely in coveting his neighbor's clothes.

"When I told General Jackson of this incident he laughed very heartily.

"The major I refer to, turned around to me after the Confederate moved off with his new gun, and said: 'It's a hard case to be fighting men who want your clothes. Yesterday when I was in the column that made the attack, all along the line could hear the Confederate soldiers crying, "Come out of them boots; get out of that hat—we want them clothes," and I find to-day the dead that I have removed stripped of everything they had.'

"Talking about Jackson's propensity to sleep, I remember after the battles of the Seven Days' Fight Around Richmond one Sunday we went to Dr. Hoge's church. He went to sleep soon after the service began and slept through the greater part of it. A man who can go to sleep under Dr. Hoge's preaching can go to sleep anywhere on the face of this earth. When the service was over the people climbed over the backs of the pews to get near him, and the aisles became crowded and General Jackson embarrassed. Presently he turned to me and said: 'Doctor, didn't you say the horses were ready?' and I said, 'Yes, sir,' and we bolted out of church.

"Many a night I have kept him on his horse by holding on to his coat-tail. He always promised to do as much for me when he had finished his nap. He meant to do it I am sure, but my turn never came.

"It was told that at a council of war held by Lee, Longstreet and Jackson, that the last named went fast to sleep, and when roused and dimly conscious that his opinion was asked he cried out: 'Drive them into the river.'

JACKSON'S GREATEST FEAT.

"What do you think, Doctor, was Jackson's greatest feat?"

"I think his greatest feat was his Valley campaign. He had in the Valley about 15,000 men all told. The Federals had between 50,000 and 70,000. Milroy was at Shenandoah mountain, Banks was near Winchester, Shields was about Manassas, and McDowell was west of the Valley. He so divided and engaged these different armies as nearly always when he met them to be the stronger party and whipped them in detail.

"Coarseness and vulgarity from anybody under any circumstances he would not brook. Swearing jarred upon him terribly and he generally reproved the man. Under some circumstances I have seen him forgive it or not notice it. I remember when the gallant General Trimble was a brigadier-general he expected and thought he ought to be made a major-general, but when the appointments came out he was disappointed. I heard him talking about it to General Jackson one night. The old General was wrought up into a state of great indignation from his disappointment, and turning to General Jackson he said: 'By G——, General Jackson, I will be a major general or a corpse before this war is over.' Whatever General Jackson thought he made no reproof.

"I was once attending Major Harman, who was chief quartermaster. He was very sick for a day or two. General Jackson was anxious about him. One day in coming out of Harman's quarters I met the General, who was standing, waiting to see me. He said: 'Doctor, how is Harman to-day?' I said: 'He must be better, for he is swearing again.' General Jackson gave Harman such a lecture next day that Colonel Pendleton advised me to keep out of Harman's way, as he swore he was going to shoot me.

HE DID NOT REPROVE LINDSAY WALKER.

"He caught Lindsay Walker swearing once under circumstances that he did not reprove him. It was at Cedar Run. The left wing of our army was commanded by Winder, and soon after the engagement began Winder was killed, and our troops on that side were pushed so hard that they broke and ran. General Walker had his battalion of artillery in the road; it was impossible to turn them around and get them out of the way, and they were in great danger of being captured. So Walker tried to rally the men and form a new line of

battle. He would get a few men together, leave them to rally some others, and find that his first squad was gone. He was swearing outrageously. He had his long sword out and was riding up and down the little straggling line that he had when Jackson rode up. The latter had seen the disaster from his point of observation, and had come over to correct it if possible. On his way he ordered the Stonewall brigade, which had been left in reserve, at a 'double quick,' but rode on in front of them to the scene of the trouble. He had lost his hat in the woods, and had his sword out. It was the only time I ever saw him with his sword out in battle. As soon as Walker saw him, he stopped swearing. General Jackson, apparently simply conscious that Walker was using his efforts to rally the men, said: 'That's right, General; give it to them.' General Walker continued his work and in his own way.

"I was one day moving some wounded from the church, in Port Republic, men who had been hurt when Ashby was killed, just before the battle of Port Republic, when the enemy sent two pieces of artillery close up to the town and began shelling the village. They fired at the church steeple, as the most prominent point, and it was difficult for me to make the wagoners and ambulance drivers wait until the wounded were put in these conveyances. I was riding up and down the line of wagons and ambulances, swearing at the men in a right lively manner. I did not know that General Jackson was in a mile or two of me, when I felt his hand upon my shoulder and he quietly asked me: 'Doctor, don't you think you could get along without swearing?' I told him I would try, but I did not know whether I would accomplish it or not.

"His habits of life were very simple. He preferred plain, simple food and generally ate right heartily of it. Corn bread and butter and milk always satisfied him. He used no tobacco and rarely ever drank any whiskey or wine. One bitter cold night at Dam No. 5, on the Potomac river, when we could light no fire because of the proximity of the enemy, I gave him a drink of whiskey. He made a wry face in swallowing it, and I said to him: 'Isn't the whiskey good?' He answered: 'Yes, very; I like it, and that's the reason I don't drink it.'"

OTHER BIOGRAPHICAL DATA.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, W. Va., (then a part of Virginia,) January 21, 1824. At the age of eighteen he

was appointed to West Point, but owing to the fact that he was poorly prepared to enter that institution he never took a high standing in his classes. He was graduated in 1848 and ordered to Mexico, where he was attached as a lieutenant to Magruder's battery. He took part in Scott's campaign from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, and was twice breveted for gallant conduct—at Cherubusco and Chapultepec—attaining the rank finally of first lieutenant of artillery. After the Mexican war he was on duty for a time at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, and subsequently at Fort Meade, Fla., but in 1851 ill health caused him to resign his commission in the army and return to his native State, where he was elected Professor of Natural Sciences and Artillery Tactics over such competitors as McClellan, Rosecrans, Foster, Peck, and G. W. Smith, all of whom were recommended by the faculty at West Point.

HIS MARRIAGES.

Soon after entering upon his duties at the institute he married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, and upon her death in 1855 he visited Europe on leave of absence. Some time after his return he married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, of North Carolina, who is still living.

VIRGINIA'S CALL TO ARMS.

Upon the secession of Virginia Major Jackson (as he then ranked) was among the first to answer the call to arms of his State, and wrote to Governor Letcher, offering to serve in any position to which he might be assigned. The Governor immediately commissioned him a colonel of Virginia volunteers. He was placed in command of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and upon the formation of the Army of the Shenandoah, which was commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, he was placed in charge of the brigade with which his name was thenceforth identified. At First Manassas, where he gained the name of Stonewall, and where, as Dr. McGuire narrates above, he was wounded in the hand just before his brigade made its onset, he rode up and down the line and cried out three times, "All's well; the First brigade will have those guns! We will drive them across the Potomac to-night!" In less than thirty minutes the prediction was literally fulfilled. The brigade had the enemy in full retreat upon Washington.

A MAJOR-GENERAL.

In October, 1861, Jackson was commissioned a major-general and sent to command the Valley district. In the course of the winter he drove the Federal troops from the district and went into winter quarters at Winchester, and early in the following March was there when Banks was sent against him. He fell back before Banks some forty miles, but then suddenly turned on him with only thirty-five hundred men and attacked him so fiercely that he retreated with all his troops.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862.

In April, 1862, Jackson entered upon a new campaign in the Valley. How he in detail and with Napoleonic celerity whipped Milroy, Banks, Shields and Fremont in this campaign, and then suddenly swooped down upon McClellan at Gaines' Mill, when the United States authorities thought he was still in the Valley, constitutes one of the most brilliant chapters in all modern warfare.

BACK IN THE VALLEY.

He took part in the operations against McClellan, and in July he was again detached and sent to Gordonsville to look after his old enemies in the Valley, who were gathering under Pope. He was now a lieutenant-general commanding the Second Corps. On August 9th he crossed the Rapidan and struck Banks another crushing blow at Cedar Run. On August 25th he passed around Pope's right flank, forced Pope to let go his hold upon the Rappahannock, and by stubborn fighting kept him on the ground until Longstreet could get up, and routed Pope at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862.

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

Two weeks later, in the beginning of the Maryland campaign, Jackson invested and captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand prisoners, many stands of arms, and seventy-two guns, and by a terrible night march reached Sharpsburg on September 16th, and on the next morning commanded the left wing of the Confederate army, repulsing with his thin line the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, which were in succession hurled against him. Later in the day A. P. Hill's division of his corps, which had been left at Harper's Ferry, reached the field and defeated Burnside on the right.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, he commanded the Confederate right wing, and in May, 1863, made his Chancellorsville movement, which resulted in his death. On May 3d he received the wound which rendered amputation of the arm necessary. Pneumonia supervened and he died on the 10th of May. His remains were taken to Richmond, and after lying in state in the Capitol were taken to Lexington and interred in the Old Cemetery of the town, whence they were moved to the crypt beneath the monument on June 25th last. The monument is located only a short distance from the original burial-place.

THE VALLEY AFTER KERNSTOWN.

Jackson's Faith in His Little Army—Orders to Enforce Discipline.

The following letters (now published for the first time) from Jackson to Major (afterwards Colonel) A. W. Harman, who was commandant of the post at Staunton, which was the base of Jackson's operations in the Valley, throw interesting light upon the situation in the Valley early in 1862, and strikingly illustrate Jackson's attention to details. They are, as will be seen, accompanied by explanatory notes by Colonel Harman. The originals are in the handwriting of Jackson. He never employed an amanuensis.

FAITH IN HIS LITTLE ARMY.

MT. JACKSON, *March 28, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR: Your kind letter of the 26th instant is at hand, and I am much obliged to you for the information communicated, and also for your kind regards for me. I wish I could of had you on the 23d. I don't recollect of ever having heard such a roar of musketry. We must resolutely defend this Valley. Our little army here is in fine spirits, and when the tug of war comes I expect it, through Divine blessing, to nobly do its duty. If your health would justify it I would like to have you in this army.

Very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON.

The army was falling back after the repulse on the 23d at Kernstown. I was not in the field at this time on account of a severe affliction of my eyes. After defeating Milroy at McDowell and driving (Fremont's advance arrived after the battle closed) the Federal army to Franklin he returned to the Valley and left Captain Gilmer only with his company to watch the enemy. There was no other force between them and Staunton, the base of his supplies.

In this connection I will mention a fact I have never seen in print. By General Jackson's order I gave Colonel Gibbons, of the Tenth Virginia, and Colonel Harman, of the Fifty-second Virginia regiments, the positions they were to take, and when I reported to the General he abruptly asked me who was attending to my duties in Staunton, and said go there as quick as you can. General Ewell, he said, whom I left at Swift Run Gap, is not under my orders, and in the event he has left that position, and General Banks has moved towards Staunton from Harrisonburg, you will send as quickly as possible supplies to Millboro' Depot. I will have to move in that direction. On arriving at Staunton I found the situation as General Jackson had left it, and so reported.

A. W. H.

BUTTONS FOR HIS COAT.

CONRAD'S STORE, *April 22, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR : Did Major Paxton* bring me a set of buttons for a uniform coat? Did you receive my letter directing that all persons absent from the army without leave will be sent back in irons as directed, and requesting you to enforce the order strictly?

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON.

ORDERS FOR STRICT DISCIPLINE.

NEAR NEW MARKET, *May 20, 1862.*

DEAR MAJOR : Captain Bell has requested me to relieve him from the duty of commanding officer at Staunton. Accordingly I have selected you for the duty and the order is sent herewith. If your duties are too heavy let me know and I will make some arrangement. I desire you to enforce that strict military control and discipline which you so well understand and know how to apply as well as appreciate.

*Afterwards General E. F. Paxton, of the Stonewall brigade, and at that time on General Jackson's staff.

Keep in Staunton only enough well men to answer your purposes and have the others sent to their companies, and next Monday please mail the accompanying letter to Mrs. Jackson. Always put deserters in irons.

Very truly your friend,

T. J. JACKSON.

He did not wish the letter sent to Mrs. Jackson until after the result which followed the capture of Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester.

A. W. H.

INSTRUCTIONS TO WATCH FREEMONT.

May 28, 1862.

DEAR MAJOR : Please send the above by telegraph. Direct Captain Gilmer to return towards Shaw's Fork, or to keep within sight of the enemy if he is this side. Please give me all the information you can respecting Fremont's movements. Don't keep many stores on hand at Staunton. Organize your convalescents so as to resist any incursions of cavalry. You needn't send any more of them here for the present if you can make them useful with arms at Staunton. The hospital stores should be sent off as received, but let it all be done in a quiet way.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON,

Major-General.

To Major A. W. Harman, Commanding Post.

The telegram referred to was one announcing his success at Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester, to the Secretary of War. The hospital stores were the immense captures at these points, and were sent to Staunton.

A. W. H.

ABOUT ASHBY'S CAVALRY.

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, *June 10, 1862.*

MAJOR : I am gratified to see from your letter that you have succeeded so well in removing the public property from Staunton. Respecting your operating against the enemy with Gilmer's company and such other force as you may be able to collect, it is not advisable for the present. I am very desirous of having the cavalry, lately

under the gallant Ashby, organized. Is Gilmer's company necessary west of Staunton? Please let me know where the cavalry are that belong to the Army of the Northwest. From what I learn they are probably with General Loring. Where is General Edward Johnson? If he is still with you remember me to him very kindly, and ask him whether there are any objections to his cavalry being ordered to the vicinity of Staunton, if it is not already there.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

A CALL FOR ARTILLERY.

Please have the following telegraphed to General R. E. Lee:

BROWN'S GAP, *June 11, 1862.*—Send four pieces of artillery with every thousand infantry.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

MAJOR: Please forward the above by telegraph. I hope to get you a colonelcy.

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON.

The above telegram was one to General Lee, saying he need not send transportation with the troops or horses for the artillery, as they could be supplied by me at Staunton.

A. W. H.

AN OFFER OF PROMOTION.

BROWN'S GAP, *June 11, 1862.*

MAJOR: Your letter of this date has been received. Please provide one hundred and fifty-four-horse wagons.

How would you like to be a field officer of cavalry? I don't know whether I can secure it or not, but desire to know your pleasure before taking any steps in the case.

Very truly yours,

T. J. JACKSON.

He wanted the wagons for the troops sent from the South and Richmond. He wanted to reorganize the cavalry, twenty-six companies of General Ashby's command, Major O'Funster being the only field officer with General Ashby at his death.

A. W. H.

ORGANIZING THE MARYLAND TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT,

STAUNTON, June 18, 1862.

The commanding officer of the Maryland line will move his command this evening by the cars and encamp near Brigadier-General Lawton's camp east of the Blue Ridge.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

General Lawton had moved from Staunton preparatory to General Johnson's move on Richmond. He had only arrived some ten days before from Savannah, Ga. At this time the effort was being made to get all the Maryland troops in one command—under, I think, General Steuart, of Maryland.

A. W. H.

ORDERS TO CONCENTRATE WHITING'S DIVISION.

NEAR MOUNT MERIDIAN, June 15, 1862.

General W. H. C. Whiting, Mechum's River Depot:

Halt your advance at such point as you may desire until you get your division together.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

A TELEGRAM TO GENERAL LEE.

NEAR MOUNT MERIDIAN, June 15, 1862.

General R. E. Lee, Richmond:

The reinforcements are ordered, as authorized by your telegram of yesterday.

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Please have good encampments selected for the troops, where there is plenty of wood and water, and, if practicable, drill-grounds.

Yours truly,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

PREPARING TO SWOOP ON M'CLELLAN.

NEAR WEYER'S CAVE, *June 16, 1862.*

MAJOR: As soon as any commander is ready to move down the Valley with his command, I desire him to do so, and he will encamp at such point as he may select between Staunton and Mount Crawford, without crossing North river. Please inform General Whiting and other commanders of this as they arrive in Staunton. It is desirable that the camp selected should fulfill the conditions of giving plenty wood and water and drill ground, and that the commander inform me of its location.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON,
Major-General.

Major A. W. Harman, Quartermaster, Staunton.

Jackson's references to selecting camping grounds are signally characteristic of him.

ON THE EVE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Announcing to General Lee that the Enemy Had Made a Stand.

The following from General Jackson to General Lee, written on the eve of Chancellorsville, are copied from the originals, which are on exhibition in the State Library:

NEAR 3 P. M., *May 2, 1863.*

GENERAL,—The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack.

I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with great success.

Respectfully,

T. J. JACKSON,
Lieutenant-General.

General R. E. Lee.

The leading division is up and the next two appear to be well closed.

T. J. J.

[From the *Richmond Times*, July 23, 1891.]

OIL-CLOTH COAT IN WHICH JACKSON RECEIVED HIS MORTAL WOUND.

THE STORY OF ITS LOSS AND RECOVERY.

It Fell into the Hands of Mr. Joseph Bryan and was Sent to General Lee—
The Correspondence which Followed.

One of the most interesting relics of Stonewall Jackson was brought to light in the manner as narrated yesterday by Mr. Joseph Bryan, as follows :

I was sent to my home in Fluvanna county in November, 1864 (upon a wounded furlough), and took the opportunity to visit my sister, who was then refugeeing in Goochland county.

Just across James river, in Powhatan county, near "Belmead," my father had rented a farm in conjunction with Major J. Horace Lacy, who owned a large part of the battle-field of Chancellorsville.

To this place, as one of the greater security, they had both sent a number of their servants from their places in Spotsylvania and Gloucester counties, which had been overrun by the enemy. I went to this place to see my old colored friends, and there met a Mr. Jones, the overseer, who had come with Major Lacy's servants from the Wilderness, and who was in charge of this place.

It was a rainy day, and some complaint being made of the disagreeable weather, Jones remarked that he had an oil-cloth overcoat which had kept him dry in pouring rain, all day.

I instantly protested against such a treasure being left in the possession of a man who was at home, and insisted that he should sell it to me for use in the field. This he agreed to do, and the price was fixed at \$125, for which I gave him an order on my father.

THE COAT.

The coat being produced was found to be a large oil-cloth coat, the left sleeve of which had been split up on the inside, and also across the breast, and afterward sewed up, while just below the shoulder two bullet-holes had been patched up, and at the end of the sleeve the course of another bullet had been repaired by turning down an additional hem.

As soon as I saw the coat I was struck by the well-known fact that Stonewall Jackson had been wounded in exactly that way—two bullets in the left arm, and I remarked upon this coincidence.

Jones stated that he would not be surprised if it was General Jackson's coat, because the man who had brought it to him a day or two after the battle of Chancellorsville had stated that he had gotten it from where General Jackson was wounded, and brought it away to sell, asking for it a peck of meal.

This charge Jones said he considered unreasonable, and had refused to pay it, as the coat was badly mutilated and very bloody, but that he had finally agreed to take it for a gallon of meal, which was accepted, and the coat was thrown into an old out-house, along with a large amount of other plunder, blankets, knapsacks and such things as he had gathered from the battle-field. There it lay until the following fall, when, having to make a trip to Orange Courthouse in a spell of threatening weather, Mrs. Jones remembered this coat and repaired it so as to give her husband protection and satisfaction in a continuous and heavy rain.

“T. J. JACKSON.”

I then opened the coat and examined it more carefully, and found in the inside of the back, in Jackson's own unmistakable handwriting, the name, “T. J. Jackson.” I carried the coat home, but of course never pretended to use it. The only occasion thereafter on which it was used by any one was when it protected the venerable Commodore George N. Hollins, when he was driven from Charlottesville, by Sheridan's cavalry, in March 1865. The coat remained at “Carysbrook” until in December, 1867, when my father forwarded it to General R. E. Lee, at Lexington, Va., narrating the circumstances of his having gotten possession of it, and requesting him to make a proper disposition of so precious a relic. To this General Lee replied (I have his original letter) as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., *13th December, 1867.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received the overcoat worn by General T. J. Jackson at the time that he was wounded at the Wilderness. I am very much obliged to you for sending me so interesting a relic of one whose memory is so dear to me. Before making any disposition of it I think it proper to consult Mrs. Jackson, whose wishes on the subject are entitled to consideration.

Mrs. Lee joins me in kindest regards to yourself and family, and I am very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. R. Bryan, Esq.

R. E. LEE.

LEXINGTON VA., *18th January, 1868.*

MY DEAR SIR: I informed you in December last that before making any disposition of the overcoat of General T. J. Jackson, I had written to Mrs. Jackson to ascertain her wishes on the subject. In a letter rec'd from her this morning, she says: "Such a relic of my precious martyred husband would be extremely painful to me, and yet I cannot reconcile myself to think of its being in any other possession than my own."

I have, therefore, forwarded it to her with a copy of your letter, that she may see how it was recovered and to whom she is indebted for it.

Hoping that this disposition of a relic familiar to my eyes and painfully interesting to the hearts of all our people may receive your approbation, I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

Mr. J. R. Bryan.

It has been stated that this coat was obtained by some devoted Scotch admirers of General Jackson, and has been seen by American travelers, with appropriate descriptive inscriptions, in a museum in Glasgow, Scotland. Whether this latter part is correct or not, I am unable to say.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, March 8, 1891.]

JEFF. DAVIS HOUSE.

Reminiscences Connected with its Ante-Bellum History—The Brockenbroughs, Morsons, Seddons and Crenshaws—Sculptured Mantels and Luxurious Furnishings.

You have favored your readers with some passages from the Memoir of President Davis by his accomplished wife. In her description of the Confederate "White House" she writes with admiration about its beautiful carara marble mantels, &c., and adds:

"The tastes and to some extent the occupation and habits of the master of a house, if he, as in this case, assisted the architect in his design, are built in the brick and mortar, and, like the maiden's blood in the great bell, they proclaim aloud sympathy or war with those whom it shelters. One felt here the pleasant sense of being in the home of a cultivated, liberal, fine gentleman, and that he had dwelt there in peaceful interchange of kind offices with his neighbors. The garden, planted in cherry, apple, and pear trees, sloped in steep terraces down the hill to join the plain below. To this garden or pleasance came always in my mind's eye a lovely woman, seen only by the eye of faith as she walked there in 'maiden meditation.'

"Every old Virginia gentleman of good social position who came to see us looked pensively out on the grounds and said with a tone of tender regret something like this: 'This house was perfect when lovely Mary Brockenbrough used to walk there, singing among the flowers;' and then came a description of her high step, her dignified mien, her sweet voice, and the other graces which take hold of our hearts with a gentle touch and hold them with a grip of steel."

She does not seem to know a part of the history of the house, and as there may be others in the same position it may not be uninteresting to give you a few items on that subject.

PRESIDENT BROCKENBROUGH.

Dr. John Brockenbrough, so long president of the Bank of Virginia, in this city, who had the mansion planned and erected, married Mrs. Gabriella Randolph, widow of Thomas Mann Randolph of "Tuckahoe," and they had no offspring. The lovely Mary Brockenbrough referred to must have been her daughter, the celebrated and fascinating Mary Randolph, who became the wife of Mr. John Chapman, of Philadelphia, and who died quite early—prior, I think, to the year 1840. I remember meeting Mr. Chapman in Richmond society when he was a widower, and was paying his devoirs to another of our leading belles. He did not win her, however; she afterwards accepted a more distinguished Virginia widower.

A FINE EQUESTRIENNE.

There was a second daughter, Margaret Harriet Randolph, who became Mrs. Francis A. Dickins, of "Ossian Hall" and Washington city. She also possessed many attractions, and, like her sister Mary, was a very fine equestrienne. My father told me of a race he once

had with her. She challenged him in such a way that he, despite his greater age, could not back out. During the contest she lost her riding hat and the fastenings of her hair, so that her long tresses fell down and were streaming in the wind. This only incited her the more. She urged on her steed, and crying out, "Come on, Doctor, here goes Pocahontas," dashed ahead of him and won the race. She died March 7, 1891, in Alexandria, Va. ; aged, seventy-eight years.

There was also a third daughter, who became Mrs. Albert White. She lived mostly in Washington, but was married here, at her mother's, and I witnessed the ceremony. Mr. White was United States Senator from the State of Indiana.

So much for the maidens who enjoyed and adorned the old Brockenbrough mansion and its environments. Now for the mansion itself.

MR. MORSON THE OWNER.

Dr. Brockenbrough removed from Richmond to the Warm Springs and early in the year 1844 sold his residence here. So that about eighteen years elapsed between that date and the time at which President Davis and family were domiciled in it. During that period great changes were wrought in the building. The purchaser of it for \$20,000 was Mr. James M. Morson, who was a gentleman of ambition and taste, and of very liberal views in regard to their indulgence and gratification. He had the means and the disposition to have the house refitted and furnished in an exceptional style. He added to it its third story and had it decorated entirely anew. I am quite sure that he introduced those exquisite sculptured mantel-pieces. I have some recollection of his taking me up to see them and his other improvements whilst they were going on, for we had been intimate friends from our schoolmate days. After he took possession of the remodeled edifice he gave very handsome entertainments, besides dispensing a general refined hospitality. Thus the compliment paid by Mrs. Davis would apply to him as well as to the original owners and designers. He also further embellished the grounds.

OTHER OWNERS.

When Mr. Morson removed to his country-seat, Dover, in Goochland county, he sold for twenty-five thousand dollars his city residence, in 1845, to his sister-in-law, who became the wife of the Hon. James A. Seddon, another gentleman of taste and culture, who was a member of Mr. Davis's Cabinet as secretary of war. Mr. Morson and Mr. Seddon were cousins, and were once associated as partners in the practice of law.

Mr. Seddon also preferred a country residence, and removed to Goochland county. In 1857 he sold his city premises to Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw for twenty-five thousand dollars, and in June, 1861, Mr. Crenshaw sold them to the city of Richmond for thirty-five thousand dollars.

VIRGINIUS.

Richmond, February 25, 1891.

[From the *New York Herald*, March 13, 1891.]

LAST DAYS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

SCENES IN THE STREETS OF RICHMOND—FABULOUS PRICES IN CURRENCY.

The Fabulous Prices of Everything No Fiction—Going to North Carolina After a Young Lady.

I chanced to be in Richmond just three weeks previous to the surrender. Business had made me a frequent visitor to the metropolis of the Confederacy during the war, and I could always tell quite accurately how the war was going by the countenance and demeanor of its inhabitants, which to me were a more certain criterion than the daily papers. Whenever victory perched upon the Confederate banner, the faces of its inhabitants would beam with joy; each one would move with an elastic step and renewed animation. But should it be otherwise, then sadness and gloom were depicted upon each countenance, even to the school children, who would trudge along with depressed looks.

As soon, therefore, as I stepped from the train on the occasion referred to, I knew that something was wrong; there seemed a death-like stillness to pervade the city; every one wore a haggard, scared look, as if apprehensive of some great impending calamity. I dared not ask a question, nor had I need to do so, as I felt too surely that the end was near. My first visit was to my banker, one who dealt largely in Confederate securities, and knew too well the ups and downs of the Confederate cause by the fluctuations of its paper. As soon as he could give me a private moment he said in a sad, low tone:

“If you have any paper money put it into specie at once.”

"Is it as bad as that?" I replied.

"Yes, and much worse; another week and you will get nothing."

As I happened to have about three thousand dollars in Confederate paper, I drew it forth and requested him to get me what silver it would bring.

The next morning he handed me thirty dollars, telling me at the same time to feel thankful for that much."

At the house of a friend with whom I was staying I asked the question, "How do you think the war will terminate?" The host simply took me to his bed-room, and raising the coverlet, showed me several barrels of flour, sacks of coffee, sugar and other groceries snugly stowed away. This, he said, I would find to be the case in nearly every household in the city. In every store I entered there seemed to be the greatest scarcity of goods, and a disinclination to sell. Of fire-arms and ammunition there were none, though I was assured that nearly every private dwelling was a small arsenal. In a few bar-rooms scattered about vigilant eyes ever kept watch, and upon the first sound of alarm the owners themselves were ready to pour the fiery liquid into the gutters. The fabulous prices paid for everything were no fiction. The cry of Richard III., "My kingdom for a horse," was a reality as regards the Confederate paper money, which was frequently offered in sums of thousands of dollars for a barrel of flour or a few pounds of bacon. After the surrender it was to be seen strewn along the streets, and served to adorn many a negro's cabin.

THE EVENTFUL THIRD OF APRIL.

It was known about this time to the people of Richmond that the negro troops in the Union army had requested General Grant to give them the honor of being the first to enter the fallen capital. This fact gave rise to a fear that they would unite with the worst class of resident negroes and burn and sack the city. When, therefore, the black smoke and lurid flames arose on that eventful 3d of April, caused by the Confederates themselves, the terror-stricken inhabitants at first thought their fears were to be realized, but were soon relieved when they saw the manful fight made by many of the negroes and Union troops to suppress the flames. At no time did they fear their own servants; indeed, I was afterward assured that the many negroes who filled the streets and welcomed the Union troops would have resisted any attack upon the households of their old masters.

The behavior of many of the old family servants was very marked in the care and great solicitude shown by them for their masters during this trying period. As an amusing instance of this, I will tell this incident:

An old lady had a very bright, good-looking maid servant, to whom some of the Union officers had shown considerable attention by taking her out driving. The girl came in one morning and asked her old mistress if she would not take a drive with her in the hack which stood at the door, with her sable escort in waiting. Doubtless this was done not in a spirit of irony, but really in feeling for her old mistress.

In another family, on the day the troops entered the city, when all the males had fled, leaving several young ladies with their mother alone, "Old Mammy," the faithful nurse, was posted at the front door with the baby in her arms, while the trembling females locked themselves in an upper room. When the hurraing, wild Union troops passed along, many straggled into the house and asked where the white ladies were. "Old Mammy" replied: "Dis is de only white lady; all de res' ar' cullud ladies," and she laughed and tossed up the baby, which seemed to please the soldiers, who chucked the baby and passed on.

SPARTAN RICHMOND LADIES.

The ladies of Richmond who bore such an active part on that terrible 3d of April, many of whom with blanched faces mounted the tops of their roofs, and with their faithful servants swept off the flying firebrands as they were wafted over the city, or bore in their arms the sick to places of safety, or sent words of comfort to their husbands and their sons who were battling against the flames—these were the true women of the South, who had never given up the hope of final victory until Lee laid down his sword at Appomattox. They were calm even in defeat; and though strong men lost their reason and shed tears in maniacal grief over the destruction of their beautiful city, yet her noble women still stood unflinching, facing all dangers with a heroism that has never been equalled since the days of Sparta.

Sauntering along the street, making a few purchases preparatory to leaving the doomed city, I was suddenly accosted by a friend, who with trembling voice and terrified countenance exclaimed:

"Sir, I have just heard that the Petersburg and Weldon railroad will be cut by the Yankees in a few days. My daughter, who is in

North Carolina, will be made a prisoner. I will give all I have to get her home!"

I saw the intense anguish of the father, and learning that he could not get a pass to go through Petersburg, I said :

"Mr. T——, if you will pay my expenses, I will have your daughter here in two days."

He overwhelmed me with thanks, crammed my pockets full of Confederate notes, filled my haversack with rations for several days, and I left next morning for Petersburg. The train not being allowed to enter the city, we had to make a mile or more in a conveyance of some kind at an exorbitant price. Learning that the Weldon train ran only at night for fear of the Yankee batteries which were alarmingly near, I had time to inspect the city. I found here a marked contrast to Richmond. As I passed along its streets viewing the marks of shot and shell on every side, hearing now and then the heavy, sullen boom of the enemy's guns, seeing on every hand the presence of war, I noticed its business men had, nevertheless, a calm, determined look. Its streets were filled with women and children, who seemed to know no fear, though at any moment a shrieking shell might dash among them, but each eye would turn in loving confidence to the Confederate flag which floated over the headquarters of General Lee, feeling that they were secure as long as he was there.

That night, when all was quiet and darkness reigned, with not a light to be seen, our train quietly slipped out of the city like a blockade-runner passing the batteries. The passengers viewed in silence the flashing of the guns as they were trying to locate the train. It was a moment of intense excitement, but on we crept until at last the captain came along with a lantern and said, "All right!" and we breathed more freely; but from the proximity of the batteries, I surmised that it would not be "all right" many days hence.

Hastening on my journey, I found the young lady, and telling her she must face the Yankee batteries if she would see her home, I found her even enthusiastic at the idea, and we hastily left, though under protest of her friends.

Returning the same route—which, indeed, was the only one now left—we approached to within five miles of Petersburg and waited for darkness. The lights were again extinguished, the passengers warned to tuck their heads low, which in many cases was done by lying flat on the floor, and then we began the ordeal, moving very

slowly, sometimes halting, at every moment fearing a shell from the belching batteries, which had heard the creaking of the train and were "feeling" for our position. The glare and the boom of the guns, the dead silence broken only by a sob from some terrified heart, all filled up a few moments of time never to be forgotten.

But we entered the city safely just as the moon was rising, and the next morning I handed my friend his daughter. A few days after the batteries closed the gap on the Weldon road, cutting off Petersburg and Richmond from the South, and compelling General Lee to prepare for retreat.

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S WAR-HORSES.

In Vol. XVIII, pp. 388-391, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, some account is given of the horses "Traveler" and "Lucy Long" used by General Robert E. Lee during the late war. Since that publication, additional interesting information of these and other horses used by General Lee has been furnished by a member of his family, as follows:

"Soon after General Lee went to Richmond, in the Spring of 1861, some gentlemen of that city presented him with a handsome bay stallion, who was given the name of 'Richmond' by General Lee. After the death of General Robert S. Garnett, who fell at Carrick's Ford, West Virginia, July 14, 1861, General Lee was sent to take command in that locality. He carried 'Richmond' with him. Whilst in West Virginia he purchased a horse which was afterward known as 'The Roan.' When General Lee returned to Richmond, in the Autumn of 1861, he brought 'Richmond' and 'The Roan' with him. When he went that winter, to the coast of Carolina and Georgia, he left 'Richmond' behind as he was not in good condition, and took only 'The Roan' with him to the South.

"In February, 1862, General Lee bought from Captain Joseph M. Broun, quartermaster of the Third Virginia Infantry, the grey horse so well-known to the public as 'Traveller.' The horse was the property of the brother of Captain Broun, Major Thomas L. Broun, also of the Third Virginia, but who was then in Virginia. The horse was of the 'Grey Eagle' stock, and was raised by Mr. Johnston, of the Blue Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier county, Virginia, (now West Virginia.) As a colt, under the name of 'Jeff. Davis,' he took the first premiums at the fairs held in Lewisburg, in 1859 and 1860. He was

purchased by Major Broun in the Spring of 1861 at the price of one hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold. The price paid by General Lee, (his own valuation, as Major Brown offered to present the horse to him,) was two hundred dollars. General Lee himself gave the name 'Traveller.' When he returned to Richmond in the Spring of 1862, he brought back with him 'The Roan' and 'Traveller.' During the battles around Richmond, that summer, 'The Roan' who had been gradually going blind, became unserviceable, and General Lee began to ride 'Richmond' again, and continued to do so until the death of the horse soon after the battle of Malvern Hill. He now began to ride 'Traveller' regularly. 'Traveller' had no vices or tricks, but was nervous and spirited. At the second battle of Mannassas, while General Lee was at the front reconnoitring; dismounted and holding 'Traveller' by the bridle, the horse became frightened at some movement of the enemy and plunging pulled General Lee down on a stump, breaking both of his hands. The General went through the remainder of that campaign chiefly in an ambulance. When he rode on horseback, a courier rode in front leading his horse. It was soon after this that General J. E. B. Stuart purchased for General Lee, from Mr. Stephen Dandridge of 'The Bower,' near Martinsburg, Jefferson county, the mare 'Lucy Long.' She was low, and easy to mount, and her gaits were easy. General Lee rode her quite constantly until toward the close of the war, when she was found to be in foal and was sent to the rear. About this time some gentlemen of South West Virginia presented to General Lee a fine large sorrel horse whom the General named 'Ajax.' This horse had a fine walk but was too tall for the General, who seldom rode him; riding 'Traveller' almost constantly until the end of the war, and, indeed, until the time of his death, October 12th, 1870.

"After the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse, 'Lucy Long,'² who was not with the Army of Northern Virginia, was taken by some stragglers and sold to a Virginian surgeon, who took her home with him. After the close of the war, she was found in Eastern Virginia by Captain Robert E. Lee, who repaid what had been paid for her and took her to his father at Lexington, where were also 'Traveller' and 'Ajax.' When 'The Roan' through blindness became unfit for army service, General Lee gave him to a farmer, who promised to kindly care for him. Several years after the death of General Lee, 'Traveller,' who was turned out for exercise and grazing during the day, accidentally got a nail in one of his fore-feet; this occasioned lock-

jaw, from which he died despite of every effort for his relief. He was buried in the grounds of Washington and Lee University.

"Some years after the death of 'Traveller,' 'Lucy Long,' who was also turned out during the day for exercise, in some way injured one of her hind legs. After the leg healed, General G. W. Custis Lee put her in the keeping of the late Mr. John Riplogle, of Rockbridge a (lover of horses), paying for her board. Mr. Riplogle dying, Mr. John R. Mackay, subsequently took charge of her. She was hearty until the winter of 1890-'91, when she began to fail. She died in the spring of 1891, at the age of thirty four years, and was buried on the farm of Mr. Mackay. Some three years after the close of the war, 'Ajax,' who was turned out during the day, when not used, ran against the iron prong of the latch of a partly opened gate and killed himself. He was also buried in the grounds of the Washington and Lee University. General Custis Lee was not in Lexington, either when 'Ajax' or 'Lucy Long' received their injuries. 'Traveller' up to the time of his injury was apparently as high-spirited and serviceable as he had ever been."

THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

The attention of the editor has been called to some omissions in the succinct history of the Southern Historical Society, under the above caption, which is given in Vol. XVIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, pp. 349-365.

Whilst it was only attempted in that brief account to comprehend important facts, yet it was the desire of the compiler that the services and influence of all essentially connected with the Society in its origin and sustenance should have recognition.

He has pleasure in here recording, as additions, that Lieutenant-General William J. Hardee, who went to the White Sulphur Springs to attend the convention which reorganized the Southern Historical Society in August, 1873, was prevented from such attendance by illness which resulted fatally a few days after the adjournment of the convention.

President Jefferson Davis was also present the last day of the session of the convention and addressed it.

There was also a subsequent special meeting, called by the President of the Society, General Early, of those who had enrolled themselves as members. This meeting was in session two days—Saturday, September 18, and Monday, September 20, 1873. At these meetings the Secretary, Colonel George Wythe Munford, not being present, his son, General Thomas T. Munford, acted as Secretary.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THEIR VETERAN SOLDIERS.

Georgia's Confederate pension system, under which disabled veterans receive from two to twenty-five dollars per month, according to the disability, is highly creditable to that State, but it should accept and maintain its soldiers' home in order to complete the good work. It will be of interest to review the situation in other Southern States.

Virginia led in the movement and established a Confederate home near Richmond, for the support of which the State expends ten thousand dollars a year. It now appears to be the intention of the State Assembly to increase the appropriation to thirty thousand dollars. Pensions to the amount of five thousand dollars annually, are also paid.

Alabama has no home, but pays one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year in pensions.

Arkansas has a home at Little Rock, built by private subscriptions, supported by State aid.

Florida has no home, but pays thirty thousand dollars a year to disabled Confederates who have resided in the State fifteen years.

Mississippi is without a home, but has made liberal provisions for indigent and disabled Confederates.

Missouri pays no pensions, but a movement is on foot to raise one hundred thousand dollars to endow a home without State aid.

Maryland has a home costing forty thousand dollars near Baltimore, aided by the State to the extent of ten thousand dollars annually.

Louisiana has a home near New Orleans; and the State grants it ten thousand dollars a year.

North Carolina not only pays pensions, but has appropriated forty-one thousand dollars for a home.

South Carolina pays about fifty thousand dollars in pensions, but has no home.

Texas has a home established by subscription. It costs thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and State aid is expected shortly.

Tennessee has established a home at the old home of Andrew Jackson, "The Hermitage," the State having given four hundred and seventy-five acres of land and ten thousand dollars for improvements in 1889. The Legislature, which recently adjourned, appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for a building and five thousand dollars a year for its support, and in addition sixty thousand dollars, or as much thereof as may be necessary, for expenditure annually in pensions, which range from two dollars and a half to twenty-five dollars per month. It is thought that twenty-five thousand dollars per year will cover the pension list.

Of all the Southern States, Kentucky alone has made no provisions for her ex-Confederates.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

An Address Delivered Before the Association of Ex-Confederate Soldiers and Sailors of Washington, D. C., by Leigh Robinson,
May 12th, 1891.

"Death makes the brave my friends," was the great word of the great Crusader; and though the outward empire of the chivalry he led has crumbled to dust, and "their swords are rust," the intrinsic nobleness thereof survives the first crusade and the last. Wherever nobleness has a house, there shall this gospel also be preached. Nor can it be said to be strictly bounded by the noble. The emulation of brave lives, and the preservation of their images, is the wise instinct of mankind. The path to immortality is fortitude. In every noble arena this is the crucial test. The corner-stone of every fortress of man's power and man's honor is man's fortitude. Our inmost shrines are altars to this tutelary god. Deep in the heart is the sense of that ineradicable royalty which makes the crown of thorns more than the crown of gold—martyr more than victor. It is the true-fixed, the constant quality that hath no fellow in the firmament. Constancy is the pole on which the heavens turn.

As one who wore this armor against fate and walked erect beneath it till foreshore had been passed ; as one who in all relations evinced the enduring fibre which sets the seal on every excellence—Joseph E. Johnston is our theme. We are to consider the example of a life which by birth was martial. To the son of one of Lee's Legion, nourished by the breath of heroes in the heroic prime, a soldier's life seemed the natural office of a soldier's son. A cadetship at West Point was the signal that the parade-ground of his life was chosen, the tuition of his destiny begun, the Olympian battle joined. "Better," sings an ancient bard, "better is the grave than the life of him who sighs when the horns summon him to the squares of battle." So, sighed not the young second lieutenant, who, graduating with honor in 1829, first won his spurs in the Florida war.

The war itself must be acknowledged to be a part of that sad chapter which registers the uncontained avidity of a victor race. When, in July, 1821, Spain ceded the Floridas to the United States, the Indians were roaming unmolested over the peninsula, and were the recognized possessors of broad and fertile acres in the heart of the country. The white man's remedy for this is the tangle of treaties, from whose net-work the Indian emerges a desolating savage. It is ever a perilous moment when weakness is the guard of fertility and rapacity is strong. But it is when, in the sequel, devastation and havoc have been loosed, and tottering age, and infantile weakness, and woman's sorrow are alike devoured by infuriated murder, that the army appears upon the scene. Whatever was the primary right or wrong, our young second lieutenant was in the field, not for outrage, but to quell it. He was there to act a soldier's part in the school of a soldier's strife and duty. Right worthily he did it. For it fell to him to extricate from jeopardy the command in which he was himself but a subordinate—a jeopardy so great that it left him with the marks of five bullets on his person and clothing. On the anvil of an indomitable will he was already beating into polished brightness the fearless mettle of his soul. Henceforth, his "baptism of fire" stands sponsor for him. His knighthood has been laid upon his shoulder.

It is the track of the accomplished knight which we follow in the war with Mexico—that ardent nurse of heroes—where our second lieutenant has grown to be captain of the engineers on the staff of Winfield Scott. When Vera Cruz yielded to bombardment, Captains Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, of the General's staff,

were appointed to arrange the terms of its surrender. Worthier ambassadors of victory could not have been chosen.

The army then moved along the great national road, made by the old Spaniards, to the ancient capital of Mexico. On April 12, 1847, cannon shots from Cerro Gordo checked the cavalry advance, and made it certain Santa Anna would give battle there. At the head of a pass, winding its ascending way through a narrow defile of mountains, the enemy had fortified himself by a series of breast-works, armed with cannon, which commanded the road and each other. It was easy to see that on the left the position could not be taken: Skillful reconnoissances, in which Johnston bore a conspicuous part, decided the plan of battle, which was an attack upon the right. At the beginning of the assault Johnston was ordered to make one more reconnoissance. The rattle of the musketry had been heard but a few minutes when he fell, severely wounded, at the head of his daring movement. Of such is the kingdom of victory! There is the dangerous pass; there the difficult height; there the hero's place: there he falls! An army rushes over him to triumph. So the steep cone was carried—"the lofty and difficult height of Cerro Gordo," as the commanding general called it.

A soldier's wounds are the rounds in his ladder. His letter of credit is written in his blood. His noble traffic is the safety of others in return for blows to himself. Johnston's wounds pointed to him as the fit man to be lieutenant-colonel of the fine regiment of Voltiguers. At their head he led the assault upon Chapultepec, and at their head he was again shot down. But his wounds could not impede him from entering the City of Mexico, as commandant of the regiment he had so gallantly led.

After the war he was for a time acting inspector-general. Still later he was made lieutenant-colonel of cavalry. Finally he was appointed quartermaster, with the rank of brigadier—the highest prize which was then accessible.

Such was the prologue to the more stupendous drama upon which the curtain was now to rise. On one side of that curtain hung every ambitious hope, the fruition whereof might now be counted sure; on the other the strain of an unequal and untried power against the odds of number and organized resource. To choose the latter was to plunge into an angry flood which might prove the dark abyss. It was the leap from sure eminence into the storm and roar of the elements. To Johnston there was no alternative. His choice was

the hero's choice—where the sacrifice was all that was certain. The forlorn hope had ever been his hope. He forsook the assured eminence for the earthquake of revolution; to stand or fall with the soil it rocked. It was the peril of everything, only to be justified if principle was at stake. Johnston's justification can be given in no words better than his own. "I believed," he says, "that apart from any right of secession, the revolution begun was justified by the maxims so often repeated by Americans, that free government is founded on the consent of the governed; and that every community strong enough to establish and maintain its independence has a right to assert it. Having been educated in such opinions, I naturally determined to return to the State of which I was a native, join the people among whom I was born, and live with my kindred, and, if necessary, fight in their defense."

It was but little more than a decade since Johnston had freely shed his blood in a war, which grew out of our very willing vindication of the right of Texas to secede from Mexico, and accede to the Union. The United States, somewhat loudly, proclaimed to the world that this was right. A President had been elected for triumphing in that cause. It was natural for Johnston to believe, that a right, which had been so exultingly attributed to a province of Mexico, colonized under her laws, was necessarily annexed to that commonwealth of Virginia, which was the first free State of this New World. Indeed, it will be always difficult to explain why Texas herself did not have at least as much legal right to go as to come.

But for Johnston, as for destiny, there was but one tribunal to which the issue was referred, and that was visibly confronting him. It was for the sword to write the record. The gage of battle was thrown down, and by Johnston lifted with a knight's good conscience. What followed is written in letters of flame, and in this crude summary is only referred to as illustrative of character. For the first word and act of Johnston when he drew his sword, on the side he so unreservedly espoused, prefigures his quality—the judgment as unswerving as it was intrepid, the faculty to be bold or cautious as the emergency demanded. His sure eye quickly saw that the triangle, formed by the Potomac, the Shenandoah, and Furnace Ridge, was untenable by any force not strong enough to hold Maryland Heights, which swept every part of it by enfilade and reverse fires; and that, moreover, it was twenty miles out of position to defend against Patterson's expected advance, or to prevent McClellan's junction with

him. His soldierly sense informed him that Winchester was the strategic point for every purpose. There the practicable roads from west and northwest, as well as from Manassas, meet the route from Pennsylvania and Maryland. Thither, on the 15th of June, he moved his meagre force from the funnel of Harper's Ferry. On the next day Patterson crossed the Potomac. The skill with which, one month later, he eluded Patterson's army of more than thirty thousand, and hurled his own from the mountains upon McDowell, was the master-stroke of Manassas—Johnston's rear column, under Kirby Smith, coming upon the field, just as Barnard Bee was falling, and Jackson's Stonewall the last Gibraltar. Just when the South Carolina Brigade was hardest pressed, an aide or courier of Bee, meeting Johnston, asked, "Where are your Virginians?" "In the thickest of the fight," was the Spartan answer. It was a victory won by an army which itself barely grazed defeat, and one, therefore, difficult to pursue. But in this cursory glance one thing cannot be omitted—the full credit which Johnston everywhere gives Beauregard.

The bold design submitted by the military officers, in a council of war, at Manassas in September, 1861, to concentrate at that point the strength of the Confederacy, even at the cost of leaving bare of defense points more remote, so that there might be taken an aggressive which would be decisive, is a matter of history. It is expressive of a brave but well balanced judgment, heedful and comprehensive, which sought to exchange risk where victory was not vital for where it was. It is true weighty reasons were given for overruling it. An army of sixty thousand soldiers was the force deemed essential to such a movement. Troops to increase the army to this number could only be furnished by taking them from other positions then threatened. This seemed to the Executive unreasonable. New troops could not be furnished because there were no arms save those which were borne by the troops then in the field. Arms were expected from abroad, but had not come, and the manufacture was still undeveloped. By this council of war, a light is thrown on the military conditions, which, for succeeding months, were defensive only. In the penury of men and arms thereby revealed excessive forwardness was not obligatory. But the defensive was one which, whenever assaulted, as at Leesburg, displayed an undismayed and impenetrable front.

At the close of the winter and opening of the spring of 1862, the time had come for Johnston to embrace in his vision and preparation,

the four routes whereby McClellan might advance—the one chosen the previous July; another by Fredericksburg; the third and fourth by the lower Rappahannock, or the Peninsula between the York and James. The choice of the second route (joined to movements which, by the aid of the river, it was easy to conceal), would place McClellan at least two days nearer Richmond than was Johnston at Bull Run. Face to face with these conditions, the Confederate General, between the 5th and 11th of March, placed his entire army on the south bank of the Rappahannock, where with equal readiness he could resist his antagonist advancing from Manassas, or met him at Fredericksburg, and at the same time be in a position to unite with others, should he move from Fortress Monroe, or by the lower Rappahannock. On the latter date McClellan occupied the works at Centreville and Manassas, which, except by Quaker guns, had been deserted since the evening of the 9th. Fortress Monroe was then chosen as the base of operations against Richmond. Soon perceiving the evidence of this, Johnston moved to the south of the Rapidan, whence he could still more effectually unite the forces of opposition to the meditated movement. McClellan's plan was to capture the force on the Peninsula, open the James and press on to Richmond before reinforcements could arrive. Two things baffled his purpose—first, Magruder's inflexible intrenchments; second, Johnston's alertness. On the day McClellan began his movement from Fortress Monroe, Johnston began the movement to swell Magruder's handful. It was on the 5th of April that McClellan was brought to a halt, in front of Yorktown and the supporting fortifications. As the conclusion from the artillery duel of this day, which was protracted until dusk, it was deemed inexpedient to carry these positions by assault. It was an army of a hundred thousand against twelve. With such forces against such forts, it had been ascertained, that the ground, in front of those frowning heights and forbidding swamps, was swept by guns, which could not be silenced. Accordingly, parallels were started to bring Yorktown to terms by a more gradual procedure. There is, however, no parallel to the confession extorted from McClellan by Magruder.

From the final parallel, it was thought siege batteries would be ready to open on the 6th of May. Johnston's computation, coinciding with McClellan's, Yorktown was evacuated on the night of the 3d. On the morning of the 4th, empty works again capitulated to the conqueror.

It was at the junction of the Yorktown and Hampton Roads, at about half-past five on the morning of the 5th, that Hooker's sharpshooters, leading the pursuit, drove in the Confederate picket. It was in front of Fort Magruder, one of a cordon of redoubts, thirteen in number, which Magruder's forethought had constructed. It was just two miles from the venerable shades and spires of Williamsburg. Within two miles of Hooker, at the time, were thirty thousand troops; within twelve miles the bulk of the Army of the Potomac. He, therefore, made his dispositions to attack, so that if he did not capture the army before him, he would at least hold it until others could. Williamsburg was a well fought field, where Hancock leaped to fame, and where none can be reproached with want of valor. But the army in front of Hooker was neither captured nor held. The well calculated blow of Johnston was fierce and stunning, and his very deliberate retreat was no more interrupted. What most interests us to-night is the magnanimous grace with which Johnston refers to the officer in command of the troops engaged. "About three o'clock," he says, "I rode upon the field, but found myself compelled to be a mere spectator, for General Longstreet's clear head and brave heart left me no apology for interference."

Meantime McClellan was bending every energy to the active shipment of troops, by water, to the west bank of the Pamunkey, opposite West Point. In vain did he seek there the unguarded spot. Just how to strike when blows were exigent, and how to hold up his buckler against surprise; in one instant to be shield and spear, was Johnston's secret. He had retired before overwhelming numbers with the step and gesture of a master.

It was Johnston's theory of war, that the time for blows to be efficient was not when his enemy was near his base, and he distant from his own; but under exactly reverse conditions. As early as April 15th, Johnston proposed that McClellan's army should be attacked in front of Richmond by one as numerous, formed by uniting all the available forces of the Confederacy in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, with those at Norfolk, on the Peninsula, and then near Richmond. Such an army surprising McClellan by an attack, when he was looking to the siege of Richmond, might be expected to defeat him; and defeat, a hundred miles from his then base of supplies, would mean destruction. On the 22d and 27th he reiterates this view. A month later, the new vigor of twenty-five thousand soldiers, drawn from North Carolina and the South, added to the

"red right arm" of Jackson, and launched by the genius of Lee, was the thunderbolt to rive asunder McClellan's oak. Johnston's plan would have forestalled preparation by the unexpected, before a change of base was feasible.

Reasons having been presented in opposition to his original plan, Johnston's next design was to encourage an increasing interval between McClellan's troops as the latter approached the Chickahominy, and, when he was fairly astride the little river, to attack him. He must do this before McDowell, moving southward from Fredericksburg, could swell the tide of battle against Richmond. On the morning of May 30th reconnoissances showed that one entire corps and a part, if not the whole, of another were on the south side of the river. In point of fact, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were across, the latter in advance. Heintzelman was at White Oak and Bottom's bridges, with the nearest support to him some six miles distant on the opposite side of the stream. The Chickahominy ran between the two wings of the army. Johnston now saw his opportunity, and to see it was to seize it. A violent rain-storm, which fell soon after, swelling the stream and perhaps making it impassable, convinced him that the hoped-for hour had struck. His orders were at once given. Written orders were dispatched to Hill, Huger, and G. W. Smith, and in writing acknowledged. Longstreet being near headquarters received his orders verbally. G. W. Smith was to take position on the left to support the attack which the other divisions were to make upon the right. All were to move at daybreak.

Seven Pines, which was to be the chief scene of encounter, is at the junction of the Nine-Mile and Williamsburg roads. Casey's redoubt was a half mile nearer to Richmond. His division and artillery formed the first line to be attacked, the left resting upon White Oak Swamp, the right extending across the York River railroad. White Oak Swamp, the Williamsburg road, and the railroad are nearly parallel. Johnston expected the blow by his own right to be delivered before 8 A. M., and was confident that the effect of it would be a complete victory on the south side of the swollen Chickahominy. This opinion is fully shared by General Keyes, and published by him in his "Fifty Years' Observations."

Wherever the responsibility may be lodged for the failure to attack not only at 8 A. M., but even as early as noon, the defect was not in Johnston's orders and timely preparations. For some reason, never

sufficiently explained and still a matter of controversy, the attack on the right did not begin until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. But even after the delay of all these hours, the rush of Hill and Longstreet had stormed and carried the entrenchments opposed to them, with the camp equipments, ordnance, and stores belonging to the troops assailed, driving Casey in utter route back upon Couch, and Couch upon Heintzleman, when their onward movement was stopped by the falling night. Johnston had stationed himself on the left to take part in the co-operating movement—where the force in front of Smith had been rescued from defeat by Sumner's opportune arrival—and had just ordered each regiment to sleep where it fought, to be ready to renew the battle at dawn, when he received a musket shot in the shoulder, and a moment after was unhorsed by a fragment of shell which struck him in the breast. The reins of his steed and of his victory fell from his hands. The brightness of his sword shone for an instant, and then the darkness swallowed it. The sharpness of it slept when the night became its sheath. A hero was borne upon his shield fallen but undismayed. Beneath the smitten breast there lived a heart unsmitten.

When Johnston was stricken down at Seven Pines, he left an army which had been animated by him to a new consciousness of valor; the Army of Virginia, whose organization was the work of his hand. Doubtless, one object of the blow was accomplished, in the check to McClellan's advance on the south side of the swamp. Nevertheless, as a strategy in the valley and the leap to Manassas was the shining image of the boldness and caution so happily mixed in him; so Seven Pines might be construed to be the malignant prophecy of that dark fate, which seemed thereafter to rise in meeting against him, and be the incessant wound of victory. Rarely has the countenance of fate worn a look and spoken from a lip so cynical, as in that chapter, wherein as it were, war's master was made his victim, his own edge turned against him. It was the superlative satire of events. Johnston's eminence was tried in the most fiery furnace in which such energies could be constrained to walk. The field of victory spread before him to be organized was, with recurring bitterness, snatched from him on the day the prizes were bestowed. We feel as if we were witnessing less the encounter of man with human circumstance, than the supernatural warfare of a Titan whose fight is with the skies.

Johnston reported for duty on the 12th of November, and on the 24th, received orders of that date, assigning him to the command of

the Department of the West; a geographical department, including the States of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and parts of Louisiana, Georgia and North Carolina. Had the reality of this command been delivered to Johnston, it would have been the very arena for the employment of his large gifts. The vision which is competent to survey and manage the whole landscape of war, and direct the grand movements and general arrangements of campaigns is known as strategy. Of this great faculty Johnston was the master.

The world's mad game is not played blind fold. The genius of war, like other genius, is not the mere gift of luck, but the consummation of a profound attention to details and all the forces of supremacy. The game, in which the greatest intellects are matched for the greatest stakes, must be an intellectual game. The successful general, who succeeds against disproportionate numbers and resources, is not a military gambler, but the closest of all close calculators. His greatness is that when he does stand upon reality he knows it, and is not to be terrified out of it or the daring which it justifies. This is the application of the great saying of the Roman orator, "A man of courage is also full of faith." Genius has its own way of dealing with the impossible, but it is not a senseless way, nor ever really reckless.

Johnston went to the West, not to do brilliant things for their own sake, but to win the cause of which he was the soldier. Accustomed as he ever was to ride in the van of danger, his bruises of battle shining like stars upon him, he was the man of all others to be heeded, when he counselled caution. His whole life was that glorious thing—fair combat through strife to victory. With an unshrinking devotion equal to any task, he proposed to his own courageous intellect that system of the offensive-defensive, which once before in the world's annals was the salvation, and the sole salvation, of the bravest and most determined people on its face. The greatest of all warlike races rescued itself from destruction, and the world's future empire from a rival, by slowly learning that victories may be won by avoiding no less than by seeking battle; that a march or manœuvre at the right time, is more potent than a battle at the wrong time; that to seize a position which will threaten the adverse army the instant it does move, may far exceed the value of an attack upon it, if it does not; that the circuit of a large and politic strategy is wider and higher, and makes its demands upon an intellectual grasp more subtle and more vivid, than the mere rapture of pitched battle. This

was the instruction of which Fabius and Marcellus were the apt pupils, and Hannibal the school-master.

It is idle now to speculate as to what might have happened, had Johnston been allowed to be the real main spring of movements he was so fitted to direct; if the substance of his important command had been delivered to him. Fortune opposed him with an iron heart, which no excellence could touch. He opposed fortune with an iron will, which, unconquered and undismayed, has outlived fortune's worst and triumphed over it. His strife seems to be waged less with visible, than with some inscrutable power, which baffled, but never met him in authentic shape. It is his peculiar fame, that no disappointment and no calamity has been able to deny and to dethrone his real supremacy. All noble strength partakes of the wrestler's agony. The thing which we honor is the unshrinking dedication of thews and sinews by man to his fellows, in the face of the frown of power and in the teeth of temporal scorn. That which makes the brave man, struggling in the storms of fate, a sight for gods and men, is the magnanimity to rise from strain and overthrow, with a rectitude of will untainted and unspent; the uprightness, which, bows with bended knee before God's footstool, but not with bended neck under man's yoke, nor subjugated brow under life's oppression. The struggle of fate seemed to be to write the death-warrant of all which to Johnston was most precious; but the final victory was with Johnston. The moral self which was his charge to keep, the post of which he was God's sentry, was never once surprised, never once surrendered. What was then his lonely outpost is to-night his citadel.

The ink was hardly dry upon the special order assigning Johnston to the Department of the West, when he promptly made known the plan of campaign which commended itself to him. Inasmuch as the army of the Trans-Mississippi was relatively strong, and the army now proposed to be placed under him was relatively weak, and the latter, subject to the further disadvantage of being divided by the Tennessee River, he urged that the united force of both departments be thrown at once on Grant. As the troops in Arkansas and those under Pemberton had the same great object—the defence of the Mississippi Valley—and both opposed to troops having one object—the possession of the Mississippi—the main force of the latter operating on the east side of the river; the more direct and immediate co-operation of the former was the thing advised. He significantly adds, "As our troops are now distributed, Vicksburg is in danger." He

proposed, therefore, the union of the forces of Holmes and Pemberton; those of Bragg to co-operate if practicable. By the junction he could, as he believed, overwhelm Grant, then between the Tallahatchie and Holly Springs, far from his base—the place for victory.

No notice having been taken of this plan, and suggestions made by him respecting the commands of Bragg and Pemberton, as well as objections interposed by him to the diminution of the former force to augment the latter, failing also of approval, Johnston acquired the feeling that his wide command was little more than nominal. To be answerable for issues without authority to order, or potentially advise, is “a barren sceptre” which none can grasp with use or honor. Upon the ground that armies with different objects, like those of Mississippi and Tennessee, were too far apart for mutual dependence, and, therefore, could not be commanded properly by the same general Johnston asked to have a different command assigned him. Ultimately a special order did so re-assign him. Intermediately he received specific orders directing him where to go.

It was on the 22d of January, 1863, while he was inspecting the defences of Mobile, that he was ordered to go to the headquarters of Bragg, for the purpose of determining whether the latter had so far lost the confidence of his army, as to make it expedient to supersede him. If such was found to be the fact, Johnston was to be his successor. It was hardly fair, thus to make a generous mind at once competitor and judge; to place him in a position, where his merest word would exalt himself at the expense of the party judged. Johnston threw every doubt in favor of his companion in arms, and advised against Bragg's removal. His letter to the Confederate President upon this subject deserves to be known more widely than it is. “I respectfully suggest,” he wrote, “that should it then appear to you necessary to remove General Bragg, none in this army or engaged in this investigation ought to be his successor.” This is the voice of a true knight. It is the reflex of that grace of mind which is ever the noblest ornament to its greatness. When death has silenced him who wrote, it speaks to the hearts which survive, like a trumpet in the stillness of the night. He had returned to Mobile when, on the 12th of February, he was ordered to assume charge of the army of middle Tennessee. At the time the general of that army was bowed and broken by the illness of his wife, supposed to be at the point of death. With a natural chivalry, Johnston post-

poned the communication of the order, reporting to Richmond the reasons for so doing. Once more an act of noble grace! These are the acts which write their bright light on the human sky. When the particular crisis had passed, Johnston's own debility was such that he could not assume command, and the order was indefinitely postponed. He had reported for duty all too soon, and too severely taxed the adamant which knew so little how to yield. It was not until the 12th of March that he was able to resume his duties in the field.

Johnston had inspected Vicksburg during Christmas week, and even so early had decided, as he shortly afterwards stated to General Maury, that it was a mistake to keep in an intrenched camp so large an army, whose true place was in the field; that a heavy work should be constructed to command the river just above Vicksburg, "at the turn," with a year's supply for a good garrison of three thousand men. Until April 14th Pemberton's telegrams indicated an effort against Bragg, in whose vicinity Johnston was, and not against Vicksburg. On the 16th of April the Union fleet passed the batteries of Vicksburg. To the mind of Johnston it was clear that, when this could happen Vicksburg ceased to be of any more importance than any other place on the river. On the 29th of April and 1st of May, Pemberton announced a movement upon Grand Gulf, with a view to Vicksburg. Johnston replied on the instant, telling Pemberton to unite all his troops from every quarter for the repulse of Grant, while the latter was crossing the river, and to move at once for the purpose, adding, "success will give you back what was abandoned to win it." On the 9th of May a dispatch was received by Johnston, at Tullahoma, in middle Tennessee, directing him to "proceed at once to Mississippi to take chief command of the forces there." He replied, "I shall go immediately, although unfit for field service." From the shell which had unhorsed him at Seven Pines he had not yet so far rallied as to be able to ride into the field. But the orders he forthwith gave reflect the warrior grasp which nothing could relax. Three things were clear to Johnston: First, that the time to attack was when the enemy was divided in the passage of the river; second, that the invading army must be defeated in the field, and that Vicksburg must fall if besieged; third, that Vicksburg ceased to be of exceptional importance, after the junction of the upper and lower fleet. In coincidence with these views were his orders to the officer

in command at Vicksburg to leave the intrenchments there, and unite with himself in an attack upon the separate detachments of the opposing forces but, in any event, to evacuate Vicksburg and its dependencies and save the army, which could not escape if Vicksburg were besieged.

When, from a failure to execute these instructions, Sherman, on the 13th of May, was able to interpose four divisions at Clinton, on the Southern railroad, Johnston, then hurrying forward with his little army, at once ordered Pemberton to come up, with all the strength he could assemble, in Sherman's rear, promising his own co-operation. Clinton was seventeen miles east of Pemberton. As is well known, and, doubtless, because of the importance ascribed to Vicksburg, Pemberton moved south instead of east, with a part only of his force, and out of reach of the little band waiting to participate at Clinton. He marched to the disasters of Champion Hill and Baker's Creek. On being so informed, in terms which admitted of no mistake, Johnston ordered the immediate evacuation of Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

It is not desirable to discuss the considerations, which caused a sincerely patriotic soldier to so deviate from these orders, as to invert and, in effect, to annul them. Johnston's orders meant to him as he states "the fall of Port Hudson, the surrender of the Mississippi river, and the severance of the Confederacy." Saving that it was already severed, this was true. If, however, instead of deviation, there had been execution, whether or not it would have made the difference between the disaster which was sustained by Pemberton at Baker's Creek, and the victory at Clinton, it would certainly have made the difference between an army captured in Vicksburg and an unconquered one outside of it. The investment of Vicksburg was completed of the 19th, and its surrender was then but a matter of time. Mr. A. H. Stephens states, that on the 23d of June, he was informed, at the War Department, that the surrender of Vicksburg was inevitable. If the besieged could not escape the besiegers at the beginning of the siege, still less at the end; if the force within did not possess the power to unite with the force without before the siege began, how much less could it expect to effect such junction after forty days and forty nights of exhaustion were added to it. If the stronger force within the citadel could not cut its way out, how much less could the weaker force without be expected to cut its way in! At the time Johnston had but two brigades. The race of collecting

troops, wherewith to relieve the besieged, was run against those who could easily outstrip him. After five weeks of indefatigable exertion, he could only say, on the 20th of June, "when all reinforcements arrive, I shall have about twenty-three thousand." A twice beaten army, enclosed in Vicksburg, could not be saved by one not equal in strength to a third of the covering force. To have attempted it, against strong circumvallations, would have been to complete the capture of the army within, by the wanton massacre of the army without—to fling a second catastrophe after the first. The fate of Vicksburg and Port Hudson was sealed, unless an army strong enough to carry Grant's intrenchments could be brought to the assault.

"He should have struck a blow," it is said. To strike a blow unwisely is one of the simplest of human actions. It is done daily with the smallest possible profit to mankind. It will ever be a narrow cockpit in which the tactics of Donnybrook Fair score their success. The shout of victory or death is irrelevant where death alone is possible. It is not even to court the hazard of a die to rush to sure destruction. Should the general then set his cause upon the cast and rush into battle merely to die there? The rush of despair proclaims as much fear as courage. Johnston was right. The place to defend Vicksburg was in the field. As a beleaguered city its defence was hopeless. Isolation was destruction. Vicksburg ceased to be of value when its bluffs could no longer close navigation to a hostile force, nor keep it open to a friendly one. The army within was invaluable and could not be replaced. To immure was to sacrifice. To shut in strength was to shut out strength. In the great game of danger he wins the day who really risks the least, however he may seem to hazard all. Courage and skill are shown in disregarding the imminent appearance in the confidence of victory seen through the deadly imminence. But when to the unblenching eye of war's leader the peril is the only reality and the victory beyond is the illusion it is fatuity to strike. The perilous movement is victorious only when it places an adversary at a real disadvantage. Instead of a concentration of the weaker army as ordered by Johnston, so as to be able to fall upon the stronger one in detail, by the deviations from his orders the weaker army was so distributed as to be taken in detail by the concentrated stronger one.

There are times in life's experience when the winds of fortune seem to sport with human actions; when those we would unite with

frustrate us to their own cost and by their sacrifice; times when it would look as if some sardonic deity had been unbound to baffle calculation; to poison the springs of action; to shake from their centre faith and duty; to perplex reason and conscience, and to the death-call of a true endeavor be the mocking Mephistopheles.

Something akin to this must have been present to Johnston when he saw the strength of the West hewed in two by movements which seemed to solicit the fortified line of the enemy to enter like a wedge of steel between Vicksburg and his own exterior force, when he saw the relatively strong force retire behind works because of inability to meet the enemy in the open field, and then from their walls call upon the relatively weak force to storm that same enemy in his fortifications. In such catastrophe all that man can do is to oppose duty to dejection, make clear the record of responsibility, and follow with unflinching step the light left in the sky. This done, the result is with the great Captain of events, who makes and unmakes life and its aims. It was the destiny of Johnston to be the unhearkened Cassandra of his time, the sageness of whose counsel history will measure by the fatality of not receiving it.

It is marvellous that after such a calamity as that at Vicksburg the small army which had been gathered by Johnston was pursued by no worse disaster. While Vicksburg and Port Hudson stood and there was hope that either might be succored Jackson was essential to the manœuvring army—the key to the position. When they fell the military value of Jackson ended. Nevertheless, Johnston drew up in front of it, inviting an assault, and only when his adversary showed he again intended to resort to the sure course of investment did he withdraw. I believe there is no dispute that Johnston's management here was one of signal ability. One of his officers, who in the later history of the war took sides with Hood, in speaking of Johnston's masterly management at this point, added this commentary: "I may say I never saw Johnston do anything which did not seem to me better done than anyone else could do it. My only criticism is that there was not more of it." The faculty to do whatever is done better than anyone else can do it is one which is never redundant, and therefore one which a community struggling in the death grips for existence can ill-afford to part with and invite to do nothing.

During the remainder of the year the operations of the Union army in Mississippi were limited to predatory expeditions. Nothing

was captured which was in Johnston's custody; nothing defeated which he led.

During this summer Johnston received a letter from the Confederate President, criticising his conduct and conclusions, in terms, which were hardly those to win a hero's assent. To this Johnston replied with that invincible clearness of which, as of the art of war, he was the master. There would seem to be ground for the dilemma, afterwards interposed by Johnston, that, if the criticisms of him were deserved, the further retention of him in command was indefensible. And his services were to be retained. Unhappily thereafter upon terms of mutual distrust between him and the authority to which he reported.

It was on the 18th of December, 1863, that Johnston was ordered to assume command of the Army of Tennessee. The instructions which awaited him at Dalton advised him, that he would probably find the army there disheartened by late events, and deprived of ordnance and materials; that it was hoped his presence would do much to re-establish hope, restore discipline, and inspire confidence.

Johnston succeeded to Bragg upon an unenviable throne. Whether justly or unjustly, the experiences of the preceding year had alienated the allegiance without which it was incoherent and discredited. The battle of Missionary Ridge was the greatest disaster sustained by the Confederate arms in pitched battle during the whole war. Nearly one-half the guns, caissons and munitions of the defeated army had been abandoned. Dalton had not been selected because of its defensive strength, but simply because the retreat from Missionary Ridge had ceased at that point. Johnston was sent to repair disaster. The army he now commanded was the same which, under Bragg, had been routed at Missionary Ridge. Sherman's army was the one which had routed it. The defeated army had been depleted since the battle. The successful one had been augmented. Johnston so reorganized and reassured his dispirited force, that, when the campaign opened in the spring, the poorest regiment he had was superior in effectiveness and drill to the best when he took command. The change was swift and permanent. Thenceforth, no army in the Confederacy excelled, if any equaled it, in drill and discipline. The whole army felt that a lofty gentleman was in command, animated by a noble and pervading justice, which no favor could bias and no incompetence mislead. The genius for rapid organization could not be more splendidly evinced. Wherever his hand was laid, a life of dis-

cipline sprang up. It was the same organizing skill which had laid the foundation of the army of the East. It was a wonderful personal influence and mastery, which thus drew to him an army acquainted chiefly with disaster. If nothing else existed to reflect his excellence, the miracle which he wrought in this transformation, from complete rout to complete confidence, from fatal chaos and dismemberment into compact order, would, of itself, preserve for us the image of great mind's authority and magnetism. As Johnston looked upon this work of his creative week, he saw that it was good.

When on the 6th of May, 1864, the duel between the two armies began, two things must be borne in mind : first, that on the preceding fourth of July, one-third of the strength of the Confederacy had fallen, in the east and in the west, at Gettysburg and Vicksburg : second, that when the policy of wearing out by attrition was inaugurated, it was desirable for the weaker party to be economical of wear and tear. The time had surely come when the Confederacy could not be prodigal of life ; when it should take no step which was not calculated with disciplined precaution. It must make no mistake. The man for this supreme emergency was then at Dalton—a man with that great attribute of a leader in convulsion the capacity to see things as they are. As with a merchant, so with a general, his first business is to know when to spend and when to spare. Johnston took into consideration the natural features of the country in front ; the susceptibility for defence, natural and artificial ; the importance of time without disaster to his own side ; the slight result of inconclusive defeat to his opponent. Only brilliant success could now be compensation for serious loss. All these were realities which he was not permitted to forget. He was now where previous adversity might be the background for the revelation of his skill—if only he was trusted ! Even the Divine Hero did not do his mighty work where faith was wanting.

The chief criticisms of Johnston's conduct of this campaign rests on his failure to attack Sherman at Rocky Face, three miles north of Dalton, when McPherson was detached to intercept Johnston's communications, by the movement through Snake Creek Gap. I believe no intelligent criticism imputes blame to him for his failure to attack at any other point. The disposition of the Confederate army about Dalton had been made in the hope that Sherman would attack with his whole force. Therefore, Johnston's entire strength was concentrated there. For the moment his communications were unprotected A

mountain divided the opposing forces. The difficulty of the passes was as great to one side as the other. In these conditions to change from the defensive and yield the advantages of ground was a certain risk. On May 1st, the effective strength of Johnston's army, infantry, artillery, and cavalry was forty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six. On April 10th, 1864, Sherman reported *as present for duty* one hundred and eighty thousand men. Out of this force he proposed to form a compact army of exactly one hundred thousand men for the purpose of his advance. The number above given is to be distinguished from the number borne on his rolls, which amounted to upwards of three hundred and forty thousand men. Supposing the utmost, a victory by Johnston over the one hundred thousand picked men, Sherman had behind him the fortified gap at Ringgold, and behind that the fortress of Chattanooga. Nevertheless, a division of his adversary's force—that moment of division, which is always the moment of weakness—was just the moment which Johnston was wont to seize, and he was about to seize this, when his reconnoissance assured him that it was the bulk of Sherman's army, which, covered from exposure by the curtain of Rocky Face, was marching towards Resaca by Snake Creek Gap, and could, without serious resistance, cut his connection while he was engaged by the force in front. It was the infirmity of Johnston that he would not incur great risk without reconnoissance. He would not leap in the dark. He had the gift, as it proved to him, the fatal gift, of always knowing what he was about. Unless he at once intercepted Sherman the ruin to him was certain. Months afterwards one of his officers ventured to ask why he did not attack at Rocky Face. The sententious reply was, "Napoleon once said, the General who suffers his communication to be cut deserves to be shot."

"He should have fought," his critics say, "as Lee and Jackson fought at Chancellorsville; he should have thrown everything upon the hazard of a die; complete victory in front would have been followed by the rout of the force in the rear." Such critics forget that the victorious army at Chancellorsville was not one which, after complete defeat at Fredericksburg, had been delivered to a new commander, with a friendly caution as to the probable effect of such late tragedy upon spirit and organization. Chancellorsville had been prepared by all the host of victories, which fought for it like another army. That army was one which believed defeat to be impossible. The army at Dalton had never known what real victory meant. It

was of incalculable importance that the engagement of the latter army, under their new leader, should be sharply discriminated from all which had preceded it. In mere bravery, the past could not be exceeded. It was the wise, discerning stroke of the new regime which it was essential to infallibly impart.

Under any military conditions, one might ask, is it wholly reasonable to exact, as a matter of strict military right, that a general, on taking command of an army, shall at once, without more words, become a Robert E. Lee or Stonewall Jackson at the highest pinnacle of their earthly achievement? One might conclude, from the inclination expressed by some, to inaugurate the triumphs of Lee and Jackson at the portal of the Georgia campaign, that such inauguration was a matter of election and pure preference by ambitious minds; that one whose heart was in the right place might make a habit of the military marvel of the war. Alas! the rarest and most fortunate displays of greatness, Chancellorsvilles and Centrevilles, are not creatures of suffrage; and all who go forward on such disastrous hypothesis, in Georgia campaigns and elsewhere, are destined to discover that desire, aspiration even, is not synonymous with faculty.

It was in the same month, after the terrible repulse at Spotsylvania Courthouse, that Grant made a flank movement to the North Anna, not unlike that of Sherman to Resaca. The object of Grant was by a detour eastward, around the point where the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad crosses the North Anna, to cut Lee's communications. Did Lee strike the force left behind? No; nor did he attempt to strike the force sent forward before reinforcements could arrive; but, by the most expeditious interior line, he moved his own army to Hanover Junction, where Hancock met it. Here the two parts of the Army of the Potomac were not only separated, but a river so ran between them that, to get from one of Grant's wings to the other, that river would have to be crossed twice. On the other hand, Lee had concentrated his army between the Little River and the North Anna, not only in a strong position, but so situated that it could easily act in unity, and concentrate upon either of the opposing wings. Some say Lee should have left a small part of his force to hold the intrenchments of his left, and attacked Hancock with the rest of his army.

Hancock's force did not exceed twenty-four thousand infantry. Leaving seven thousand to hold the west face of his intrenchments,

and the apex on the river, Lee might have attacked Hancock with possible thirty-six thousand infantry. But, as an able officer suggests,* Hancock was intrenched, and Lee well knew the advantage that gave, and that he could not afford to suffer the inevitable loss. Those who would make the Atlanta campaign exactly like Chancellorsville should remember that, from the last day's fight at the Wilderness to Appomattox, Lee attacked no more; that from this time on Lee fought only behind entrenchments; that what could be done in 1863, could not necessarily be done in 1864.

The whole criticism of Johnston strangely forgets, that the victorious results at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville were the consequences of Jackson's spring upon the rear of Pope and Hooker; and not because Jackson suffered himself to be in their predicament. The question presented to Johnston at Rocky Face was, not whether he would do like Stonewall Jackson, but whether he would deliberately do like the generals whom Stonewall Jackson defeated.

Every man in authority is the shepherd of a trust; but what so sacred as the general's—lives that will step to death at his bidding. Of all fiduciaries none has such account to render as he who is commissioned to wage the fight of a people. Human life is the talent laid in his hand, to be poured out like water, if unto him it seemeth good. Of all trusts and talents this is the one to be wisely used, and in no wise abused. The policy of Johnston was not the step forward which would slide three steps back, but the step back which would find the strength to stride trebly forward. It was the drawing back of the ram's foot to strike with the horns.

The movement from Dalton began on the 12th of May. Polk's advance under Loring, and Polk himself, reached Resaca from Demopolis, Ala., on the same day. French's division of the same army joined near Kingston several days later, and Quarles's brigade at New Hope church on the 26th. One may be permitted to believe that Johnston incurred as large risk as could be exacted of a soldier and a patriot when he left the whole protection of his rear to the expected arrival of this much-hurried reinforcement. The position taken at Resaca to meet the movement through Snake Creek Gap was made untenable in consequence of a similar movement by Sherman towards Calhoun—the last movement being covered by a river, as the former was by a mountain. But the ground in the neighborhood of Cassville seemed to Johnston favorable for attack, and as

* General A. A. Humphreys.

there were two roads leading southward to it the probability was that Sherman would divide—a column following each road—and give Johnston his opportunity to defeat one column before it could receive aid from the other. He gave his orders accordingly for battle on the 19th of May. The order announcing that battle was about to be delivered had been read to each regiment and received with exultation. The Roman signal—the general's purple mantle lifted in front of the general's tent—may be said to have been given. But General Hood, owing to information received from one of his staff, deemed himself justified in not executing the order to himself, and the intended attack was for this cause abandoned. General W. W. Mackall was sent to Hood to ask why he did not attack as ordered. Hood sent word in reply that the enemy was then advancing upon him by two roads, and he could only defend. Johnston then drew up his army on a ridge immediately south of Cassville to receive the attack of the now united columns; but the conviction of both Polk and Hood of their inability to hold their positions against attack caused Johnston to yield his own. He did this upon the ground that he could not make the fight when two of the three corps commanders of his army were opposed to it. Hood said that in the position in which he then was he was willing to attack, but not willing to defend. Johnston's view was that the time to attack was when his enemy was divided, and the time to draw together and defend was when his enemy was united. But unless we are to reason that when Johnston was unwilling to fight and some of his generals willing, Johnston must be wrong; and when Johnston was willing to fight and his generals unwilling, the latter must be right; it is hard to see why he should be blamed for Rocky Face, and they uncriticised for Cassville. Assuredly in both instances the hesitation was the honest doubt of courageous men. Again, at New Hope church, after Sherman's determined but vain assault, Johnston made his own dispositions to attack. Hood was to assail Sherman's left at dawn on the 29th of May, and Polk and Hardee to join in the battle successively. At 10 A. M. Hood reported that he found the enemy entrenched and deemed it inexpedient to attack without fresh instructions. The opportunity had passed. The proposition had originally come from Hood and received the sanction of Johnston. Hood says the opportunity had passed, not because his views had changed, but because the situation of the enemy had changed. Doubtless this was so. And might not the commander-in-chief of

that army be permitted to assign the identical reason for his own change of plan at Rocky Face?

At New Hope Church, at Kennesaw Mountain, all that fierce attack could do was tried and found wanting. As the attack was resolute, so the repulse was bitter. If there was no such repulse as at Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor, it must have been owing to the fact that there was no such attack—persistent as Sherman's undoubtedly were. In Johnston's view, between Dalton and the Chattahoochie, the 19th and 29th of May, offered the only opportunities to give battle without attacking the preponderant force in entrenchments. But Cassville he considered his greatest opportunity.

From Reseca to Atlanta might be called a siege in open field—daily approaches and resistances, daily battle, so received as to make the losses to the assailant more than treble those of the defensive forces. Sherman's progress was at the rate of a mile and a quarter a day. Every day was a warlike exercise. In the warfare of attrition, at this rate of progress, battle could ere long be given upon equal terms.

The advancing army found, in the wake of that retreat, no deserters, no stragglers, no muskets, no material of war. Retreat resembles victory when it is the assailant who is chiefly worn by the advantageous battle of each day. Think for an instant of this single achievement, that in all the difficulty of the time, in the imminent breach of daily battle, Johnston's troops did not miss a meal from Dalton to Atlanta; that the primitive prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was punctually answered out of the smoke and roar of unremitting war—that, too, when not only the nutrition of life, but the nutrition of death was scant; when he had to be parsimonious of ammunition in his skirmishes, in order to be sure of it for his general engagements. He swung his army upon its hinges with the smoothness of well-oiled machinery, which no more swerved from its appointed course than do the forces of nature because a campaign of death reigns all around. We seem to touch the pulse of destiny itself, as we accompany that regular throb of recoil and repulse, and that still flexure of sockets about a pinion of resolve that knew no turning.

Johnston felt himself daily growing stronger against an adversary daily growing weaker. Tireless in his vigilant activity, clear in his purpose, every tactical, every strategic advantage was hourly on his side. No jeopardy stole upon him unawares. With a deadly precision he divined and repelled every adverse stroke. He handled his army as

a man would the fingers of his own hand. As link by link he unwound his resource as of magic, and his determination as of steel, it was like the movement of the hand of time on the face of a clock—so imperturbable, so infallible, so inflexible, the external calm, the unhasting certainty. It was as if one fate had been found to confound another. The weak place in the joinings of his mail was nowhere found. Every blow had rebounded from him, or was parried by him. Every material preponderance had been rebuked by a general's intuition and a hero's sword. We can almost see the lion-like glare of his war-like eye, and the menacing lash of his agile movement, as rampart by rampart he retired, his relative force rising with each withdrawal, and his united living wall making his earthen wall invincible.

Missionary Ridge had made this Johnston's mission: to draw his adversary from his base, and thereby compel the reduction of the force in front by the regular growth of that required to guard the rear of each remove; to move back with such assured precaution as never once to be surprised nor placed at disadvantage; to skillfully dispute each foot of ground with the least expenditure of his own forces; to thus more and more reduce the disparity existing, and warily biding his time to beckon his adversary forward, until the field of his own choice was made the final arbiter between them. And now the justifying proportions and the coigne of vantage had been won. All that executive foresight could do had been achieved. Here he would meet his foe, face to face, on ground which would equalize numerical odds. At Dalton, Johnston was a hundred miles from his base; at Atlanta it was Sherman who was so separated. The fortresses which, at Dalton, Sherman had in Ringgold and Chattanooga, Johnston now had in Atlanta—a place too strong to be taken by assault and too extensive to be invested. To this end Atlanta had been fortified and Johnston had manœuvred.

Now he would lay down the buckler and part the sword from its sheath. Now he would constrain fortune. Now, by his perfect sinews, he would wrest the battle wreath, which the cunning fiend had so long withheld by sinister touches on his thigh.

From Dalton to Atlanta, Sherman, by force of numbers, had been able to follow every retreat of Confederate forces developed in their front, and then, with one or two corps, which he could afford to spare, make a flank movement imperiling their position. Three railroads then supplied Atlanta. To take Atlanta, it would be neces-

sary to take all three. On the 17th of July, Johnston had planned to attack Sherman, as the latter crossed Peach Tree creek, expecting just such a division between his wings as Sherman actually made. He had occasion to say this, and did say it more than once, to his inspector-general, Colonel Harvie. To thus successively engage the fractions of the hostile army with the bulk of his own, had been the purpose of his every movement. Success here would be decisive, he thought, by driving the defeated army against the Chattahoochie, where there were no fords, or to the east away from their communications. On the precipitous banks of the Peach Tree the Confederate army awaited the hour of battle. The superb strategy of their commander and the superlative excellence of the position he had chosen stood revealed. Johnston himself, with his chief of engineers, Colonel Prestman, and his chief of staff, General W. W. Mackall, was seated at a table examining the ground upon the map and maturing the plan of battle, when the order was delivered relieving him from command.

The goal had been reached, the victory organized—to his own vision, the foe delivered into his hand—when he was again struck down; but this time not by a blow in the breast, which, at Atlanta as at Seven Pines, was turned to the enemy. With a commanding grace in word and act, on the 17th of July he relinquished his command of the army for which he had wrought so wisely and so well, and turned it over, with his plan of battle, to his successor, on that day appointed.

I deem it just to give *verbatim* the instructions of Johnston to his strong, staunch hero, General A. P. Stewart. "Find," said Johnston to him, "the best position, on our side of Peach Tree Creek, for our army to occupy. Do not intrench. Find all the good artillery positions, and have them cleared of timber." He said that he expected Sherman would cross the Chattahoochie by the fords above the mouth of Peach Tree Creek, and advance across the creek upon Atlanta. He added that Governor Brown of Georgia had promised to furnish him fifteen thousand State militia with which to hold Atlanta, while he operated with his army in the field. He did not say that he would attack Sherman on the crossing of Peach Tree, "but," says Stewart, "his dispositions were evidently made with a view to so attack, and were inconsistent with any other purpose." That evening Stewart rode to Johnston's headquarters to report that he had made the dispositions according to direction. He was met

by Johnston with the order for the latter's removal. Stewart has since said: "I would cheerfully have suffered the loss of either of my own arms to have been able to retain Johnston in command." There could have been no purer ransom for his general's sentence than one of those stout arms. It was said by General Carter Stevenson, that he had never seen any troops in such fine discipline and condition as Johnston's army on the day he was removed from command. Constancy, staunchness, erectness, governed by a true discernment, are the attributes that conquer men and events. All these attributes were with Johnston's army the day he was removed. Ill they recked who changed that steadfast camp for the meteor flash of mutability. The authorities who made this change would rather have been dismembered, limb from limb, than knowingly to have done aught injurious to their cause. The motives for their action could be honest only, and were urged by pressure from without, which I doubt not was sincere. But to Johnston, and as I believe to history, it was as if the soldier, in his tent, had been stabbed by his own guard.

With wounds to the body, Johnston was familiar; but a wounded spirit who can bear? How did he receive this by far his severest wound? What was the fashion of the metal which emerged from this searching crucible? Did the equanimity which stood by him in every other turn of fortune desert him now? No, this did not desert him. His own unquailing spirit was faithful to him. If in the soldier's great campaign "no unproportionate thought took shape in act," so now, in his unwished furlough, none took shape in word. It is one of the prerogatives of greatness to know how not to be the sport of circumstance. Misfortune broke over him in vain. He broke misfortune by being unbroken by it. He was master of misfortune. The adversity, which does not shake the mind, itself is shaken. Nothing could be finer than Johnston's demeanor in this, his unlooked for, and, to him, unjust overthrow. Nothing froward, nothing unseemly shone in him or fell from him. He was one whom the external universe might break, but could not bend to an ignoble use. His tall branch stood, like the sap of Lebanon, rooted in the real. There stands to-day, and will to-morrow. The forest of appearance, that has no root, falls to swift decay around it.

I bestow no particular praise on one for following conviction, albeit without the place proportioned to desert. A mercenary hero is a solecism. No one wins eminence by disregard of selfish interest in an army where it is universal. Virtue is tried by finer measures in

that history. No corrupt, no venal thing survives to tarnish it. But of all adversity, there could be none more exquisitely fitted to freeze a noble heart than that which befell the general of the West. How much easier to bear the most cruel blow of adversaries, when on either side are sustaining arms; when the strength of sympathy invests the overthrown with a dignity almost divine—the might of that incalculable arm which we call sympathy! But when, to his own view, his own stronghold is his worst hostility, when there is no supporting elbow within touch, as he looks out upon the hopes which can only ripen in his ruin, how clear in conscience, how tenacious and erect in spiritual power and purpose, the dethroned must be to be unvanquished! The day of Johnston's dethronement was his imperial day. It was the empire of a soul superior to every weapon.

The great campaign by which he will be forever judged is now beyond the wounds of the archers, beyond all slings and arrows, above and beyond outrageous fortune. From the dark defile of Rocky Face to the large prospect of Atlanta, it will be not only a possession, but a pattern for all time. Its rugged scenery is illuminated by the meaning with which the lines of greatness clothe the impassive and the obdurate. It has been made the mirror of a great mind. The map of it, the more it is studied, the more clearly will evince, in due expression and proportion, and colors ineffaceable, the lineaments of a giant. It will be a canvas bringing to light that surpassing victory, which cancels adverse fate and shines over it and through it.

It was upon a burning deck that Johnston was next summoned to the wheel. It was night when his star again began to burn. The Confederacy was in the article of death, when it once more sent for him, whose hand nowhere appears in the drawing of that article. Johnston was sent for to repair the ruin, which he at least did not prepare; to take anew the shattered remnant of that army, wrought into such firmness by him, shattered by others, but which, though shattered, was still firm to him. The Confederacy lifted up its eyes, and beheld all that was left of the Army of Tennessee, tossing and drifting like seaweed in the Carolinas, and a voice which no authority could subdue was heard crying: "All that is left to us is Thermopylæ. Oh, for a Johnston to stand there!" And a firm voice answered: "I will stand in the gap." The great gap he had to fill was the one which had been rent in his devoted files by futile battle. It was Thermopylæ, not in the beginning, but at the end of warfare. With the portents of

downfall all around him, his erectness was untouched; his plume was still a banner; his name a talisman. The moral and military force which had been lost in Johnston, will be measured for all time, by the events of the interval, between his enforced abdication and patriotic resumption of command. The impending wreck of things rallied of its own accord upon the disinherited knight. The hopes of which his downfall had been the pedestal, were now themselves a ruin. Out of the lime-pit of their destruction, out of their crash and chaos, rose from the rejected stone the straightness of the Doric column.

At this time it was plainly Sherman's plan to march through the Carolinas to the rear of Lee. When the western army went to pieces in hopeless wreck, in front of Nashville, the one hope of the Confederacy was the defeat of Sherman, by all the forces which could be assembled in the Carolinas, united to those of Lee; whenever the latter could most effectually withdraw from the lines at Petersburg. Everything depended upon the success of this movement, and the subsequent union of the same forces against Grant. The task had sufficient elements of difficulty as originally presented. Just at this time a new one was introduced. On the 14th of January Schofield had been ordered from Clifton, on the Tennessee river, to Annapolis. From this point he had been carried by water to North Carolina, where he united to his own army the corps of Terry.

From the time Sherman left Atlanta every wave of opposition had calmed in his front. He could march to the sea or to the mountains as he pleased. The indications were that the mighty host, which had marched through Georgia in such comfort, would cross the Cape Fear at Fayetteville, to be joined there by Schofield, when, on the 22d of February, 1865—the day he was restored to command—Johnston was ordered "to concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman." The order was one less difficult to give than to execute. It was a question on the first of March, which would reach Johnston first, his own troops from Charleston, or Sherman's army. Hardee did, indeed, cross the Pedee, at Cheraw, on the morning of the 3d, but his rear guard was so hard pressed, that it had hardly time to destroy the bridge after passing over it. On the evening of the same day, information was received that the broken columns of the Army of Tennessee had reached the railroad at Chester. Sherman's order of march encouraged the hope, that the tatters of the Confederacy might be gathered up in time to engage one of his wings. It was,

however, not only Sherman, but Schofield, then marching up the Neuse from New Berne, with whom conclusions must be tried.

It was under such conditions that Johnston exposed to the world the electric force and vivid lightning of his arm. Here he gave the lofty answer, he scorned to make in words, to all who dared taunt him with want of daring. It should be some one, not less seamed over with honorable scars, who makes that charge. The battle-furrowed chieftain might have said: "Put your fingers in my wounds, all ye who doubt." But the heroic answer ever is in deeds. So answered the captain, "who careless of his own blood was careful of that of his men, who knew how to take them under fire and how to bring them out." * From first manœuvre to final onset nothing can surpass the magnificent strategy he now displayed. It will have to blush before no other of the war, or of the world. With decisiveness of command, which was met by celerity of execution, he at once ordered the movements which snatched, from the very jaws of death, the last Confederate victory. In the thrilling game of chess, which he now played, no pawn was taken without his leave, while he darted forward and backward upon the board, each time giving check to the king. That game was played with the coolness and consummate skill of a master hand, which knew no pause, no tremor, no uncertainty, and only lacked the force of numbers, which genius could not create, to shine by the side of Austerlitz. It was the grand audacity of a conscious master, whose nerve matched his skill; whose ministers were strength and swiftness. His first movement was with the troops of Bragg's then near Goldsboro, added to those of D. H. Hill, just arrived from Charlotte, to strike Schofield at Kingston. The blow was sufficient to scotch Schofield's advance.

Bragg's troops and those of the Army of Tennessee were now ordered to Smithfield, midway between Raleigh and Goldsboro—it being at the moment uncertain through which of these places Sherman's route would be. Hardee was instructed to follow the road from Fayetteville to Raleigh, which, for thirty miles, is also that to Smithfield. On the 15th of March, Hardee had reached Elevation, on the road to Smithfield. On the 18th Hampton reported that Sherman was marching towards Goldsboro. The right wing, on the direct road from Fayetteville, had crossed the Black creek; the left,

* Report of L. P. Wigfall in the Senate of the Confederate States, March 1865.

on the road from Averysboro, had not reached that stream, and was more than a day's march from the point in its route opposite to the hamlet of Bentonville, where the two roads, according to the map of North Carolina, were twelve miles apart.

Upon this, Johnston prepared to attack the left column of Sherman's army, before the other could support it, by ordering the troops at Smithfield and at Elevation to march immediately to Bentonville (where the road from Smithfield intersected that from Fayetteville to Goldsboro), to be in time to attack the next morning. By the map, the distance from Elevation to Bentonville was about twelve miles. In two important respects, the premises of action proved incorrect. The distance between Sherman's forces was exaggerated, and between his own reduced from the truth. Thereby he was prevented from concentrating in time to fall on one wing while in column on the march. The sun was just rising on that beautiful Sabbath in March, when all except Hardee had reached the point of rendezvous. The gap made by his absence was for the time filled by the batteries of Earle and Halsey.

On the way to the attack, and just in time for battle, Johnston had met the shreds and patches of his old troops, under the stanch A. P. Stewart. The best interpreter of a general's strength is the sentiment with which he animates his rank and file. The wild enthusiasm of these Western troops whenever they caught sight of their old chief was in itself an inspiration of success. It was evident that they were as confident under him as if they had never seen the days which tore them into strips. They felt they had a general whose life or his fame was as dust in the balance where his duty weighed—under whom death itself was not in vain. The force, which had been wedded to him by the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, had not been put asunder by the Tophet of Tennessee. At last the way-worn troops under Hardee, which had marched day and night to join battle, appeared upon the scene. The use for them was quickly revealed. All told, the torn remnants made an army of less than fifteen thousand men. At their head Johnston burst upon Sherman's left wing with an electrical intensity which will live in military annals as an object lesson to show how a wasted force is endowed by a general's fire. The battle of Bentonville is that marvel—that final battle of the Confederacy which shed the last radiance on its arms as its candle flickered in the socket.

The batteries which had held the gap were now told to follow the

dark plume and bright courage of Walthall, who commanded all that was left of Polk's corps. Hardee led the charge of the right wing. With an annihilating fury the hurricane of war swept Sherman from his first and second line, and on the 19th of March, night fell upon Johnston's victory. Had there been no other column to reckon with, or had not the discrepancy existed between the map and the facts, the blow which staggered would have prostrated. The victor would then have turned to throw his whole army upon Schofield. As it was, on the 20th the right wing of the enemy came up. On the 21st Sherman's united army was in position on three sides of Johnston. To oppose the increasing coil the line of the latter was bent into a horse-shoe shape, the heel being the point of the one bridge left, the bridge at Bentonville over Mill Creek.

The time had come for the man of resource to make his exit. It was essential to make the road over that bridge as secure as a turn-pike in time of peace. He knew well how to do it, not with fear but with confidence. Once more he looked to Hardee to deal the blow he wanted. That intrepid man, first kissing the pale lips of his dying boy borne by him on the field, turned to the nearest cavalry command, and assuring them he had been Captain of Dragoons himself and knew how to handle cavalry, ordered a charge. On his magnificent black steed he led them and poured their torrent on the opposing front, running back the skirmish line on the line of battle, and the first line on the second. Victory made the isthmus of contention safe. The nettle had been rifled of its danger. Then, with forces vastly more confident than when the fight began, Johnston withdrew with the loss of a single caisson from between the jaws of death by the one opening left. Like a whirlwind he came, and like an apparition departed. Under arduous conditions he had set upon a hill that most admired faculty of man—the faculty to seize and to use opportunity. At his side hung the weapon—drawn from a great general's arsenal—the energy to fuse the fickle conditions of an instant into the bolt of victory.

One may be permitted to believe that with a natural sense of vindication, he had in this warrior fashion and with a warlike grace, inscribed upon the record of the time the quality of his arm, and with it the reasonable proof that if the Johnston at Atlanta had not been removed history would have engraved for him the epitaph :

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

One who saw him, writes*, "As he listened to the receding fire of the foe, the brightness of his eye showed the satisfaction with which he looked on the restored spirits of his old comrades in arms ; and I was touched by the affectionate manner in which he ministered to the comfort of, and the words of cheer which he gave to a number of wounded men who were carried by. I could then well understand the affection which was demonstrated by them at every sight of him."

In 1875, Sherman wrote : " With the knowledge now possessed of his small force, I, of course, committed an error in not overwhelming Johnston's army on the 21st of March, 1865." It was the ascendancy of the few over the many. In the last ditch Johnston's victory had been won—when there was little left beyond the field he had filled with his valor. His cynical fate poured all its craft into this last scoff, which left the truth illustrious when it could no more avail a perishing cause. It was as if his brow were torn with a mock crown at last.

Sherman now moved on to Goldsboro and effected the junction with Schofield, which could no longer be prevented.

Johnston marched to the vicinity of Raleigh, and disposed his troops, so that Sherman could not go forward to Virginia without exposing his flanks ; while at the same time he placed himself so as to facilitate his junction with Lee, whenever the time should come to unite once more the two who rode into Vera Cruz together, for their last salutation of devoted valor. The respect which these successive revelations of resource and energy excited, is, perhaps, illustrated in the terms which on the 18th of April, Sherman accorded to Johnston, and which had they been ratified, would have saved the South the sorrow, and the North the shame—of the Reconstruction Era. The current of events chose otherwise ; but once more Johnston did all that sagacity could do to stem the current. To the last there was no spot upon his breastplate which his adversary's steel had pierced ; none which there was undue eagerness to challenge. From crown to sole he blazed in complete proof. At the end, his line was an undefeated and unbroken line. When the Great Umpire threw down his warder, the defense of North Carolina, covered with dust and bloody sweat, was standing with firm-planted feet against assault. There it was standing when the edifice of the Confederacy fell—the last wall of its strength. It was bearing aloft its ensigns, " torn but flying," when the earth under it opened. Doubt-

*Captain Wm. E. Earle.

less it is the spectacle of deeds and energies like these which caused the eloquent Union soldier, Colonel Edginton, to declare that the force and vitality of Johnston's character was like the ocean wave—not to be measured in time of storm, nor to be fairly estimated until rivalries have ceased.

With the return of peace, Johnston was removed from the field of duty wherein he was best fitted to win renown, and where he had woven the texture of a character as fine as it was firm. For the most part his fine assemblage of endowments lay like a book within its clasp, or like a coal unkindled. Broken by intervals of important duty, for a quarter of a century Johnston found himself doomed to a life of comparative inaction. There have been few to whom it could be more trying to take off the chariot wheels of life's activity. Perhaps one of the hardest of the many trials of his patience was thus to loiter by compulsion on the way where he was wont to spur. To a breast, ever thrilling with the impulses of action, patience was made perfect by this last trial. Yet it were wrong to pass without a word the blessing Heaven did not deny him; the meet partaker of his puissance and his pang, who drank of the same cup with him, exalting and exalted by it; who gave him truth for truth, and, under all the blows of time, a constancy fixed in heaven—that blessing which, however the world might rock, was truer than the needle to the pole—the blessing of a wife's true heart. And when of this blessing, too, he was bereft, we all were witnesses to the chastening touch of a brave man's anguish; how sorrow falling upon a character of such strength and depth did not harden, but melted to a tender glory; how the snows of his last years were irradiated by a soft, benignant light, as of sunset on the Alps. This was the final forge in which the iron of his nature was softened to take a new existence and more exquisite temper. He was the picture of the veteran, sitting in the evening before his tent, all unbroken by the years which are so wont to break. He was the even more splendid picture of an elevation which was not fortuitous, nor dependent upon fortune, as he sat, still erect, amid the ruins of his heart and the storm of life and fate.

So he lived amongst us his upright, straightforward, unaffected life. So, as he lived and moved, the shadows of the dark reaper deepened around him, until at last we saw him standing on the confine of the great night. In his eighty-fifth year there he stood,

“worn, but unstooping.” Nowhere could one see a countenance and frame more worthy to declare—

“The living will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock.”

One who came within the circuit of this sceptre of majestic age, might well pause to speculate whether the iron sleep could steal upon the lids over which that iron will stood sentinel. He, too, could not be conquered until worn out by attrition. He could not be conquered then. The last foe of all he turned to meet, in the old knightly fashion, and wrung from him the final victory, wherein he who conquers self is conqueror of death. Faithful son of the Church, he received his death wound, too, in the breast. Before the Universal Conqueror he fell upon his unsundered shield. He fell like a soldier, closing his eyes to earth and opening them to Heaven; he gave his soul

‘ Unto his Captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.”

To this last Captain, who heareth and absolveth, his last report is handed. “There,” he said on his death-bed to Dabney Maury, “we shall surely meet.” Ah, there! In the light of that perfect eye which looks clean through appearance and judges the real only, there is this great appeal! In those upper fields where the venom of this earth is slain, its serpent crushed, where no false balance is and no inadvertency, his clear spirit will join and be felt where the mighty influences of time, purged of their dross, encounter as the stars in their courses fight. On the bosom of the Infinite he, too, is a star. In that last bosom, where the revenges of time are folded, earth’s scarred warrior hath cleft a way to peace.

ONE WHO “WAS OUT WITH OLD STONEWALL.”

The Moral Influence of General Jackson.

The issue of a new “Life of Stonewall Jackson,” from the pen of his wife, recalls attention to the remarkable personality of a man, for the like of whom we must go back to the times of Cromwell. He might have been one of Cromwell’s ironsides, who feared no one but God, since he made war with tremendous vigor, and yet morning

and evening had prayers in his tent as if he were the chaplain, instead of the general, of the army. This extraordinary character, produced an impression upon his soldiers which remains to this day, of which a gentleman of this city furnishes us an illustration. It is Mr. W. P. St. John, the president of the Mercantile Bank of New York, who relates the following incident in his own experience: A year or two since he was on a business errand in the Shenandoah Valley in company with General Thomas Jordan, chief of staff to General Beauregard in the Confederate army, and at the close of the day they found themselves at the foot of the mountains in a wild and lonely place, where there was no village, and not even a house save a rough shanty for the use of the "track-walker" on the railroad. It was not an attractive shade for rest, but rather suggestive of the suspicious character that lurk in out of the way places, yet here they were forced to pass the night, and could find no shelter but this solitary cabin, in which they sat down to such a supper as could be provided in this desolate spot. The unprepossessing look of everything was completed when the keeper of the station came in and took his seat at the head of the table. A bear out of the woods could hardly have been rougher than he, with his unshaven beard and unkempt hair. He answered to the type of the border ruffian, whose appearance suggests the dark deeds that might be done here in secret and hidden in the gloom of the forest. Imagine their astonishment when this rough backwoodsman rapped on the table and bowed his head. And such a prayer! "Never," said our friend, "did I hear a petition that more evidently came from the heart. It was so simple, so reverent, and so tender, so full of humility and penitence, as well as thankfulness to the Giver of all good! We sat in silence, and as soon as I could recover myself I whispered to my friend, 'Who can he be?' to which he answered, 'I don't know, but he must be one of Stonewall Jackson's old soldiers.' *And he was!* As we walked out into the open air I accosted our new acquaintance and, after a few questions about the country, asked: 'Were you in the war?' 'Oh, yes,' he said with a smile; 'I was out with Old Stonewall!'" Here, then, was one of that famous "Stonewall Brigade," whose valor was proven on so many a battle-field. Such were the men, now white with years and scarred with wounds, who last summer, on the anniversary of the battle of Bull Run, thronged the hill-top at Lexington and wept at the unveiling of the monument which recalled their old commander.—*Evangelist.*

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, June 7, 1891.]

FORT DONELSON.

Reminiscences of the Fifteenth Virginia Infantry — Death of Captain Dabney Carr Harrison—The Virginia State Flag.

CHASE CITY, VA., *June 5, 1891.*

People appear never to weary in reading incidents of the late war. I recall some never published, and may be interesting to some of your readers.

It is well known that the battle of Fort Donelson continued four days in February, 1862.

On the morning of the second day of the fight my regiment (the Fifty-sixth Virginia of Floyd's brigade) was in the trenches awaiting an attack expected as soon as the light of day broke upon us. Captain Dabney Carr Harrison, a Presbyterian minister, commanded a company from Henrico county, Va., in that regiment.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

He called his company to attention just as the first streak of morn gleamed upon us and repeated in a calm and impressive manner the 27th Psalm, commencing: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

"When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, come upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

"Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident," and continued to the end of the chapter.

All the men around him listened with heads uncovered and bowed on that solemn and still, cold winter morning. Some repeated after him.

A STRANGE DISPENSATION.

But soon there was a strange dispensation of the Almighty. In a few hours Captain Harrison was mortally wounded while gallantly leading a charge on the Federal lines. Strange to say, only one other man of his company was killed. Captain Harrison was a true

type of a Christian soldier. I told Dr. Hoge of this incident in his friend's life many years ago, and my impression is, some mention was made of it in a sketch of his life.

SALUTED VIRGINIA'S FLAG.

Soon after Captain Harrison had finished the Psalm we saw coming along the lines all the generals and their aids. Our regiment had no Confederate colors, but only the standard of Virginia emblazoned on its folds, "*Virginia, Sic Semper Tyrannis.*" General John B. Floyd passed us, looking sternly to the front. Generals Buckner and Bushrod Johnson simply touched their caps to our flag. Then came General Gideon J. Pillow, superbly mounted and splendidly dressed.

GENERAL PILLOW'S TRIBUTE.

He reined in his horse and facing our regiment said so that all could hear, pointing to our glorious banner: "I trust to old Virginia my safety and my honor." The effect was electrical, and inspired the Virginians with renewed hopes and courage.

BUCKNER BELOVED.

But all the officers and men centered their confidence in Buckner. He had drilled our brigade the Sunday evening before at Russellville, Ky., and all knew him. He looked every inch a typical military man and leader. The result showed their confidence was not misplaced. Floyd and Pillow turned over the command to Buckner and escaped in safety. Buckner stood by his men and surrendered with them.

PREDICTION VERIFIED.

On the evening of the first day after fighting commenced, the Confederates took as prisoner a captain of an Indiana company. He was brought to my camp under guard, and while sitting before the camp-fire at night I asked him who commanded the Federal Army. He replied, "General U. S. Grant." When asked where he came from, as we had never heard of him before, he said: "You will know him well enough before Saturday night, and his initials are ominous, meaning, 'Unconditional Surrender' Grant." His predictions were verified, much to our astonishment.

T. D. J.

[From the Richmond *Dispatch*, March 17, 1891.]

YANCEY AND HILL.

An Account of Their Difficulty in the Confederate Senate.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In the *Dispatch* of Sunday, March 15th, there is a clipping from the *Atlanta Constitution*, giving an account of "a stormy scene which occurred in the Confederate States Senate between Ben. Hill and William L. Yancey," and the writer says "so far as I know neither one ever saw in print any reference to the episode which came so near ending in the immediate death of Yancey." Now, I have in a scrap-book a clipping from the *Columbia (Tenn.) Herald*, date not given, but which was published about 1874 or 1876, which says:

"Among the many events of personal interest that occurred in the South during the late war but few are of more dramatic character or aroused a deeper interest among our people than the unfortunate personal difficulty which took place in the Confederate States Senate at Richmond, during its secret session, between Mr. William L. Yancey, of Alabama, and Mr. Ben. H. Hill, of Georgia. Several different and conflicting versions of this affair have been given through the southern press, but none has yet been published that accords with a statement we recently derived from a gentleman who was at the time a senator, and an eye-witness to all that happened on the occasion.

ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE.

"The difficulty had its origin in the heated political contests so common in this country prior to the breaking out of the war. It was when Yancey, with his dazzling eloquence, was 'firing the Southern heart' that a barbecue, attended by thousands, was given in one of the Southern counties of Georgia. It was here that Hill and Yancey met—the one the bold and eloquent defender of the Union, and the other the boasted champion of secession—and during the debate which ensued words were uttered that caused an estrangement that was never afterward reconciled.

"The two men met again in the Confederate Senate, both doubtless smarting under the recollection of past contests and entertaining no kindly feelings for each other. It was when the cause of the South was drooping and every patriot heart was heavy with despon-

dency and gloom that Mr. Yancey, rising in his place in the Senate, declared that the war could no longer be carried on with any hope of success unless many of the constitutional restraints and embarrassments were thrown aside, and boldly advocated a radical change in the Government to meet the demands of the public and the exigences of the hour.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

"Upon the conclusion of Mr. Yancey's remarks, Mr. Hill promptly arose to reply. The scene was one of the most intense excitement. He depreciated the opinion advocated by Mr. Yancey, and proceeded with great severity to review his past political career, running back to the beginning of the times when our sectional troubles were first agitated. He said Mr. Yancey, not satisfied with having warred upon and disrupted the old Union, was now crying out against and endeavoring to subvert and break down the Confederate Government. When Mr. Hill concluded, the excitement, already at white heat, was increased beyond anything ever before witnessed during those troublesome times. Mr. Yancey arose and in a calm, dignified, and self-poised manner peculiarly his own, commenced his reply. He described Mr. Hill as repeating slanders that had been uttered against him for the past twenty years, and that all which Mr. Hill had uttered had been said innumerable times before by every third-rate politician in the country, and continued by saying: 'Nature had designed the Senator from Georgia as an imitator; that he had been cast in a certain die, and it was vain to attempt to enlarge his dimensions.'

AN INKSTAND THROWN.

"Pallid with rage, Mr. Hill mounted to his feet, and seizing a heavy glass inkstand, hurled it with all his might and power at the head of Mr. Yancy, which, grazing his forehead, ploughed its way to the skull and passed on in its furious course, crushing a heavy window facing beyond. Without turning his head, Mr. Yancy, who was at the time addressing the Speaker, continued his speech, deliberately remarking: "It is always the prerogative of cowards to strike from the rear." Enraged still more at this remark, Mr. Hill, gathering a chair, rushed upon his antagonist, who heedless of the attack, was continuing his remarks as calmly as if nothing had happened, when a number of senators interposing, the difficulty was ended. Mr. Yancey's wound bled most profusely, and a scene of the utmost confusion prevailed.

CAUSE OF YANCEY'S DEATH.

"It has been several times stated since Mr. Yancey's death that it resulted from injuries received in this rencounter; but such is not the fact, as he died from a disease that could in no way have been superinduced by this cause."

Mr. Yancey died at Montgomery, 28th July, 1863, and B. H. Hill died in Atlanta, 19th August, 1882. O.

RICHMOND, VA., 16th March, 1891.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, January 2 and 13, 1891.]

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

[The following "open" correspondence is here connectedly presented in justice to all concerned.]

An Open Letter from Dr. R. L. Dabney to Dr. J. William Jones.

[For the *Richmond Dispatch*, January 2, 1892.]

AUSTIN, TEX., *December 15, 1891.*

To the Rev. Dr. John William Jones :

REV. AND DEAR SIR: My home is now nearly 2,000 miles from Virginia. I am an old man, infirm and totally blind. I have been recently told that you make me figure in the following mode in one of your published books of war reminiscences. I am told that your scene is laid at the battle of Malvern Hill in 1862, when I was chief-of-staff to General Jackson's corps, that I am represented as crouching behind a large gate-post as a shelter from artillery fire, and that I was twitted with the inconsistency between this act and that doctrine of a protecting Providence which I had preached to the soldiers. I am also told that this fiction is actually illustrated by a picture representing my face and person. This can add only a very stinging point to the story.

I have to assure you that the whole story is absolutely false, and never had even a pretext of fact to palliate its invention. You were not present on the spot yourself, and, of course, do not assert the

story on your personal knowledge. You have evidently been imposed on by one of those baseless canards of which the idle gossip of the camps was so prolific. You and I both endeavor to live by that Divine rule: "Do unto others as you wish they should do to you." I request you to apply this question to yourself: Had your connection with the Confederate armies been like mine—brief and modest—how would you like to have it made known to posterity by the pen of the popular historian so as to leave you standing in the attitude of a skulker, and a butt for quite a "silly and scurvy jest?" You would not feel reconciled to the attitude by the two facts that the whole picture was and is utterly fictitious, and that at this late day only one in ten of those who have read the story will ever see its correction.

The authentic facts of the case are these: General Jackson was himself present during that terrible artillery fire, having dismounted, as all the officers of his staff were advised to do, and was standing much nearer those noted gate-posts than I was. At last, when the fire became very terrible, he flung himself upon his horse and galloped to the rear, but I was under orders from him to remain near the spot in order to direct movements. This I did until my tasks were finished. The interval between his retirement and mine I spent partly in conference with General Hood, who was standing dismounted in front of his brigade, some forty or fifty yards east of the gate-posts.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

R. L. DABNEY.

Dr. J. William Jones' Reply to the "Open Letter" of Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney.

ATLANTA, GA., *January 5, 1892.*

Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney:

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just seen your "open letter" to me, published in the *Richmond Dispatch* of the 2d instant, and I hasten to assure you of my deep regret that I have connected your name with an anecdote which you pronounce without foundation, and especially that you regard it (or at least the version of it you have heard) as reflecting upon you, and placing you in a false and discreditable light.

Let me assure you that nothing was further from my purpose than to publish an incident of even doubtful authenticity, or to publish even what seemed to me authentic, if it should wound you, or seem to you or to any one to reflect upon you in the least degree.

The facts in the case are simply these :

I had heard this anecdote told a number of times in the camp and since the war, and had seen it in print probably five or six times. I had never heard it denied, or seen its authenticity questioned, and I really believed, until I saw your "open letter," that it was entirely authentic. Your statement, of course, settled the matter, and I shall never repeat the anecdote again; shall ask my publishers to suppress it in future editions of my book, and shall do everything in my power to correct it. But when I used it to illustrate a point in my "Christ in the Camp," it was in the full assurance of its authenticity.

Yet I would never have used a well-authenticated anecdote had I supposed for a moment that it either placed you "in the attitude of a skulker," or that any one would so regard it, or that it would in any way wound you; but I would respectfully submit that the friend who told you of it has, unintentionally, of course, misrepresented the tone and spirit of my publication, and made it mean what the language does not imply.

And in order that this may be seen, I feel constrained to quote the passage from "Christ in the Camp" in full, although I am loth to do so, as the anecdote proved to be a "baseless canard."

In speaking of the faithful workers, who preached to the soldiers under the most adverse circumstances, I say :

"Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney was a gallant and efficient officer on Jackson's staff, and often preached to the men at headquarters and in their camps and bivouacs as opportunity offered. On this march he preached a very able sermon on 'Special Providence,' and in the course of which he used this emphatic language: 'Men, you need not be trying to dodge shot, or shell, or minnie. Every one of these strikes *just where the Lord permits it to strike, and nowhere else*, and you are perfectly safe where the missiles of death fly thickest until Jehovah permits you to be stricken.'

"Major Nelson, of General Ewell's staff, one of the bravest of the brave, and an humble Christian and devout churchman, heard that sermon, and did not fully endorse what he called its 'extreme Calvinism.'

"During the battle of Malvern Hill General Jackson rode, as was his wont, into the very hottest fire, and for some time he and his staff sat on their horses at a point at which there was a converging fire, but 'old Stonewall' seemed to be entirely oblivious of it until one of his couriers was killed, when he turned to his staff and told

them to dismount and shelter themselves. Dr. Dabney chanced to be near a very large, thick oak gate-post, and he very wisely got behind that, sitting bolt upright with his back against it. Soon after he had assumed this position Major Nelson rode up to bring some message from General Ewell to General Jackson, and with a soldier's keen eye at once took in the situation. Delivering his message, he at once rode straight to Dr. Dabney, and, with a graceful military salute, said: 'Major Dabney, every shot and shell and minnie strikes *just where the Lord permits*, and you must excuse me, sir, for expressing my surprise that you are seeking to *put an oak gate-post between you and Special Providence.*'

"But the great theologian was fully equal to the occasion, and at once replied: 'Why Major, you do not understand the doctrine of "Special Providence."' I believe and teach it with all my heart, and *I look upon this thick gate post as a very "Special Providence" just at this juncture.*'"

It will thus be seen that I alluded to you as "a gallant and efficient officer on General Jackson's staff"; that I say that General Jackson *ordered* his staff "to dismount and shelter themselves"; that I say that "Dr. Dabney chanced to be near a very large, thick oak gate-post, and he very wisely got behind that, sitting bolt upright, with his back against it"; and that I say that "the great theologian was fully equal to the occasion," and report him as getting decidedly the best of the *repartee* between two gallant soldiers under terrific fire.

Pardon me for adding just this: In writing a great deal, as I have done, to vindicate at the bar of history the name and fame of the Confederate soldier, I have never knowingly penned a sentence which did injustice to the humblest private in the ranks. Far less am I capable of intentionally wronging one whose devoted and life-long service to our evangelical Christianity—whose gallant and efficient service on the staff of Stonewall Jackson, and whose admirable biography of his chief, and able and unanswerable "Vindication of of Virginia and the South," have won my highest respect and warmest admiration.

Again expressing my profound regret that I have inadvertently wounded one whom for many years I have counted my personal friend, with sincere sympathy for you in your affliction, and with the earnest prayer that God may long spare you for the noble work you are now doing, I am yours fraternally,

J. WILLIAM JONES.

[From the *Cosmopolitan*, December, 1891.

SOCIAL LIFE IN RICHMOND DURING THE WAR.

BY EDWARD M. ALFRIEND.

For many months after the beginning of the war between the States Richmond was an extremely gay, bright, and happy city. Except that its streets were filled with handsomely-attired officers and that troops constantly passed through it, there was nothing to indicate the horrors or sorrows of war, or the fearful deprivations that subsequently befell it. As the war progressed its miseries tightened their bloody grasp upon the city, happiness was nearly destroyed, and the hearts of the people were made to bleed.

During the time of McClellan's investment of Richmond, and the seven days' fighting between Lee's army and his own, every cannon that was fired could be heard in every home in Richmond, and as every home had its son or sons at the front in Lee's army, it can be easily understood how great was the anguish of every mother's heart in the Confederate capital. These mothers had cheerfully given their sons to the southern cause, illustrating, as they sent them forth to battle, the heroism of the Spartan mother, who, when she gave her son his shield, told him to return with or on it.

HAPPY PHASES TO SOCIAL LIFE.

And yet, during the entire war, Richmond had happy phases to its social life. Entertainments were given very freely and very liberally the first year of the war, and at them wine and suppers were generously furnished, but as the war progressed all this was of necessity given up, and we had instead what were called "starvation parties."

The young ladies of the city, accompanied by their male escorts (generally Confederate officers on leave) would assemble at a fashionable residence that before the war had been the abode of wealth, and have music and plenty of dancing, but not a morsel of food or a drop of drink was seen. And this form of entertainment became the popular and universal one in Richmond. Of course no food or wine was served simply because the host could not get it, or could

not afford it. And at these starvation parties the young people of Richmond and the young army officers assembled and danced as brightly and as happily as though a supper worthy of Lucullus awaited them.

The ladies were simply dressed, many of them without jewelry, because the women of the South had given their jewelry to the Confederate cause. Often on the occasion of these starvation parties some young southern girl would appear in an old gown belonging to her mother or grand-mother, or possibly a still more remote ancestor, and the effect of the antique garment was very peculiar; but no matter what was worn, no matter how peculiarly any one might be attired, no matter how bad the music, no matter how limited the host's or hostess's ability to entertain, everybody laughed, danced, and was happy, although the reports of the cannon often boomed in their ears, and all deprivation, all deficiencies were looked on as a sacrifice to the southern cause.

THE DRESS OF A GRANDMOTHER.

I remember going to starvation party during the war with a Miss M., a sister of Amelie Rives's mother. She wore a dress belonging to her great-grandmother or grandmother, and she looked regally handsome in it. She was a young lady of rare beauty, and as thoroughbred in every feature of her face or pose and line of her body as a reindeer, and with this old dress on she looked as though the portrait of some ancestor had stepped out of its frame.

Such spectacles were very common at our starvation parties. On one occasion I attended a starvation party at the residence of Mr. John Enders, an old and honored citizen of Richmond, and, of course, there was no supper. Among those present was Willie Allan, the second son of the gentleman, Mr. John Allan, who adopted Edgar Allan Poe, and gave him his middle name. About one o'clock in the morning he came to one other gentleman and myself, and asked us to go to his home just across the street, saying he thought he could give us some supper. Of course, we eagerly accepted his invitation and accompanied him to his house. He brought out a half dozen cold mutton chops and some bread, and we had what was to us a royal supper. I spent the night at the Allan home, and slept in the same room with Willie Allan. The next morning there was a tap on the door, and I heard the mother's gentle voice calling: "Willie, Willie." He answered, "Yes, mother; what is it?" And she re-

plied: "Did you eat the mutton chops last night?" He answered, "Yes," when she said: "Well, then, we haven't any breakfast."

FRIGHTFUL CONTRASTS.

The condition of the Allan household was that of all Richmond. Sometimes the contrasts that occurred in these social gayeties in Richmond were frightful, ghastly. A brilliant, handsome, happy, joyous young officer, full of hope and promise, would dance with a lovely girl, return to his command; a few days would elapse, another starvation party would occur; the officer would be missed, he would be asked for, and the reply came, "Killed in battle;" and frequently the same girls with whom he had danced a few nights before would attend his funeral from one of the churches of Richmond. Can life have any more terrible antithesis than this?

A Georgia lady was once remonstrating with General Sherman against the conduct of some of his men, when she said: "General, this is barbarity," and General Sherman, who was famous for his pregnant epigrams, replied: "Madam, war is barbarity." And so it is.

On one occasion when I was attending a starvation party in Richmond the dancing was at its height and everybody was bright and happy, when the hostess, who was a widow, was suddenly called out of the room. A hush fell on everything, the dancing stopped, and every one became sad, all having a premonition in those troublous times that something fearful had happened. We were soon told that her son had been killed late that evening in a skirmish in front of Richmond, a few miles from his home.

Wounded and sick men and officers were constantly brought into the homes of the people of Richmond to be taken care of, and every home had in it a sick or wounded Confederate soldier. From the association thus brought about many a love affair occurred and many a marriage resulted. I know of several wives and mothers in the South who lost their hearts and won their soldier husbands in this way, so this phase of life during the war near Richmond was prolific of romance.

GENERAL LEE KISSED THE GIRLS.

General Robert E. Lee would often leave the front, come into Richmond, and attend these starvation parties, and on such occasions he was not only the cynosure of all eyes, but the young ladies

all crowded around him, and he kissed every one of them. This was esteemed his privilege, and he seemed to enjoy the exercise of it. On such occasions he was thoroughly urbane, but always the dignified patrician soldier in his bearing.

Private theatricals were also a form of amusements during the war. I saw several of them. The finest I witnessed, however, was a performance of Sheridan's comedy, *The Rivals*, in which that brilliant lady, Mrs. Senator Clay, of Alabama, played Mrs. Malaprop. Her rendition of the part was one of the best I ever saw, rivalling that of any professional. The audience was very brilliant, the President of the Confederacy, Mr. Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, and others of equal distinction being present.

Mrs. Davis is a woman of great intellectual powers and a social queen, and at these entertainments she was very charming. Mr. Davis was always simple, unpretentious, and thoroughly cordial in his manner. To those who saw him on these occasions it was impossible to associate his gentle, pleasing manner with the stern decision with which he was then directing his side of the greatest war of modern times. The world has greatly misunderstood Mr. Davis and in no way more than in personal traits of his character. My brother, the late Frank H. Alfried, was Mr. Davis's biographer, and through him and through personal intercourse with Mr. Davis, I knew him well. In all his social, domestic, and family relations he was the gentlest, the noblest, the tenderest of men. As a father and husband he was almost peerless, for his domestic life was the highest conceivable.

LEADERS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Mr. Davis, at the Executive Mansion, held weekly receptions, to which the public were admitted. These continued until nearly the end of the war. The occasions were not especially marked, but Mr. and Mrs. Davis were always delightful hosts.

Conspicuous figures in the social life of Richmond during the war were the accomplished and learned Judah P. Benjamin: the silver-tongued orator, William L. Yancey, of Alabama; the profound logician and great constitutional lawyer, Ben. Hill, of Georgia; the able, eloquent, and benevolent Alexander H. Stephens, also of Georgia; the voluble but able Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi; the polished William Porcher Miles, of South Carolina; ex-President John Tyler, of Virginia; the present Senator Vest, of Missouri, and the proximity of the army to Richmond rendered it possible for General Jeb Stuart,

A. P. Hill, John Bankhead Magruder, Joseph E. Johnston, and other officers of distinction to contribute their contingent to its brilliant intellectual life during that sanguinary period.

BENJAMIN, STEPHENS, YANCEY AND HILL.

I have never known a man socially more fascinating than Judah P. Benjamin. He was in his attainments a veritable Admiral Crichton, and I think, excepting G. P. R. James, the most brilliant, fascinating conversationalist I have ever known. He was a great social lion in Richmond during the war, and always shone most brilliantly whenever occasion gave him the opportunity. Mr. Benjamin loved a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and revelled in the delights of fine Havana cigars. Indeed, even while Richmond was in a state of siege he was never without them.

That great and good man, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in consequence of his feeble health, mingled little in the social life of Richmond. He went out only among a few friends, but his tender, loving, benevolent heart was constantly doing good offices among the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. His tall, frail figure frequently wended its way through the streets of Richmond with packages of such little delicacies under his arm as he could procure, and when thus seen the remark was always made: "There goes Mr. Stephens to a hospital."

William L. Yancey, of Alabama, was also very quiet in his tastes, but mingled a good deal in the social life of the Confederate capitol. He possessed a finely developed head, with a broad, almost massive, forehead. His eyes were a large and lustrous blue, and his manner very gentle and exquisitely refined. His voice was as sweet in some of its notes as a strain of music from a lute, and would swell when speaking to the deep, rich tones of a church organ. Mr. Yancey was an extreme southern man, and was always viewed by the North as a "fire-eater" of the most violent type, but to those who saw him socially he was the gentlest of men, the most considerate, courteous, well-bred of gentlemen—was the embodiment of the highest type of southern chivalry.

Ben. Hill, of Georgia, was very fond of society, and went out a great deal. His nature was pre-eminently companionable, kindly and tender. In his social life he was kind, unpretentious, most fascinating intellectually, fond of a good joke, and possessed a most genial nature.

JOHN WISE AND HIS BIG CLOTHES.

The spectacle presented at the social gatherings, particularly the starvation parties, was picturesque in the extreme. The ladies often took down the damask and other curtains and made dresses of them. My friend, the Hon. John S. Wise, formerly of Virginia, now of New York, tells the following story of himself: He was serving in front of Richmond and was invited to come into the city to attend a starvation party. Having no coat of his own fit to wear, he borrowed one from a brother officer nearly twice his height. The sleeves of this coat covered his hands entirely, the skirt came below his knees several inches, and the two buttons in the back were down on his legs. So attired, Captain Wise went to the party. His first partner in the dance was a young lady of Richmond belonging to one of its best families. She was attired in the dress of her great-grandmother, and a part of this dress was a stomacher very aggressive in its proportions. Captain Wise relates with exquisite humor that in the midst of the dance he found himself in front of a mirror, and that the sight presented by himself and his partner was so ridiculous that he burst out laughing; and his partner turned and looked at him angrily, left his side, and never spoke to him again.

CONTRASTS THAT WERE PRETTY.

The varied and sometimes handsome uniforms of the Confederate officers commingling with each other and contrasting with the simple, pretty, sometimes antiquated dresses of the ladies, made pictures that were beautiful in their contrasts of color and of tone. An artist would have found in these scenes infinite opportunity for his pencil or brush,

I am sure that this phase of social life in Richmond during the war is without parallel in the world's history. The army officers, of course, had only their uniforms, and the women wore whatever they could get to wear.

In the last year of the war, particularly the last few months, the pinch of deprivation, especially as to food, became fearful. There were many families in Richmond that were in well nigh a starving condition. I know of some that lived for days on pea soup and bread. Confederate money was almost valueless. Its purchasing power had so depreciated that it used to be said it took a basketful

to go to market. Of course, the people had very few greenbacks, and very little gold or silver. The city was invested by two armies, Grant's and Lee's, and its railroad communications constantly destroyed by the Union cavalry. Supplies of food were very scarce and enormously costly; a barrel of flour cost several hundred dollars in Confederate money, and just before the fall of the Confederacy I paid \$500 for a pair of heavy boots. The suffering of this period was dreadful, and when Richmond capitulated many of its people were in an almost starving condition. Indeed, there was little food outside, and the Southern troops were but little better off.

LOYALTY OF THE SLAVES.

But in April, 1865, the Confederacy ceased to exist; it passed into history, and Richmond was occupied by the Northern army. Many of its people were without food and without money—I mean money of the United States. It was at this period that the colored people of Richmond, slaves up to the time the war ended, but now no longer bondsmen, showed their loyalty and love for their former masters and mistresses. They, of course, had access to the commissary of the United States, and many, very many, of these former negro slaves, went to the United States commissary, obtained food seemingly for themselves, and took it in basketfuls to their former owners, who were without food or money. I do not recall any record in the world's history nobler than this—indeed, equal to it.

These are memories of a dead past, and thank God! we now live under the old flag and in a happy, reunited country, which the South loves with a patriotic devotion unsurpassed by the North itself.

[From the *Richmond Times*, January 17, 1892.]

AMERICANS AS FIGHTERS.

Statistics Show Them to Be the Most Stubborn in the World.

General Boynton has recently published a paper about the battle of Chickamauga, which he claims as a Federal victory, because that battle was fought for the occupancy of Chattanooga, and our army did not occupy Chattanooga.

In this able paper he quotes some interesting statistics published by General Wheeler, which show the great mortality of the battles of the war between the States, and the comparative light losses of the battles of Europe during the past two hundred years.

While our losses in battle were thirty, forty, and sometimes over fifty per cent., the losses in killed and wounded in the great battles of Europe were from two to ten per cent., and in one case fourteen per cent.

At Waterloo, Wellington commanded the allied armies—viz.: 43,000 Bavarians; Blucher's corps, 30,000; Bulow's corps, over 30,000; British troops, 24,000; total, 127,000. Wellington's total killed and wounded were about 12,000. The battle lasted about seven hours, and was decided by Blucher. In the battle of Chickamauga our army, reported by Bragg at 46,000, lost 18,000 in killed and wounded. It raged during two days. The Federal army lost as heavily, including about 4,000 prisoners reported as "missing." Our army forced the Federal army along its whole front, all save Thomas's corps, in rout.

Bragg considered the exhausted condition of his army too great to justify his pursuit of his beaten enemy, but Forrest did not find his division too exhausted to pursue, as he did, to the very works of Chattanooga. and Armstrong, who was with him, says Forrest sent urgently to Bragg to follow up his victory. Forrest did not see his horses for three days, and bore his lion's share of that fierce battle. He always believed that by prompt pursuit our army might have occupied Chattanooga and captured a large part of Rosecranz's army. It is believed that the Union troops from the West were harder fighters than those opposed to the Armies of Northern Virginia, and results show there was no inferiority in our armies fighting beyond the Alleghanies to those of Virginia.

When Johnston was superceded by Hood his army was in superb condition, hardened by almost daily combat with an army more than twice its force. It was equal to any army that ever fought on any field. Its general officers were unequaled. Hardee was its senior corps commander, Stephen D. Lee and A. P. Stewart were the lieutenant-generals, and among the division and brigade commanders was an extraordinary array of able men, John C. Breckinridge, Frank Cheatham, Cleburne, Stevenson, John C. Brown, Walthall, Loring, Hindman, Wheeler, Porter, were there—and to-day assembled in the Senate are Morgan, Gibson, Cockrell, Eustace, Berry, Wal-

thall and George, who were of that great army, and with them the noble war governor of Tennessee, Isham C. Harris.

No such assemblage of men of intellect ever before controlled any army. Unfortunately Forrest, Frank Armstrong and Bud Jackson were not with Johnston then, or Sherman would never have made his cruel raid as he did.

A striking proof of the greater tenacity of American troops is found in the fact that both sides held their ground in our battles two, three and more days.

No European battle lasted more than one day except the one of Marlborough's, which was won on the second day.

In the battle of Corinth, the First Division, Army of the West, went into action October 2d at ten A. M., with four thousand seven hundred rifles, fought all day; next day at ten A. M., stormed the town and worked with the Missouri division under General Martin Green. Being unsupported by the Third division, they were driven out with terrible loss. Next day the army retreated. The First division being in front was unexpectedly headed at the Hatchie bridge by General Ord with eight thousand men. The remnant, then about one thousand two hundred Texans and Arkansians, held that crossing from ten A. M. to three P. M., defeated every effort of Ord to cross and inflicted great loss. The enemy ceased to try the crossing, and the First division was ordered to retire and follow the army. They had fought almost incessantly three days; were hungry and weary, but were game to the last.

When General Van Dorn sent Colonel Barry, of Columbus, in command of a large burial party to General Rosecranz, he declined to admit them, but wrote to Van Dorn to this effect: "You may well understand why I cannot admit your burial party, but you may be sure that every attention and care shall be bestowed upon your wounded, and every respect paid to your dead, especially to those who fell so bravely as the men of your First division."

That gallant and high-toned commander buried Colonel William B. Rodgers, of the Second Texas, Moore's brigade, with the honors of war, and caused his grave to be neatly enclosed and marked. For years it stood on the brink of the ditch of battery Robinet where he fell.

One of the most remarkable illustrations in the history of wars of tenacity and constancy of troops is found in the great battles between Lee and Grant. For weeks the Army of Northern Virginia inflicted

defeat after defeat upon the Army of the Potomac, until Grant's losses exceeded 80,000 men killed and wounded. More than 20,000 sleep in the great cemetery at Fredericksburg. Yet Grant held his army to its work until he gained his final base of operations upon the James.

Metz was the strongest fortress in the world. It was garrisoned by a great army. Yet in a few weeks it surrendered with its army, and destroyed the cause of France.

In the great war between the States, Fort Sumter was captured in one day by us. It was occupied by the First South Carolina Regiment. For more than four years that garrison held it under an incessant bombardment and many assaults. They repulsed every assault. They defeated every attack of the ironclad fleets of the United States. During the last two years more than 46,000 projectiles of the heavy artillery were thrown into the fort. For one week of that defence every gun was dismantled, and the whole fort was reduced to a mass of bricks and mortar; but those gallant men, who ever refused to be relieved by any other troops, reconstructed their fort, put up sand bags and the debris better than it ever had been, remounted their guns, and began again to work upon their enemy. Their flag in the four years was cut down more than thirty times, but it was instantly restored by some gallant fellow who sprung upon the parapet, restored it again, and waved his hat to the enemy.

After more than four years, the last hope of the Confederacy being dead forever, these men, under orders of their chief, lowered their torn banner and left their example to mankind.

In view of these facts Europe should pause before making war upon us, and we should halt before ever again we make war upon each other.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

THE NINETEENTH OF JANUARY.

LEE'S BIRTH-DAY.

The Second Public Observance of the Anniversary of the Birth of
Robert E. Lee.

The anniversary of the birth of General Robert Edward Lee, was again observed throughout Virginia, on January 19th, 1892. In many of the cities and towns there were military parades, (despite of

drenching rain,) and the banks and public offices in all were closed. The Confederate Veteran Corps of the city of New York, and the Confederate Army and Navy Association of Baltimore, Maryland, each commemorated the occasion by a banquet with reverential exercises. The day is now by statute, a legal holiday in the States of North Carolina and Georgia as well as in Virginia, and the day was observed in Raleigh and Atlanta, and doubtless in other southern cities of which the Richmond papers have not as yet given report.

The accounts of the observance which follow, have been compiled from the reports published in the issues of the *Richmond Dispatch* and *Times*, of January 20:

Robert Edward Lee's birth-day was quite generally observed in Richmond yesterday, though the inclement weather prevented the celebration from being a more general one. As it was, veterans and militia braved the elements, and orators and speakers told of the patriotism and bravery of those who followed the fortunes of Lee. Previous to the day it was arranged that there should be a grand parade of the entire military force of Richmond, accompanied by Lee and Pickett Camps, but the pitiless rain prevented this consummation. Early in the day the orders given the Blues and Stuart Horse Guards were countermanded, and a communication was sent Colonel Henry C. Jones, of the First regiment, which stated that the veterans would not parade the proposed line of march. It was afterwards arranged that the regiment would act as escort to the veterans from Seventh and Broad streets to the House of Delegates. This pleasant duty was to have been performed by the Blues. About four o'clock the regiment, in their service uniforms and overcoats, and headed by the regimental band and drum corps, marched from the armory, and through the mud, slush and rain, escorted the veterans to the Capitol. The latter immediately took possession of the hall of the House of Delegates.

The regiment then proceeded out of the Ninth street gate to Capitol street, thence to Governor, up Main to Eighth, up Franklin (passing General Lee's residence) to Seventh, and thence to the armory. The men were then dismissed by Colonel Jones.

PUBLIC OFFICES.

Business in the city offices was at a standstill yesterday and matters at the Capitol yesterday were dull. Many wholesale houses

closed their establishments at noon and the freight depots of the railroads were also closed after that hour. The scholars of the public schools had half holiday, and the banks were closed throughout the day.

Although the intensely discomfoting weather materially interfered with the purposed open-air demonstration, it could not dampen the ardent regard in which the memory of the glorious leader is held.

IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, headed by their drum corps, Lee and Picket Camps entered the Capitol grounds escorted by the First regiment and the Richmond Howitzers. Quite a number of people had already assembled in the hall of the House of Delegates to attend the services in memory of the immortal Robert E. Lee. Within a few minutes the spacious hall was completely filled with a dense crowd. The two camps and their ladies occupied the seats of the members of the House. The Confederate flag of Lee Camp was unfurled, amid the applause of the audience, by Color-Sergeant Smith and placed at the right of the platform.

Colonel Alexander W. Archer, commander of Lee Camp, opened the meeting without any ceremony. He stated that he deemed it hardly necessary for him to introduce the gentleman and comrade who had been unanimously elected to preside over this gathering. He presented to the audience their friend, comrade and Mayor, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson. Mayor Ellyson, who was greeted with loud applause, spoke as follows :

Ladies, Comrades, and Fellow-Citizens: We have met to-day under the auspices of Lee and Pickett Camps to do honor to the memory of one of Virginia's noblest sons. Robert E. Lee is forever enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and as we contemplate his virtues and heroism we are made better and purer men, and I trust the time will never come when Virginians shall fail on this, his natal day, to recount the valor and patriotism of their greatest chieftain, whose noblest aspiration in life found its completest realization in the doing of his duty to his God and to his fellow-man.

There is no danger, comrades, that the men who wore the gray will ever prove recreant to the principles that actuated them in time of war, but there is danger that our children may, and so we wish on these recurring anniversaries to tell of the chivalrous deeds of such leaders as Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Pickett, and to teach com-

ing generations that the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy were not rebels, but were Americans who loved constitutional liberty as something dearer than life itself.

THE ORATOR.

Dr. R. L. Mason, rector of Grace Episcopal church, who is a member of Lee Camp, was then introduced and offered a fervent prayer.

Rev. George H. Ray, pastor of Union-Station Methodist Church, also an old veteran, was presented to the assemblage as the orator of the day. He stated that he was an extemporaneous speaker and on this occasion he could either make an extemporaneous address or read a paper on the subject. The former would take him an hour, while the latter would only take up thirty-five minutes. He had decided to read his address, which was as follows:

We sometimes hear men speak of the heroes of the Lost Cause. I believe there were heroes, but I do not think the cause was lost. Slaves are free. The integrity of the nation is maintained. The union of the States is cemented in blood. The Southern soldier has laid down his arms. The Confederacy is dissolved. But the cause of constitutional liberty for which we fought is not lost. The display of four years of bravery and suffering by the soldiers led by Lee, fighting as they did against all odds for the maintenance of our common Anglican and American thought of self government, becomes a factor in the defense of the Magna Charta of a common community. No man or set of men can live without modifying the condition of their fellows and being modified in turn. The unconscious tree affects the growth of other trees of the forest. How much more will a conscious being modify his fellows with whom he comes in contact, and how much more will the concerted action of a community affect the communities it jostles and over which it wields a partial or full control? So on this nation to-day is felt the effect of Southern valor. Lee's virtue and matchless generalship are felt.

He may have been unconscious of the influence wielded by himself and his associates. He and his friends at their fall may have felt that the cause they represented was lost, but at this distance it does not take a philosopher to see that the movement inspired by Oliver Cromwell became a great factor in English liberty. Although Charles II in anger stamped his foot and scorned the "fool's cap" when reinstated to the throne, yet the fool's cap lives. The influence

started and the modification of English society made by Cromwell, as seen in the death of Charles I and the banishment of Charles II, by which the power of the Romish Church was hurled back and the way was thus prepared for the admission of dissenting clergymen to benefices, for the enlargement of English families and for the speedy coming of William of Orange, by whom James II was dethroned, the growing papal power was broken and English liberties were extended. So conquered at last only by attrition, not by valor on the field of battle, the four years of a nation's agony finds in its story the history of a great struggle between five hundred thousand ill-equipped but well-drilled Confederates and two million well-kept Federal soldiers, their very struggle modifying not the armors only, but each section of this great nation, and reinforcing North and South among the States the great principles underlying our constitutional government. On the one side State sovereignty and personal rights, on the other the supremacy of the nation in its unity. We of the South, with arms laid down and the hope of separate independence wrapped in the tattered folds of the surrendered flag, may see as the smoke of battle lifts that State sovereignty and personal rights still stand like mountains in the heart of this nation, while we recognize the fact that the States are one and indivisible, and ought to be. After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century we look over the field of carnage where Lee and his soldiers met and defeated in successive campaigns more than double their numbers; we see the undivided life of the nation, the rights of the States and the rights of citizens alike maintained. Never again may the wiles of politicians, the heat of partizans or the extravagance of demagogues excite on these themes another battle-cry. If we have another war between the States, it will not, cannot be on this line. But the cause is not lost, as the genius of our republic is felt in Europe. As kings tremble on their thrones at the march of the thought of government by the people, and as new republics are being born, so the stroke by Southern men in arms for self-government is felt among the States. Now again are the Southern States steadily marching to the front in this nation's history in all that constitutes greatness. Let Virginia be a sample.

A RESULT OF THE WAR.

The destruction of slavery as a result of the war has opened the finest soil of the Atlantic slope to the markets of the world. With a

salubrious climate equaling that of Italy, with a climate and soil adapted to all the staple crops of the world, our lands in the absence of slaves and with a sparse white population constitute in themselves a standing invitation to brains and money. Many have already come, and now that the Virginia debt will be settled by the present legislature with satisfaction alike to the State and its creditors, we may look for men coming from abroad, who, with motive found in money-making, will join us in the task of lifting the grand old State to a new growth and a higher material destiny. Our soil, our climate, our transportation and school facilities, as well as our people, invite strangers. The negro, as a common laborer, has stood for twenty-five years as a breakwater against the influx of riff-raff immigration, which we neither need nor want, while our condition to-day invites the presence of men of larger or smaller means who are looking to the betterment of their condition. Take a man in New Jersey with a family of five children on a farm of one hundred acres. His farm at one hundred dollars an acre is worth ten thousand dollars, with six hundred dollars worth of team and utensils, six hundred dollars in labor and six hundred dollars in fertilizers, and an entire capital of eleven thousand eight hundred dollars. He sells perhaps two thousand dollars worth of produce. Now in Virginia one hundred acres at ten dollars an acre and the same amount in stock, etc., a Virginian will sell as much as the Jerseyman and has only one thousand eight hundred dollars capital. The man with ten thousand dollars in Northern lands can give each of his sons here one hundred acres with less than half his capital and enjoy the advantage of constant enhancement in values. On a visit to Pennsylvania I found in York, Northumberland, Tioga and other counties that lands which twenty years ago sold for one hundred and fifty dollars an acre can now be bought for seventy-five dollars. This is true all over the Northern States except in proximity to the great cities. Why is this? It may, in part, be due to shrinkage from war prices, but it is also owing in part, if not entirely, to the fact that so much Southern land is put on the market. Ours at ten dollars per acre, theirs at one hundred and fifty dollars. Ours with two or three months winter, theirs with five or seven months. When flour is five dollars a barrel in Richmond and ten dollars in New York it will leave Richmond for the other city till the equilibrium is restored. The law of demand and supply rules the world. The undeveloped resources and wonderful advantages of the South are so vast that they may not be told and the world begins to know it.

A GREAT STORM.

Commodore Maury said that ninety miles from the Virginia coast is the point more free from storms than any other place in America. The storm that killed Conklin had its head centre in the great lakes, passed south behind the Appalachian hills, and struck the Atlantic below Charleston, then returned with the Gulf stream, struck the Jersey coast at Cape Henlopen. We hardly felt it here. What wonderful hidden stores of wealth are in your soil? At New river, near White Top mountain, Virginia, Washington got lead to kill the Indians. From these mines he had bullets made to shoot the British. The same mines furnished that material to fight the war of 1812, and then the Mexicans, and then the Yankees, and still they are unexhausted. Money, like water, will seek its level. It pays better here, and despite all prejudice it will come. Already it has spread the golden wings of its flight to this Southland. Almost all the railways now building are in the South; transportation and commerce, manufacturing plants and men are moving South. The proximity to raw material, the evenness of our climate, the brevity of our winters, and the immensity of our water-power, make us feel as we recognize the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man," and welcome the good and true to come with us. The South, with its growing enterprise and increasing population, is obliged to participate in the prosperity of the nation. The cotton crop for 1891 is placed at three hundred million dollars; tobacco at fifty million dollars, with her part in the one billion, seven hundred million dollars of cereals, to say nothing of hay, molasses, sugar, potatoes, wool, forests and mines, make us feel that we stand in the place of prophecy as we look at the opening of the golden gates of a future rich in promise. And the vision widens with the horizon. You say what becomes of the race question, precipitated upon us by the results of the war? I answer. That question was on us before the war, and it may be on our children when we are dead. I believe in a special providence over nations as over individuals. I do not understand the providence that brought the negroes to these shores as slaves, nor do I understand the slave agitation which culminated in the bloodiest war of the ages. Nor still do I understand the present condition of the negro. I cannot see the wisdom of our Government in enfranchising a nation yet in its swaddling clothes, and elevating an incongruous people—some of whom are, to say the least, not far removed

from fetishism—to competition with the brains and muscle of the Anglo-Saxon race, already a thousand years in advance of them in civilization. I do not believe in the theory of evolution if that means bringing something from nothing by what you call a law of nature. Something from nothing without causation is absurd. There must be a creative touch behind all. But I do believe in the inexorable law of “the survival of the fittest.” It may be that God will help that race of people, and they may fare better than the Indians, because they are more docile, but I don’t know how. He may possibly transplant them ; possibly scatter them among the Northern people, or place them in some territory or Africa. Simultaneously with their freedom Africa was explored. Railways are now crossing the dark continent, and steamers are plowing her waters, and four hundred thousand of her people have lately been converted to Christianity. The negroes are not reinforced by immigration, nor increasing as rapidly as the white race by natural laws, so that in relation to that race they stand as John the Baptist stood to Christ—the one must increase and the other decrease. And thus in the coming years, the negro may cease to be a disturbing factor in our civilization, as he is now hardly felt in Virginia politics.

THE NEW SOUTH.

Men talk of the old South and the new; I rejoice in the new, because it is the same old South renewed. Like the fable phoenix bird, that from the ashes of its funeral pile came forth with its same sweet song and with richer plumage to flutter again in the great floods of the sunshine. So comes old sunny Southland forth from the fires of the crucible under the guidance of the genii of a noble ancestry, to sing the song of liberty taught our fathers by the mothers of Huguenots and Cavaliers. The thought of higher human rights in self government, for which men in all ages have sighed, begotten and born of the incarnated Christ, who conquered when he fell, becomes the guiding star song of the new South, as it was of the old; and thus the principle of the old South still stands as the storm beaten rock stands to shoulder back the billow. When time shall have grown gray and the evening of the world shall welcome the angel of liberty encircling the earth with a halo of glory and peace, and men shall look to the headlights of the ages as they shine in the dim aisles of the past, none will give a brighter effulgence than Robert Edward Lee. Leading the heroes of the South in the three years of

his conduct of our armies he killed and wounded 300,000 of the foe. Victorious in all except two drawn battles, he never was defeated in a pitched battle, but literally wore his own armies out whipping the invader. Not one of his campaigns was more brilliant than the six days' retreat from the lines of Richmond. For nine months he had held the great army of the Potomac in check and dread with less than 30,000 troops. He led his foodless and weary men on that retreat to within thirteen miles of Lynchburg, while pursued by 150,000 fresh troops, holding his foe in check by brilliant engagements at various points. At last he surrendered, not an army, only a skeleton, about 8,000 men. His surrender at Appomattox Court-house was as creditable to his genius as it was protective to the remnant of his noble army and honorable to the Confederacy. Never before in the world's history was it known that accounted rebels were released by the victors on their parole with their side arms and private property.

Two things are necessary to success, capacity and opportunity. Whatever capacity a man may have he cannot succeed unless an opportunity is given, and whatever floodtide of opportunity may come to float him on to fortune and to fame, he can never sweep the water of the sea without capacity. No one except those intimate with him knew Lee's capacity. The hero of Lundy's Lane and conquerer of Mexico, Winfield Scott, a close observer, had said: "Colonel Lee is the best soldier I ever saw in the field." His reputation as a man, engineer and soldier, though in a smaller circle, had brought him the offer of the leadership of the United States armies, and with boots withdrawn to hush his steps, he walked the floor all night when the choice of flags confronted him. His home-life, his manhood and his patriotism prevailed and he still held that "duty was the sublimest word" of his language. But Colonel Lee's capacity was not generally known because the opportunity had not come. Had it never come he would only have been known as Colonel Lee, a distinguished engineer of the United States army. When it did come, he showed the self-command of Washington and Wellington, and will live with them their equals in history. He showed the power of quick combination and dash of Napoleon without his ambition, the steady endurance and personal popularity of Cæsar without the suspicion of turning ambitious arms against his country and his home. He showed the genius of Alexander without his desire of conquest, for he fought only to defend the right. He showed all the piety of

Havelock, while like the patriot Cincinnatus, he at length sheathed his sword and went back to the plow-handle of private life to teach the sons of his old soldiers lessons of peace. With rapid strategic movements after defeating the army of one hundred thousand men under McClellan before Richmond and hurling the boasting Pope and his great army into the defenses around Washington, he moved the besieging army from the beleaguered Confederate capitol, and concentrated the enemy's forces to the defense of Washington, and in a few months recovered all Northern Virginia from the occupancy of the foe. When McClellan and Pope and Burnside and Hooker and Meade, each successfully commanding the largest and best equipped army ever gathered on the continent, entering no engagement with less than one hundred thousand men, each in turn tried to crush the noble little army of fifty thousand men, and each had in turn been defeated, then came Grant with the largest army of all. His mind was fully made up to give Lee two men for one until his noble little army, now no longer reinforced, should come to an end. Lee took four men instead of two for one. This was done by his skill, strategy and endurance. Yet it was only the question of time. The end must come. When he reached Richmond, Lee looked back, possibly with sadness in his great heart, on three battles in which General Grant had lost more men by thirty thousand than Wellington, Blucher and Napoleon altogether lost in the campaign which ended at Waterloo. A cordon of skeletons still lie along this path of carnage to mark the steps where our brave defenders trod to do and dare for liberty and honor, led by our own Robert Edward Lee. They followed him, feeling as his great Lieutenant Jackson expressed it: "He is the only man I would follow blindfolded." With the remnant of his army, without reinforcements, Lee held Grant at bay with his constantly accumulating forces and machinery of war for nine long months, on a line of defense nearly thirty miles in length, and then the march of Sherman, the retreat, the six days' march, the six foodless days, the six days' running fight and then the end.

AT HIS HOME.

Ten days thereafter, in company with Dr. John E. Edwards, I called to see our chieftain at his home on Franklin street, in this city, and his allusion to the surrender was: "My brave men and I have done the best we could." He showed there as everywhere that "Human virtue is equal to human calamity."

On the 29th of May, 1890, I stood with you where never again till at the judgment seat will I see as many of the war-worn Confederates, where with roll of drums and boom of cannon General Joseph E. Johnston, now gone to be with Lee, pulled the cord which unveiled the statue and one hundred thousand voices made the air resonant with the name of Robert E. Lee. And then as they passed his old home, with many wooden legs and armless sleeves, and all with uncovered heads, they sang "Shall auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind." The noble women of Richmond wept. The brawny, brave, gray-haired veterans wept. I could not refrain from mingling my tears with theirs. We wept not because the slaves were free, for none of us would have them back; we wept not that the Confederacy failed to gain independence, for we love our own rights as States and individuals, made doubly sure in terrific struggle and in the close of that war in which we were actors. Those questions were forever settled then. But we wept because we recalled that day a common suffering in a common heritage of hardships shared so willingly with us by our grand old commander. We wept because we all loved General Lee. The Sentinel Song of the poet is the expression of our thoughts to-day:

When falls the soldier brave dead at the feet of wrong
The poet sings and guards his grave with sentinels of song.
Songs, march! he gives command. Keep faithful watch and true.
The living and the dead of the conquered land have no guards save you.
Go, wearing the gray of grief! Go watch over the dead in gray.
Go, guard the private and guard the chief. Go, sentinel their clay.
And songs in stately rhyme, and with softly sounding tread.
Go forth to watch for a time, a time where sleeps the deathless dead.
Go sing through a nation's sighs. Go, sob through a people's tears!
Sweep the horizons of all the skies and throb through a thousand years.
And the songs with waving wing, fly far, float far away.
From the ages' crests, o'er the world they fling the shade of the stainless
gray;
And when they come they will sweep a harp with tears all stringed,
And the very notes they strike will sleep, as they come from hearers woe-
wringed.
But oh, if in song or speech, in major or minor key,
Could my voice o'er the ages reach, I would whisper the name of Lee.
In the night of our defeat star after star had gone,
But the way was bright to our soldiers' feet where the star of Lee led on.
The world shall yet decide in truth's clear, far-off light
That the soldiers who wore the gray and died with Lee were clearly in the
right;

And men by time made wise shall in the future see
No name hath risen, or e'er shall rise, like the name of Robert Lee.
Dead! but his spirit breathes! Dead! but his heart is ours!
Dead! but his sunny, sad land wreathes his crown with tears of flowers.
But he has a thousand graves, in a thousand hearts, I ween,
And teardrops fall from our eyes in waves that will keep his memory green.
Ah! muse, you dare not claim a nobler man than he.
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man has purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee.

THANKS AND BENEDICTION.

At the close of Mr. Ray's address there were loud calls for Judge Farrar, who in a most feeling speech moved that the camps tender the speaker a vote of thanks for his noble address, which was done by a rising vote.

Mayor Ellyson tendered the thanks of the camps to the public, and especially to the ladies present, for the encouragement they had given the memorial exercises; after which the meeting was dismissed with a benediction from Rev. Dr. Tudor.

The Committee on Hall were Messrs. E. C. Crump, Charles P. Bigger and Charles T. Loehr. The ushers were Messrs. James T. Gray, Ryland Norvell and M. Jones.

THE CAMP-FIRE LAST NIGHT.

Over two hundred old veterans, a number of members of the First Virginia regiment and many invited guests assembled at the Regimental Armory last evening to enjoy the banquet given by Lee and Pickett Camps in honor of the anniversary of the birth of the beloved General Robert E. Lee.

After the battle of knives and forks had ceased the following toasts were responded to: "The Day we Celebrate," Colonel A. S. Buford; "The Legislature," Senator H. G. Peters; "Pickett Camp," Dr. Eggleston; "Lee Camp," Captain J. B. McKinney; "Richmond," Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson; "The Undying Fame of Lee" was to have been responded to by Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge, but he was unavoidably absent, consequently the speech was made in an excellent manner by Hon. F. R. Farrar. "The Incomparable Infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia," Hon. J. M. Hudgins' of Caroline county; "First Virginia Regiment," Colonel Henry C. Jones; songs

by Captain Frank Cunningham; banjo and songs, Mr. Eugene Davis; "First Regiment, Virginia Volunteers," Captain E. Leslie Spence; "Cavalry of the A. N. V.," Colonel G. Percy Hawes; "Artillery of the A. N. V.," Major H. C. Carter; "Scouts of the Army," Captain John Cussons; "Ladies of the South," Major J. H. H. Figggett, of Botetourt; "Missouri" (by a son of Missouri), Richard T. Flournoy. Speeches were made by Senator Parrish and Major McCann, and Lieutenant-Colonel Crump read an original poem on Lee and Pickett Camps.

At a late hour the meeting adjourned.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The birthday of General Robert E. Lee is a legal holiday in Georgia. Year by year the celebration of it grows in interest. Last year the oration was delivered by Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, Va. To-day the orator and guest of the occasion is Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall, one of Virginia's most eloquent congressmen.

The Virginians resident in Atlanta, recognizing the patriotic spirit which moved Georgia to declare Lee's birthday a holiday, have perfected a permanent organization for the purpose of taking charge of the observance of the day. The president of the Atlanta Virginia Society is Hon. Hamilton Douglas, a brilliant young attorney, who illustrates all the graces of his native State. A prominent member of the society is Dr. Price E. Murray, brother of the editor of the Norfolk *Landmark*. Captain Edward C. Bruffey, city editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, is another member who deserves credit for his zeal in behalf of absent Virginia.

ESCORTED TO THE CITY.

A special car, with a committee headed by Hon. Hamilton Douglas and Colonel Carter, went to Washington last Thursday night to escort Mr. and Mrs. O'Ferrall to the city. They arrived back last night and from that moment to this the distinguished gentleman and lady have been the recipients of marked social attention.

As a special compliment to Virginia, Governor Northen granted the use of the State Capitol for the public demonstration, which is at this moment in progress. A magnificent audience answered the call of the Virginia Society. Hon. Hamilton Douglas presided and gracefully introduced Congressman Charles T. O'Ferrall, the orator of the occasion.

In concluding his speech Mr. Douglas said :

We Georgians have with us to-night as orator on this occasion as knightly a veteran as ever galloped into the jaws of death. Brave, gallant, and generous, he poured out his blood through a dozen wounds to prevent the enemy from violating the sanctity of our State. We have with us one who has succored Turner Ashby and Jeb Stuart and Wade Hampton and Pierce Young on many a stricken field, and turned defeat into glorious victory.

He is a self-made man, highly honored by his native State, on whose shoulders we hope will descend the mantle of Virginia's gubernatorial honors. He is one who has renewed Georgia's obligations to him in effecting the election of Georgia's second speaker in the National House of Representatives, and for him I ask a hearty welcome.

I appeal to you, fair ladies, who love brave men, to you, sons of Confederates, for whom he fought and bled while you were in your swaddling clothes; I appeal to you, veteran soldiers, grander than the old guard at Waterloo, in the name of that Virginia hospitality which oftentimes shared its last crust with you—to join with me and give a Georgia welcome to the Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall.

COLONEL O'FERRALL'S ADDRESS.

Cononel O'Ferrall expressed his pleasure at coming for the first time to this city of marvellous growth and superb beauty upon the invitation of the Virginia Society and a mission so holy. Why is it, said he, that to-day all over this Georgia land no anvil rings, no wheel of industry revolves, no saw, spindle, or loom sings its merry song, no furnace, forge, or rolling-mill sends out its lurid glare, and no office or store-door is open? Why is it that from Georgia's border to border this day is observed as a holiday? The answer is engraved everywhere and is wet with love's tear-drop.

"Eighty-five years ago to-day a child was born in the Old Dominion of legends and lays, traditions, glories, and memories, destined to dazzle the world with the effulgency of his manhood achievements, and draw from every land where civilization and chivalry had dawned its plaudits and its praises. It is to celebrate this, the anniversary of that birthday, that you have laid aside your duties and cares and I have come at your bidding hundreds of miles."

SKETCH OF LEE'S LIFE.

Then giving a brief biographical sketch of him "whose name is emblazoned on the walls" around him, he said that commencing at Malvern Hill and running through the battle-fields of Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, and in trenches around Petersburg, his name was encircled with a halo of glory as bright as the facient breastplate of an angel, and even when his ranks had been reduced to a mere skirmish line, and his ragged and worn veterans were hemmed in by the mighty hosts of Grant, and the impulses of his great soul impelled him to sue for terms, yes, on the dark and dismal field of Appomattox his name still shone with the brilliancy of the richest diadem in a royal crown.

GUILTY OF NO WRONG.

Colonel O'Ferrall in conclusion said: "In meeting here on this occasion we are guilty of no wrong to the Government under which we live. When the darkness of defeat closed around us we pledged our allegiance to the flag against which we had fought. We have kept our pledge; we are loyal to our Government; and base is the tongue that dares to question our sincerity. We are here in no spirit of disloyalty, unless the cherishing of sacred memories and the honoring of our dead be disloyalty; and if so, then I glory in the fact that I am in the midst of one of the most disloyal bands that ever stood under the rays of Heaven's sun since manhood was made to grow in the human breast, and man's heart was filled with the impulses of honor and truth, courage and fidelity. While we are loyal to the Union by the mothers who bore us, by the fathers who taught us, by the wives who cherish us, by the children who love us, by the homes that shelter us, by the land that nurtured us, by the heavens above us, by the earth beneath us, we swear to be loyal to our dead.

THE DEAD HEROES.

"While we are loyal to the Stars and Stripes" by the graves all around us, by the battle-fields all about us, by our blood that is crimson, by our bosoms that swell, by all that is noble and exalted, by all that is good and true, we swear to be loyal to the memory of those who fell in defence of the Stars and Bars. When you can dam up the waters of the mighty Mississippi and hold them in the hollow

of your hand, ye wicked fanatic, then, and not till then can the gushings of the well-springs of southern hearts be stopped. When you can cease the lightning of the skies and bind it as an abject slave at the feet of tyrannical power, ye South-hater, then, and not till then, will the proud and haughty spirit of a true Confederate cringe at the foot-stool of southern enemies and, with lips foul, declare that the graves of the Confederate dead are the graves of traitors.

BLOODY-SHIRT SHRIEKER.

“When you can harness the winds and make them obey your commands, ye bloody-shirt shrieker, then, and not till then, will the courage of southren men and the fidelity of southern women prove so weak as to make them renounce their devotion to Confederate dust, graves, and memories. No, no; these things can never be while the fields of the South bear a plant, her rivers course, her mountains stand, or her rivulets murmur, and if I thought there is one who calls me father who would so far prove false to his lineage, his teachings, and his people as to turn his back upon the traditions, glories, and memories which you and I love, my comrades, I would stand with head bowed and heart heavy over his humiliation and shame.”

TO VIRGINIANS.

Colonel O’Ferrall then addressed himself specially to his fellow-Virginians, by whose invitation he was present. He first paid a tribute to the old State, and spoke of the devotion of all of her true sons, and in concluding his remarks he urged upon them the discharge of their every duty.

“Duty is the sublimest word in our language.” Thus spoke the great soldier and patriot, hero, Christian and philanthropist, whose fame now fills a universe, whose glories now encircle a hemisphere, whose achievements in war are painted on every canvas, immortalized in song and story, and pictured in colors that are fadeless in the skies of military renown, and whose virtues wrap his character in moral grandeur and entwine his memory with immortelles.

“He is gone, but——

—“in such pomp does he lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

"And now as I shall utter his name—a name wreathed here by woman's loving and tender hands with flowers—'the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into'—let every head be uncovered, let every tongue be stilled, let every eyelid droop, let every heart sink in sorrow that will, let every tear flow that may—the immortal, ever-living, never-dying name of Robert Edward Lee."

THE BANQUET.

After the public demonstration the orator of the night, with invited guests, repaired to the Kimball House, where a magnificent banquet was enjoyed. Among those who sat around the table were many of the most distinguished citizens and officials of Georgia.

The president of the society acted as toast-master, to the satisfaction of all. The toasts and responses were as follows:

1. The Memory of Robert E. Lee—soldier, patriot, stainless gentleman and humble Christian—the model man of the centuries. Drank standing and in silence.

2. The orator of the day, who "followed the feather" of Ashby, rode with Stuart and Hampton, and has brought us an elegant tribute to our great chieftain. Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall.

3. The Virginia Society. Loyal and true to our adopted home, we turn with "untrammelled hearts" to our dear old mother. Vicar-General Benjamin J. Keiley.

4. Virginia and Georgia. Twin sisters in the revolution of 1776 and in the struggle for constitutional freedom in 1861, may they, guided by the Southern press, ever remain keystones in the solid South in promoting the interests of our whole country. Hon. Clark Howell, Speaker Georgia House of Representatives and editor of the *Constitution*.

5. Atlanta, our adopted home. None of her citizens love her more devotedly or are more ready to promote her interests or rejoice more heartily in her prosperity than we Virginians. Captain E. S. Gay.

6. The Gate City of the South. Undaunted by the desolation of the war, she has risen Phœnix-like to command its commerce, and stands for pure politics and good government. Within its walls none are more welcome than Virginians. Hon. W. A. Hemphill, mayor.

7. Georgia soldiers who served in Virginia. They bravely defended the old Commonwealth, and were sometimes captured themselves by her fair daughters. Adjutant-General John Milledge.

8. The Confederate Veterans. True in war, true in peace, they hail with a special pride and greet with peculiar joy this natal day of the great Confederate chief. Colonel W. L. Calhoun.

9. The bar. In peace, in war, and in the halls of national legislation. Of the law no less can be said than this: "That her seat is in the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the universe." Hon. Hoke Smith, editor of the *Journal*.

10. The Sons of Confederate Veterans. May they ever be true to the principles for which their fathers fought, bled, and died. Hon. Benjamin M. Blackburn, editor of the *Herald*.

11. "Old Virginia Brag." Sometimes fervent, always overdone, but ever excusable, because we have something to brag on in the hallowed traditions, glorious history, grand men, and noble women of the peerless old Commonwealth. Dr. J. William Jones.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

PRESIDENT OF THE LATE CONFEDERATE STATES.

BY J. SCHEIBERT, MAJOR IN THE PRUSSIAN ARMY.

[The following article chiefly condensed from the noble oration of Hon. John W. Daniel before the General Assembly of Virginia, January 25, 1890, was sent to the editor by the chivalric Major Scheibert, in extracted pages from the *Annual Register of the German Army and Navy*, December 1891, in which other articles contributed by him and herein referred to, also appeared.

The tone of the article and some of its definite expressions would indicate that the character of Mr. Davis and the cause and exemplification of the South in the recent war between the States is justly estimated in Germany. The editor is indebted to his friend, Mr. Samuel H. Pulliam, of this city, for the translation.]

"He swayed States, and led the soldiers of the Union—and he stood accused of treason in a court of justice.

He saw victory sweep illustrious battle-fields—and he became a captive.

He ruled millions—and he was put in chains.

He created a nation ; he followed its bier ; he wrote its epitaph—and he died a disfranchised citizen.

But though great in all vicissitudes and trials, he was greatest in that fortune which lifting him first to the loftiest heights, and casting him thence into the depths of disappointment, found him everywhere the erect and constant friend of truth.

He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but bent to no one but God.”

In these pages have been recorded the deeds of the former leaders of the so-called army of the Rebellion, and short sketches of their lives given. We refer to the biographies of R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, Mosby, Forrest, etc.

We believe that the President, prominent in position and revered by all the above-named generals in spite of manifold points of difference, is well worthy to be ranked among these portraits as original as they are significant; and so much the more since rarely has a purer character been more unworthily treated and more falsely judged in history, by a generation incapable of judging.

May these lines contribute to the end that history will become more just to a pilot who steered his ship of state in storm and danger, in calamities and evil times, faithfully, courageously, and skilfully through five troubled years. If the leaky vessel sank at last it was entire exhaustion of all its resources, and the will of a being stronger than human hand which permitted the catastrophe. But the vessel did not go to pieces, for with new courage and fresh power the South raises itself from the ruins to which the war had reduced its resources; already it takes a bold start, even taking precedence of the proud North in industrial enterprise. If, through the abolition of slave labor the cultivation of cotton and of tobacco has been diminished and “King Cotton” buried with it, yet the whole South, whose States had united to free themselves from the arrogance of New England, springs up lustily in other departments, and even in literature. The purity of character of their leader, and the satisfaction with which they can look back on those deeds by which they struck for years, almost always victoriously, opponents who were two or three fold their superior in numbers, contributed not a little to the strong self-consciousness of the subjugated. Not a little con-

tributes also to this end the tone of high idealism which their great leader and President, Jefferson Davis, knew how to inspire.

After the Revolutionary war a certain Samuel Davis, who had fought bravely in it, settled in Kentucky. By a remarkable coincidence in the same year, 1782, also a certain Thomas Lincoln emigrated from Virginia to this State. Jefferson, the son of the first-named, was born June 3, 1808, and February 12, 1809, Abraham, the son of Lincoln, was born—both in the same State, as the exceedingly interesting "*Southern Historical Society Papers*" have informed us. Samuel Davis happened to emigrate to the State of Mississippi. His son entered the Military Academy at West Point, and there graduated as lieutenant. Soon he was stationed on the frontier, where he had an opportunity to fight the Indians. Abraham Lincoln settled in the State of Illinois, and fought as captain of a volunteer company in the same war in which Davis was engaged. The author of the brilliant oration from which we take the details of this article, John W. Daniel, makes in this connection the following not uninteresting remark. John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell had once engaged passage for America, and George Washington was about to become a midshipman in the British navy, Had not circumstances changed these plans, Hampden and Cromwell might have become great names in American history. And suppose Admiral George Washington, under the colors of King George III, had been pursuing the Count D'Estaing, whose French fleet hemmed Cornwallis in at Yorktown—who knows how the story of the great Revolution might have been written! Had Jefferson Davis gone to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi, what different histories would be around those names; and yet I fancy that the great struggle with which they were identified would have been changed only in incidents and not in its great currents.

In the year 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned his commission, married Miss Taylor, of a distinguished family, and undertook the management of his estates in Mississippi, devoting his time to politics and agriculture. Exactly the same preparation had the most noted statesmen of the South—Washington and almost all his distinguished successors. They came, as did Jefferson Davis in 1843, from a Southern plantation, where they were at the head of a happy family and well-ordered house, in which the slaves were members of the household, and cultivated in these simple surroundings idealism, dignity, energy and the fundamental sciences, which they could turn to such advantage later.

Davis served the State in many ways, once as member of the House of Representatives, three times as Senator, furthermore as colonel and leader of the volunteer troops which fought in Mexico; twice was he nominated as candidate for Governor of Mississippi. In the war against Mexico it was Davis who, in the crisis of the battle of Buena Vista, took the enemy between two flanks and drove back the Mexican Lancers. "Colonel Davis," says General Taylor in his report, "although severely wounded, remained in the saddle even until the close of the battle. His conspicuous coolness and courage at the head of his regiment entitle him to special distinction." In the fiftieth year of his age Davis was made Secretary of War, in the Cabinet of President Pierce, and it was when in this position that he caused Captain McClellan, afterwards Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, to be sent to the Crimea, to observe and report the progress of the war. In this position Davis already showed his military knowledge and his great talent for organization. He introduced iron gun-carriages and had the heavy guns cast hollow instead of boring them after casting, increased the army by two cavalry and two infantry regiments, improved the regulations—especially by the introduction of light-infantry tactics—armed the foot soldiers with rifles and gave greater efficiency to the sanitary department. He turned his whole attention to the West, conducted the taking up of lands on the borders with great energy, and constructed new forts and magazines in the endangered territories.

There was observable everywhere a steady, well directed, and energetic hand, which let nothing escape that could be serviceable to the army and the country. He also looked after the material well-being of the army by the increase of pay, and by pensioning the widows. In doing this he was far from being a narrow-minded partisan. He selected his officers, not from favoritism, but chose them entirely according to their capacity. To his expert judgment was committed the construction of the additions to the public buildings, and also the plan for the first great railroad, which was to unite the Mississippi with the great ocean. This splendid and fruitful period of the life of Davis ended with the presidency of Pierce in the year 1857.

Davis appeared as a politician in 1843, and, indeed, as leader of the Democratic (Conservative) party of Mississippi. We pass over the different phases of the internal political life of the Union, in which the chasm which separated North and South was growing ever wider. We can refer to only one incident and two speeches,

the first of which Davis made on the occasion of his defence of the new railroad line, Mississippi-still Ocean, and in which he with glowing patriotism praised the strength of the bond which held together States of the Union; and the other of which was made by a man who, as a genuine radical, had opposed the war against Mexico as unnecessary and unconstitutional.

This other speaker said in a certain way eloquently giving a motive for the secession of the Southern States : Every people who have the will and power for it possess also the right to rise, shake off their government and establish a new one which suits them better.* This is an invaluable, sacred right which will at some time free the world. But this right is not limited only to cases in which a whole people is united in rising in arms ; but even minorities have the right to revolt and establish their independence, etc., etc.

And who, asks Daniel, was this man who in a certain manner pressed into the hands of the Southern States, the right of throwing off a hated government? It was Abraham Lincoln, who made this speech on the 12th of February, 1858, in the House of Representatives. The one who praised and invoked the concord of the Union was, by his contemporaries, stigmatized as traitor. The other is esteemed and venerated to-day by many, as the defender and preserver of the Union!

Even the opponents of Davis admired the warmth of heart and irreproachable nobility of mind which governed his life. Even his greatest political opponent, Clay, always called him his friend. This is not the place to set forth the motive for the ever growing rupture between the States.†

Only as a curious fact for the superficial critics of the whole conflict, it may here be stated that at the beginning of the settlement of the country, the Southern States had a greater aversion to slavery than the Northern States. From 1720 to 1760, South Carolina unceasingly protested against the introduction of negro labor. Georgia forbade it by law. Virginia decidedly opposed it and levied a tax of ten dollars on each negro. They were originally forced to adopt this system through the avarice of the English merchants, and the despotism of the English ministers which had later, certainly for the South, its demoralizing features.

*Similar words are found in the Declaration of Independence.

†The writer of this article has contributed to this subject in the pages of the *Kreuz Zeitung*.

It was the South also which at first prohibited the slave trade, and Virginia at the head.

When Jefferson Davis was born, the slave trade was in the hands of only Northern merchants who had made terms with the slave planters of South Carolina.

Other curious facts may here be introduced. A statue of Lincoln was executed, which represented him as loosing the chains of the slave. What would the beholder say if the following words which he wrote after the secession of South Carolina were chiseled on the pedestal: "Does the South really fear that a republican administration could directly or even indirectly interfere in its slave affairs? The South would in this matter be just as safe as in the time of Washington." Or what he wrote on the 4th of May, 1861: "I have not the intention of attacking the institution of slavery; I have no legal right, and certainly no inclination to do it, etc., etc."

Again, January 10, 1861, Jefferson Davis, like General R. E. Lee, earnestly strove for the reconciliation of the States, and those were not the words of an ambitious, self-seeker; but of a troubled patriotic heart, when he said, "What, senators, to-day is the condition of the country? From every corner of it comes the wailing cry of patriots in pleading for the preservation of the great inheritance we derived from our fathers. Is there a senator who does not daily receive letters appealing to him to use even the small power which one man here possesses to save the rich inheritance our fathers gave us? Tears are trickling down the faces of men who have bled for the flag of their country and are now willing to die for it; but patriotism stands powerless before the plea that the party about to come to power adopted a platform, and that come what will, though ruin stare us in the face, consistency must be adhered to, even though the government be lost."

On the 20th of January, Mississippi united with the secession movement, and thereupon Davis resigned his seat. It will also interest our military readers (for here state-craft and the art of war are closely connected), to recall the words of the future President of the seceded States on parting from his former colleagues.

"In the course of my service here, associated at different times with a great variety of senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long. There have been points of collision; but whatever of offence there has been to me, I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offence I have given, which

has not been redressed or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain, which in the heat of the discussion, I have inflicted."

"It is known to senators, who have served with me here, that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union. But I hope none who hear me will confound this expression of mine with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union, and to disregard its constitutional obligations by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Secession is to be justified only upon the basis that the States are sovereign (which was guaranteed in the Constitution). There was a time when none denied it." * * *

"My opinion was the same then that it is now that if Massachusetts chose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go. (Massachusetts was an opponent of the Southern States) * * and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to coerce her back; but I will say to her 'God speed' in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States."

"I know that I express the general feelings of my constituents towards yours when I say we cherish no ill-will towards you. In the presence of my God I want to say that I, and certainly my friends, wish that it may be well with you. I hope and they hope for peaceable relations with you, though we must part. They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future as they have been in the past, if you so will it. The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of the country. And if you will have it thus we will invoke the God of our fathers, who delivered them from the power of the British lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear. And thus, putting our trust in God and in our firm, hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may." These were the words of a warm heart and of manly vigor.

In the following order the States seceded: South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee; whilst Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri remained divided. Jefferson Davis, with enthusiastic unanimity, was elected president, and first Montgomery and then Richmond was chosen as the capital of the Confederacy.

The chances of victory were slight. When a colonel, says Daniel, once was about to demonstrate to General Lee in what an advantageous position the Confederate army was, the latter said: "Put your pencil back at once into your pocket, Colonel, for as soon as you put down the relative numbers we are already badly beaten."

Twenty millions whites on the one and four and a half millions on the other side! Here a great fleet, arsenals, armies, manufactories, railroads, riches and technique, an unlimited importation of resources and immigration of people capable of bearing arms; there a thin line of miserably-armed and poorly-fed soldiers, who, under the most propitious circumstances, fought against at least double their numbers, shut off from the outside world, without manufactories, &c. And yet through four years Davis, with high courage, held aloft the banner, generally victorious and always with honor, against all these odds. Certainly the circle of statesmen whom he had gathered about him were of the first rank, and the knights who sat at their round table have won for themselves imperishable renown. We recall the names of R. E. Lee, A. S. Johnston, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, the two Hills, Longstreet, Gordon and the dashing cavalryman Stuart, the two Lees, Ashby, Morgan. These will be named among the first as long as there is a history of war.

And now the war! How fared it? Men are lacking, therefore must old men and boys fall in. Lead is lacking, the battle-fields are ploughed up, and women and children seek eagerly after bullets, as ours after strawberries; everything fusible in the house and in the church is made into ammunition; ordnance is lacking, the bells and sacred vessels of the altar are melted down and sound only in the thunder of battle; clothing is lacking, old pieces are patched together, war horses fall, ships are sunk; the former riders and sailors seize upon muskets and hasten on to the front. The friendly disposed border States are held from the beginning of the war under strong control, and dare not participate! West Virginia falls off; New Orleans is lost; Vicksburg falls, and with it the control of the Mississippi; Gettysburg is lost; the armies melt away; already is the battle-field become the home of the citizen; thinned-out battalions fight where divisions are needed; the best leaders fall; captains become generals, and companies are commanded by privates. The commonest necessities of life become rarest luxuries. Barns and farm-houses are burnt, the herds are driven off or taken away, and nothing remains but "man and steel"—the soldier and his weapon.

Now fall Atlanta, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, only fragments of the former States fight in their narrow limits, cut off from all the outside world; the small army of defence melts visibly away, and just as visibly grow the armies and courage of the enemy. Hope dies out, and fidelity to duty alone must sustain courage.

Manly courage and woman's faith remain the last support. The women care for the wounded and strengthen the courage of the combatants. The men stand brave and unterrified behind Johnston and Lee and suffer no diminution of their immortal renown. The fight rages around Richmond and Petersburg in a narrow space, and here stands Jefferson Davis, unbowed and not disheartened, in the midst of troops bleeding to death, caring for everything as far as lay in his power. At last nature could do no more. The Southerner, wasted to death by hunger and privation, sank exhausted on his shield. At Appomattox he fell unconquered by human hand, stricken down by inexorable fate, a hero even unto death. And now does any one ask those to whom secession brought nothing except ruin, wounds, death, and misery, what they thought of Jefferson Davis? The answer is unanimously given from the huts to the palaces, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, that the love and veneration of the whole South has followed him to the grave, for he was a sincere Christian and a man of the greatest nobility of character. Seldom has there been more superficial and false judgment about a war and more calumnious opinion about a man than about Jefferson Davis and the rebellion. May Heaven forgive the people who knowingly spread such lies!

Jefferson Davis was after the war judged not by the measure of justice but of passion. One hundred thousand dollars reward was placed on his head. In prison he was accused of having tortured the captured and of having plotted treason. He was held a prisoner without a trial for two years; like a common criminal put in chains, confined in a solitary cell, in which a guard kept eyes upon him with a burning light day and night. All this created in him neither hatred nor thirst for revenge. The greatness of his soul elevated him above it. During this time the prying eyes of his enemies sought among the official and private papers which had fallen into their hands for a pretext on which they could pass judgment upon him. Hundreds of eyes, eager for revenge, hunted through the Government papers which remained undestroyed, and woe to him had any evidence been found in the most secret corner

by which they could criminate the helpless prisoner. Joyfully would this have been greeted, for an excited multitude demanded vengeance on the hated leader of secession. But nothing was discovered which could afford the slightest occasion for delivering the noble Davis over to punishment, and they were finally compelled to liberate him. Most successfully has Jefferson Davis been acquitted of the charge, believed even in Germany, of having maltreated the prisoners. The official reports, which are the best evidence, throw a clear light on this subject.

The contradiction of separate charges would fill volumes, but a biography of Davis must at least touch on this subject.

In spite of the frequent and great need which compelled the Government in Richmond to put the army on half rations, it was determined, and a Congressional resolution made it official, that the prisoners should have the same rations as the soldiers. The latter, it is true, seldom had anything but bacon and corn bread, and neither always fresh.

The South had 60,000 more prisoners to support than the North, an evidence of the success of the small army, and yet at the North 4,000 more prisoners died than at the South.

Davis was much concerned, and complained bitterly in the presence of the writer of this article that he could not effect the exchange of prisoners, since the means were lacking in the South of supporting the excess. Whenever the Union had the advantage it discontinued this proceeding, which was strictly observed by the South. A delegation of prisoners which Davis sent to Washington to entreat their own government, in the name of humanity, to put an end to this intolerable state of affairs by an exchange of prisoners, was denied their petition. An attempt of Vice-President Stevens to treat personally with President Lincoln failed utterly. The great statesman was not even granted an interview! In January, 1864, and in the same month, 1865, Davis begged that at least physicians, medicines, etc., which were lacking in the South, should be sent for the many sick prisoners; that they would be well received. No answer! Then the offer was made by Davis to send back to the North, *without any exchange*, all the sick and wounded whom the South had not the means to care for.

Only after months could the North decide to accede to this humane proposition, and thousands were now immediately sent off, without exchange, to prevent their dying, which the North in cold

blood would have allowed. General Grant wrote on August 18th, 1864: "It is hard on our prisoners that we cannot exchange them; but it is humane for the active army. Should we exchange prisoners we must fight the South until the last man falls. Should we exchange prisoners Sherman would be beaten, and our own safety endangered."

Grant could scarcely have paid a more splendid tribute to the Southern Army.

To put the whole odium of this matter of the prisoners on Jefferson Davis is a climax of injustice which condemns itself.

His life was a conflict from the cradle to the grave; but he stood in good and evil fortune great and in his deepest humiliation sublime in the strength of his soul. He was as a man and a Christian an example in history. *Clarus et vir fortissimus.*

[From the Richmond Times, January 24, 1892.]

GENERAL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON.

Hero of an Incident of the Battle of Gaines' Mill.

The 27th of June, 1862, dawned bright and beautiful over Richmond, with the armies of Lee and McClellan confronting each other on the Chickahominy. A. P. Hill's division on the previous evening had crossed that stream at Meadow Bridge, and moving down to Mechanicsville had enabled Longstreet to cross on that turnpike. Lee and McClellan had had their first deadly grapple with each other at Mechanicsville and Ellyson's Mill, and McClellan had withdrawn his troops to the heights of Gaines' Mill, where Fitz John Porter with his Pennsylvania "Bucktails," supported by artillery, held a position naturally strong, but which had been rendered almost impregnable by earthworks and an abattis of felled trees. Hill, feeling his way, reached the front of Porter about noon, or a little later, and formed line of battle. His first line was composed of a brigade of Georgians, the second of General Charles W. Field's brigade, consisting then of the Fortieth, Forty-seventh, Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia regiments, and the Twenty-second Virginia battalion.

About two P. M., an advance was ordered and the two lines moved steadily forward to the assault. On reaching the crest of the hill confronting Porter's position, the leading brigade encountered a storm of grape, canister and minie balls, and in a moment or two, unable to withstand the deadly fire to which it was subjected, gave way and fell back, a part breaking through the supporting column of Field, throwing his line into temporary disorder.

Just at this critical moment, the attention of the writer was attracted to a general officer of commanding figure, who was moving along the broken line endeavoring to rally his men and exhorting them to stand firm. Seizing the colors of one of the regiments, he planted near the crest of the hill, and by entreaty and example soon gathered around it the more intrepid of his command. The tide of battle was rushing on, men were falling on either hand, but even amid the storm of battle one could pause long enough to inquire the name of an officer so conspicuous for his gallantry. On that field the writer first saw and learned to admire the lion-hearted courage of one, now a prominent citizen of Richmond—General Joseph R. Anderson—under whose quiet demeanor, as he moves daily about our streets, one would scarcely recognize the hero of this incident.

AN EYE WITNESS.

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